
THE GENTLEMAN
AND
FROM MARYLAND



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THE
GENTLEMAN FROM
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DEDICATION

To every gentleman of Maryland, who has placed the interests of his State above selfishness; who has desired to see his State in the foremost rank for righteousness and patriotism; and who has planned for the safety, prosperity, and progress of future generations of Americans, I respectfully dedicate this book.

CONTENTS

CHAPTER	PAGE
I THE LAND OF THE EVERGREENS	7
II THE DREAMS OF YOUTH	24
III THE COLONEL AND HIS NEW ENTERPRISE	34
IV THE POCOMOKE IS ROBBED	46
V RIDDLES	60
VI CONSCIENCE AND REVELATION	72
VII SOME RICH MEN ARE NOT SO SELFISH .	86
VIII A WITNESS DISAPPEARS	97
IX THE AFFAIR AT SANDY HILL	106
X DISCUSSING A SERMON	117
XI MRS. WARD IS CONSULTED	130
XII THE CONVALESCENT	137
XIII "ONE MAN'S LOSS IS ANOTHER'S GAIN" .	150
XIV AT THE COVINGTON MANSION	160
XV THE OLD FLAME REKINDLED	171
XVI HEREDITY AND ENVIRONMENT	183
XVII "I LIED, I LIED"	199
XVIII THE GOVERNOR'S BEREAVEMENT	215
XIX AN EASTERN SHORE "ROUND UP"	230
XX A MISSION OF SORROW	241
XXI MEN ARE LIKE BABIES	256
XXII COVINGTON'S NEW MISTRESS	267

XXIII	HONORING THE MIGHTY	278
XXIV	MISS ANNE AND MRS. MARAH	291
XXV	THE SENATOR AND THE RAIDERS	307
XXVI	"WOULD YOU HAVE ME BREAK MY PROMISE?"	318
XXVII	ISRAEL'S MISSION	330
XXVIII	THE GENTLEMAN FROM MARYLAND	341
XXIX	AN AMERICAN TOURNAMENT	353
XXX	"JUST A SLIGHT ACCIDENT; IT WILL NOT AMOUNT TO MUCH"	367
XXXI	THE ROBBED POCOMOKE IS AVENGED	376

THE GENTLEMAN FROM MARYLAND

CHAPTER I

THE LAND OF THE EVERGREENS

IN THE days of reconstruction which followed the Civil War, great excitement prevailed in many parts of the South, caused by the enormous demand for cotton. New factories, both large and small, sprang up in many different neighborhoods; even the very important and lazy farmer, imbued with the new spirit that seemed to be sweeping the country, abandoned his long-occupied seat on the sugar barrel at the corner grocery, and industriously followed his oxen and plow, while he dreamed of easily made gold that would flow into his empty pockets, if all reports were true; and young men everywhere eagerly sought opportunity of bettering their positions financially. One of these youths sat alone on a pile of lumber in the yard of Gambrill and Company, at Snow Hill, situated on the Eastern Shore of Maryland, which forms the greater part of that peninsula which stretches between the Chesapeake Bay and the Atlantic Ocean, from Wilmington to Kiptopeke. This long arm of land is known by its residents as "The Land of the Evergreens," and that portion which is connected directly with this story is called the "Garden of Maryland." It was during the dinner hour, and, as he sat there, he ate his cold lunch. Several dogs looked at him expectantly, for they knew from experience that James Purnell never ate his lunch alone, even if he was the only human being in sight. Several morsels of that lunch, and of many former ones, helped to satiate the gnawing hunger of a half-starved cur, or even a well-kept

pet, that belonged to some resident of the town. A boy who will share his food with a hungry cur, instead of meeting his pleading look with a cast missile, or a kick, has within him that which will make of him the man who will be trusted with the destinies of his people, and he will be true to that trust.

After finishing his lunch he sat there while he wrote several notes upon a memorandum. The dogs trotted off, one by one, until all disappeared. "How much like human friends," he thought. "A man is very popular until he can no longer satisfy their desires, then they disappear, one by one, until not one is left."

For some time it had been his habit to write such conclusions upon his memorandum; then to study them as he watched "folks" in order to see which proved true and which false. He therefore wrote the thought that had just occupied his mind.

"Not one left?" spoke a pleasant voice over his shoulder.

James looked up in surprise, although he knew instantly to whom that voice belonged. It belonged to one of his friends, who had attended school with him. She was taking a "short cut" through the lumber yard as she went to the store, and had stolen upon him so quietly that she was able to read the last three words as she stood looking over his shoulder. As he did not answer her immediately, but sat looking at her in deep thought, she continued: "You know that you can always count upon myself, if I am able to aid you."

"You are not able to aid me this time, I am afraid; I very much wish that you were," he answered.

"You might tell your old friend and classmate what your need is anyhow. You belong to do that, I think."

"Certainly I will. I don't mind your knowing, although you can't help. Nearly every man in this town is investing some money in the new cotton-factory. It is a great oppor-

tunity for them. I want to buy some stock, and having little money of my own, I asked Mr. Gambrill to advance me one year's wages. Of course he wished to know what I made such a strange request for, and I told him. He asked me why I did not invest my money in his business. When I told him that I believed the factory would prove to be the better proposition he became very angry, and refused to make the advance."

"There must be some way," she replied. "Walter Whaley has bought several bonds."

"Who told you that?" demanded James.

"He did, and he has become a member of the company."

"Yes, his father is rich," said James, dejectedly. "Several bonds means a lot of money. No wonder he is a member of the company. I hoped to buy only one."

As James finished this remark two things happened. The whistle blew, thus ending his lunch hour, and a tall, well-dressed gentleman entered the yard, and came toward him as he resumed his work about the pile of lumber, on which he had been sitting during the lunch hour. The stranger did not seem to notice him at first, but passed the pile of boards, and stepped upon the landing by the river, where he stood for some time while he watched a group of men as they unloaded a boat that was hawsered there. The boards, which James was piling, had been brought up the Pocomoke River by the boat, and were being unloaded by the men who had brought it up the river.

The stranger then stepped over to the heap of boards which James was arranging. "Why must the boards be laid with such care?" he asked.

"So that they will not mildew," was the reply of James. "In this flat country the air is very damp. There are so many marshes and swamps that the air is full of dampness, and lumber that is not piled so that the air can circulate between

each board of the pile, soon becomes covered with molds, and rots quickly."

During this explanation James continued to work. This fact was noticed by the stranger, who remarked with a smile: "You are one of the few who can talk and work at the same time."

"My time belongs to my employer," replied James. "I always feel that Mr. Gambrill is entitled to my honest labors while I am employed by him."

"That's right, young man. The times seem to be changing somewhat though. Most workers feel that they must stop their labor while they talk. Why, there's hardly a thing that happens within a half mile of them, that they do not see. And they can repeat every word that is spoken within that radius, and they consume more time rolling and lighting cigarettes than they spend at their work. Stick to your opinion and you will make a place that cannot be filled by idle hands; you will become famous."

He then recrossed the yard and entered the office of Gambrill and Company, dealers in all kinds of building material.

"Hey, Jim! Who's your friend?" shouted one of the men from the boat. He had stopped work long enough to hear what the stranger said, and he was not very well pleased.

"I don't know, Elmer," replied James.

"Seems to think you're I-T, according to his opinion of you as a worker," added another.

"I don't know him from Adam," answered James. "He certainly seems to be a gentleman, though."

"Gentleman, eh; that's Colonel Riddle of Philadelphia," exclaimed the third man from the boat. "He's the guy that wants to build the factory down the road."

James Purnell stopped his work so suddenly that one of the men remarked dryly: "Better keep diggin, Jim. He might be lookin' through the winder."

"I'm not afraid of being watched," said James indignantly.

The captain of the boat, a large, robust man, with rough face, but a good nature, heard this last remark as he came through the yard. "Don't mind Roy, Jim," he said. "He don't know much about work; it don't agree with his liver."

No matter how small the boat is along this coast, the one in authority is always called Captain. Many men who have made just a few short trips, or who have owned and operated an oyster boat, are ever afterwards known and spoken of as "Capt'n." Captain Howard had owned the *Peggy* for some time and carried freight, especially lumber between the important towns of the Eastern Shore. He had never been across the "Bay," however, for he hesitated to enter Baltimore Harbor where there were many large vessels with sails, and skippers, and crews who could not speak a "decent tongue," as he said.

At this moment the door of the office opened, and Mr. Riddle emerged again. He came directly to the boat, and addressed Captain Howard.

"Captain," said he, "how soon will you have your cargo ashore?"

"In about two hours, suh," said the captain.

"I have some machinery at Baltimore that I would like you to transport for me."

"Never been to that burg in my life," interrupted Howard.

"Never too late, Captain; I will pay you well on safe arrival. If you can oblige me, I will be very grateful."

After consulting for a few minutes with his crew, the Captain turned to Mr. Riddle and said: "I believe I will try it, suh; when do you want me to start?"

"Immediately, if possible; at least as soon as you are ready to start."

The men murmured somewhat at this, but the captain said, "We will be ready by four o'clock."

"Good," replied his new employer. "Here is an order for the machines," and he handed Howard a sealed packet addressed to a Baltimore firm.

As Colonel Riddle again returned across the yard to the office he glanced toward James, who was still busily placing the boards on the pile. When the office door had shut upon him he remarked to Mr. Gambrill, half in earnest, half in jest, "How much for your yard man?"

"He's not for sale," was the quick answer. "He has already expressed his desire to join your company as a stockholder, at least. I have employed many men, but never one like James Purnell. He seldom hurries at his work, but neither does he lag or stop. I think he tries to practice the old proverb 'more haste, less speed,' and endeavors to accomplish such great results by his steady patience."

"Give me twenty-five men like him, and my factory will be a great success," remarked the Colonel.

"You can't have him, success or no success," replied the merchant. After a few moments of deep thought he added, "You are still determined to place your factory out there in the pines?"

"Determination is not the question. I would like to have it here near the river, but I cannot get the land. You see those who have the vacant land for sale really think that I will pay any price rather than locate so far away. But they are mistaken. When do you expect to deliver the material?"

"Whenever you are ready, sir; yet I certainly would like to see your factory in the town."

"That is naturally my preference, Mr. Gambrill; but I will not submit to robbery without protest. You may begin to supply the material immediately. Captain Howard intends to go to Baltimore this evening for the machinery."

"Howard to Baltimore? Why, we never expected to hear of his getting out of sight of the Eastern Shore."

"He demurred at first, but consented reluctantly."

Snow Hill is a town of about one thousand inhabitants, where much that is old still lingers. It retains much of the spirit of the old South. New voices are heard for a time, but disappear again while this spirit reigns supreme. The people seem to resent new ideas or innovations. They seem piqued if anyone who does not "belong" in the town, becomes an active resident. They feel that the town and all its opportunities are eternally reserved for them and their children. Many a promising enterprise has failed for want of the support of the residents, for, having not sufficient talent or initiative of their own to start business ventures, they hate the man from the outside who has. The town lays in one of the richest portions of the state, and is the county seat for the many well-to-do farmers, who supply hundreds of barrels of the "white" or Irish potato. It is also the land of the sweet potato, the good old watermelon, and the cantaloupe. These last two fruits are shipped by the thousands to the northern markets, where many customers, whose lips are thin and whose complexions are white, await their arrival, and enjoy their delicious flavor quite as much as their more dusky brethren, who devour them while they sing:

"Oh, de ham bone am good,
An' de 'possum am sweet;
An' de chicken am berry, berry fine;
But gib me, oh gib me,
Oh how ah wish you would,
Dat watahmelon hangin' on de vine."

This old town, with its stately court-house and ancient jail, stands on the bank of the Pocomoke River, about the center of Worcester County. If it were famous for nothing else, its two old churches: the All Hallows Episcopal, and the Makemie Memorial Presbyterian, would contribute lasting fame to it, for they are numbered among the oldest

of their respective denominations in America. Its inhabitants endeavor exceedingly hard to imitate the society of the larger cities; but progress is an unknown quantity. The few stores supply only the bare necessities of life; its banks are fair, but make no attempt to increase their deposits; its one paper, a weekly, is of a pessimistic tone rather than one of encouragement and constructive policies. The news that it prints is chiefly local gossip, with an occasional lapse from the ordinary edition about Christmas time. At that time of the year they may print a larger edition containing many letters written by children, and often grown children, to Santa Claus. For this fault the paper must not bear all the reproach, for the reading public expect and demand just such production.

When Colonel Riddle arrived at the town with his scheme, and asked the citizens for their friendship and cooperation, they merely shook their wiseacre heads saying, "It can't be did." However, after being left to think over the proposition for a short time they came to a different conclusion, for many of them joined him; but they were so far in the minority that he was compelled to seek a site several miles farther down the river, in the pines between that and Stevenson's Ferry, later Pocomoke City. It seems very true, yet most unpleasant, that many people in small towns had rather see a man fail than succeed even though they themselves be robbed of comforts and advantages by the failure. Such a town was Snow Hill, in the land of the Pines and Holly.

The Northern business man had been in town about two weeks when Captain Howard arrived with his boat, therefore he lost no time in making the engagement for the trip to Baltimore. The Colonel was a tall man, with gray hair and prominent blue eyes which glistened at all times. He carried himself always with the bearing and manners of the typical Northern gentleman and business man; he was entertained

with that hospitality which only the old South knew how to mete out to its guests ; yet as a Republican of the old school he was unable fully to realize the environment of or to understand, these Southern Democrats, who seemed to see with eyes single only to Democratic victory and glory ; but before he left, several years later, he not only completely understood their ways and policies, but unreservedly sympathized with them, accepting fully the same attitude that they showed concerning the Negro element among them, that is nearly three to one in proportion to the population of the Shore. At first, like all uninformed and inexperienced Northerners, he felt that the Negro did not have his proper share in the local government, neither was he slow in entering his protest against this seemingly unfair condition, for he had been influenced by those agitators of the North who have been so willing to advise as to how the problem should be solved, yet who have always kept a safe distance as if afraid that their skirts, or silken robes, might be soiled by the touch of the unfortunate black man. He soon felt that the problem is of the South and, can be solved only by the Southerner, in his own way ; for he alone understands the intricate situation. Even the Negroes themselves would strongly oppose the Northerner who might try to solve the problem in other ways than those being used by the Southern white man.

At one time, while Colonel Riddle was riding on the train between Harrisburg and Philadelphia, he met one of his friends, who asked him about the conditions as he found them.

“Is it true that the Negro is not being educated?” she asked.

“Yes, it is true.”

“Why does the government permit such injustice to prevail?”

"The government can do nothing; it is the states that must act."

"Then why does not the states do something?"

"They are not able; they were left without funds after the war."

"Yet the responsibility is theirs."

"Part of it; the other part is ours. We freed the Negro; then turned him out to drift. He is now living upon the generosity of his former masters and mistresses. They are doing all that they can for him. They want him to become self-supporting. There are societies in the North who are endeavoring to do our part, but they are failing because we are not supporting them financially."

"Many of us do give through our churches."

"But how much? The opportunities are many; yet how many care anything about the man so far away? Pardon me if I seem too personal, but I ask you because you seem interested. How much did you give through your church or any other agency, last year?"

"I think I gave fifty cents."

"And you and I are wealthy. We have no right to say anything one way or the other; rather, we should 'let our light so shine before men, that they may see our good works, and glorify our Father who is in Heaven.' Then we would be beyond reproach."

The woman said no more, and the conversation turned into other channels.

On the evening of the second day after seeing Captain Howard, the Colonel again visited the lumber yard of Gambrill and Co. He found Mr. Gambrill radiating the sunshine of his better nature, an attitude seldom indulged by that gentleman. In fact, the Colonel had concluded that Gambrill was the "sourest" man he had ever met. This morning, however, he was well pleased with the tide of his business affairs; for had he not dispatched several teams of oxen

heavily laden with lumber to the scene of the new factory? He now made a fine report to the Colonel, who increased his good humor by making the first payment on the supplies ordered from the merchant. After carefully counting the money Mr. Gambrill requested his clerk, Walter Whaley, to credit the Colonel with five hundred dollars on account.

As the Colonel left the office Mr. Gambrill called to him, extending to him a cordial invitation to dine with him at the Powell House, the town's most famous hostelry. The Colonel had made this hotel his home since coming to the town, and gladly accepted the invitation. They left the office after Gambrill had carefully locked the money drawer. Then they proceeded up Washington Street, on which was situated both the office and the hotel, and immediately entered the latter, where they seated themselves opposite the large window overlooking the street.

During the dinner, conversation did not lag, for Mr. Gambrill seemed to be in a very talkative mood. He had a story to tell about nearly every passer-by. Several times they were interrupted by substantial citizens, who, seeing the two dining together, came into the room to greet them with a handshake and a few cordial remarks. One of the most lovable and admirable characteristics of the true Southern gentleman is his desire to be agreeable to strangers. He seldom is too busy to stop for a friendly chat, and invariably leaves the impression upon the stranger that he is at home and among friends.

"There goes Colonel Selby, of Stockton," said Mr. Gambrill, as an elderly man, not very well dressed, passed the hotel. "I want to tell you a funny story about him. He is very seldom sober, yet generally knows what he is doing. Upon one occasion, when he almost lost control of himself, his wife became very sick. She is a great Methodist, and she has endeavored to get her husband to join the church, in order to reform him. He determines that he will reform

first, then join the church. On this occasion she sent him for the doctor, but he seemed to get the man of pills mixed with the man of prayer; for, upon meeting his wife's minister somewhere along the road, he hailed him. He told the pastor that his wife was very sick, and that she desired to see him immediately. Of course the minister returned to the home, where he found all as the husband had reported. Before the minister took his leave they knelt in prayer. Now it happened that the husband knelt by a chair that had a hole through the seat, and by some peculiar circumstance, the husband got his head through the hole. When the prayer was ended the minister found him in that position. It was a pitiful sight to see, for the chair seemed to desire to act as a hangman; for it was with great effort that the minister at last extricated the Colonel. Although that has been several years ago he is still taunted by many of his friends. 'Well, Colonel, when was the minister to see you last?' they will say. Sometimes he laughs, but sometimes he breaks the Commandments when he answers."

"That's Nicholas Jones," continued the entertainer, as a large man passed the window. "He went to the barn one night to bridle his horse in order to take his wife to church. After staying there for some time his wife became anxious, for he was in the habit of bringing out the horse without a light, and she feared that some accident had happened to him. She went to the barn and called. Her husband answered from the dark stable, 'Honey, I can find the mane, but to save my life I can't find the head! You see, the horse had gotten turned around in his stall, and Jones was in the right place, but the horse's head was not.

"And here's old Dr. Price; he cured a dog that had his leg smashed by a wagon once, and ever since, he carries that black case, claiming to be a veterinarian, although he knows nothing about diseases of animals.

"There goes Sam Cherrix. One day, while we were boys

at school, the teacher asked Sam to spell dog. Sam said, 'K—d—l, dog,' but he never spelled dog that way again, for in those days the birch was used liberally, and Sam got it good and hard.

"The fellow just passing the window is our mayor, John White. He was our star pupil when it came to examination in History. When asked the question, 'What happened at Jamestown?' he answered, 'Jamestown took sick, and died.' Then he was asked, 'Where did Captain John Smith plant his immigrants?' John's answer was 'He planted them in his garden!'"

By these, and many other stories, Mr. Gambrill entertained his guest, who seemed to enjoy them, if laughter is an indication. Then he repeated to the Colonel a long list of nicknames of the citizens, for nearly every man had a pseudonymous title by which he was known; many of which are without any significance. Some of them were: Pert, Chubby, Petie, Boo-Hoo, Azze, Ponty, Squeegee, Coof, Cudge, Mizz, Dock, Ponto, Broad Haid, Skill Pot, Lady Bug, Jie, Chaz, Bull, Puddin', Pie, Gnat, Guinea, Tump, Chinch, Jaby, Bunk, Nut, Ungler, Beauty, Kildee, and Br'er Rabbit. As these names were used instead of first names it was impossible for a stranger to know who was meant, for only one name was given when a native was concerned. A few men bore the titles of Judge, Colonel, Captain, or Squire, but the great majority were satisfied with a short nickname. Several of these characters passed the window during the course of the meal and were pointed out by Mr. Gambrill. He certainly succeeded in making his guest feel that he was no longer a stranger.

The important cities of the Middle Atlantic States may be distinguished by the attitude shown the visitor upon his arrival at either of them. Blindfold an experienced traveler, place him in the midst of either of them, then remove the blind, and he can name the city by watching the citizens. The

ordinary dweller of New York shows his suspicion by staring at you. He immediately classes one as an outlaw, or a likely victim. At any moment during the day or night a visitor feels that he has taken his life in his own hands by venturing to the metropolis. In the city of "Brotherly Love," which exists only in American fairy tales, the visitor is caused to feel continually uncomfortable by that "Who-are-you" spirit manifested when seeing the eyes of all loiterers fastened upon him as he approaches, and feeling them riveted upon his back until he is out of range. If you are not a criminal, a guilty feeling possesses you that you are far from home, and brothers, who are willing to show their love, are few and far between. The citizen who named that city was a great publicity man. In the city of Baltimore, that metropolis of Dixie, a man may walk the streets, ride on the cars or elevators, or even enter the public buildings, and feel that he is one of the citizens. Men allow ladies to precede them through doors; they offer them their seats on crowded street cars; and even remove their hats while riding in elevators with ladies. Many times the visitor is accorded the same deference, especially if he is an elderly man, so that he at least feels that he is in his native land, if he is an American.

Pessimists tell us that the spirit of chivalry is passing rapidly; that women, with their equal rights, must expect only the consideration shown to men in business. It is necessary that ladies merit their positions by their attainments; but may the men of the "Land of the Pilgrim's Pride" never forget that it is woman whom God Himself delighteth to honor, when her life is exemplarily worthy of His honor. This spirit has been linked with the manners of the Southland from its beginning. May they never be divided.

As Mr. Gambrill and his guest sat by the table, after finishing their meal, they talked pleasantly of various subjects, one of which was the manners and customs of the South. They

dwelt long upon this interesting subject, for the Colonel was inclined to believe that the times were changing, and that the South was rapidly forgetting its famous contribution from its cavalier ancestors. Now it invariably happens that business men, no matter how interesting and absorbing other subjects may be, cannot remain long together without speaking of their business affairs. Mr. Gambrill at last referred to their conversation at the office that afternoon.

"You were speaking of desiring young Purnell as one of your men," he said. "Now if it were Walter Whaley, my clerk, that you wanted, I might——"

He suddenly stopped, for James and Walter had passed the window. These two young men were the best of friends, for it had been partly through Whaley's influence that James Purnell had been employed by the lumber firm. Walter was the office assistant, while James was the yard manager. Both were regarded as promising youths; both were members of the same church and Sunday School class, but Walter was sometimes acknowledged by others as being the more unsteady of the two. Yet whatever faults others might perceive in Walter, to his chum's mind he was faultless; for Purnell, being honest and trustful himself, did not suspect his friend of being otherwise. Where there is fear or suspicion there true love does not dwell. Yet the contrast between Purnell's defenseless, prominent eyes, and the self-complacent, haughty expression, that skulked in the slanting eyes of Whaley, was easily observed by their older acquaintances.

As the two young men passed the hotel they separated at the door. James continued on his homeward way, but Walter stepped into the dining room and handed Mr. Gambrill a key. As he did so he remarked, "I locked the cash drawer and the office; you left your key in the lock when you closed the drawer." He then sauntered leisurely into the hotel office and dropped carelessly into a chair.

Mr. Gambrill held the key for some time in his hand while he thought deeply. As he dropped it into his pocket, he said to his guest: "That certainly is strange; I would have sworn that I locked that drawer before I left."

"Our minds play us very strange tricks, sometimes," replied Colonel Riddle.

At this point they were interrupted by an angry voice from the hotel lobby, and Mr. Gambrill forgot the key for the moment. They both walked to the door in time to see old Dr. Price wielding a cane over the back of Whaley as the latter rushed into the street. The old veterinarian had been asleep in his chair when Whaley entered. Thinking that he would have some fun at the old gentleman's expense, he had opened the inevitable black case that was setting on the floor by the doctor's chair, and had taken out a small syringe. Although the doctor's practicing had become proverbial, he always carried his black leather case. It would have been easier to have gotten him out of the house without shoes than without his badge of the profession, which he claimed to follow. Young Whaley had filled the instrument with water and was in the act of ejecting it into the face of the sleeper, when the latter suddenly awoke, and drove him from the room amidst the laughter of the loungers.

"What will become of the younger generation?" asked the doctor. "That boy was raised right; I know his parents gave him proper training, but look what he is; nothing, nothing. A boy who does not respect old age and gray hairs will never know the glory of them."

Although the witnesses to this felt that the doctor enjoyed nothing better than being the butt of such abuse, Mr. Riddle remarked to Mr. Gambrill as they stepped into the street: "That boy became a member of my firm yesterday; he invested several thousand dollars with my company; I wonder if I have made a mistake."

The two men walked a short distance together, then separated; Mr. Gambrill went to his home, and the Colonel returned to the hotel.

CHAPTER II

THE DREAMS OF YOUTH

EVERY boy has dreams, secret desires, and ambitions to do some great thing, that is of especial interest to him. Every great statesman, engineer, preacher, sculptor, artist, lawyer, or author grew to be such, because he "saw visions, and dreamed dreams," yet some folks, even fathers and mothers sometimes forget that that big, rough-and-ready, boisterous, virile boy is living many hours during which, if they watch closely, various manifestations of some speciality may be seen. Our educational system is lacking, because educators are not meeting fairly the problems of the young. They do not see the possibilities of their pupils, therefore drive them from school by forcing them to do that in their studies that is antagonistic to the pupil's talent, or talents. They expect the pupil to get a general foundation; but not knowing what kind of a building will be built upon it, the foundation which the majority receive is straw. Fate sometimes delivers a genius from these well-meaning guides. Many a boy, who has had a "fool notion" and stuck to it in spite of teachers, parents, and friends, who scoffed and jeered, has turned that notion into a practical good that has aided all humanity. A Washington sees America free, and liberates her many times before the material fact is accomplished; a Bell sends and receives many messages over imaginary wires, then makes it possible; an Edison sees electricity bottled in "fifty-seven" varieties, then does it; a Hart, while plodding behind a team of horses on his father's farm, dreamed of a gasoline horse and plow, on which he rode while the freshly plowed furrows followed in his wake, and lived long enough to ride

one. But enough; the world too often laughed at these boys; in some instances, even the father scolded and told the boy to forget such foolishness. Yet the idea, the secret inspiration developed an individuality that has made life more comfortable and satisfactory for uncounted multitudes.

As James Purnell returned to his home that night his thoughts were still upon Colonel Riddle and the new enterprise. He thought that he saw possibilities that would enable him to fulfill the dream of his life. The one handicap seemed to be his lack of money. It was, perhaps, the first time that he had had an envious thought where his friend Walter Whaley was concerned. Yet he did not blame Walter, but fate, that permitted what seemed to be such unfairness to exist in the universe. Was he not as capable and as deserving as Walter? Had he not done better work at school than his friend? Ever since Nellie Bratten had told him, at the lumber yard, of Walter's good fortune, that old proverb, "Opportunity knocks once at everybody's door," had repeatedly occurred to him. This was certainly opportunity knocking at his door, but he stood helpless, unable to admit it. Nothing that he had done could be placed as the cause of his helplessness. Yet nothing that Walter had done could be accredited as the cause of his good fortune. What had Whaley done to deserve such good luck? Was it not possible that many men, who were bearing much censure for not grasping opportunity, had lacked fortuitous chances, and had been found helpless, as he had when it had visited their doors? Such were the thoughts that rapidly coursed through James' brain as he walked up Washington Street, and turned into Market.

But at this moment an incident happened which was destined to change the whole course of Purnell's life. As he turned down Market Street, he heard loud voices and curses issuing from the store on that corner. What he saw a few moments later served only to strengthen his conviction that

fate, whatever it was not, certainly was partial to some people. Several men, one of whom was Walter Whaley, literally threw a man into the street. The man was crazy with drink, and tried to gain an upright position, but failed. As he lay there groaning and groveling in the gutter, James could contain himself no longer. He had stopped to make a small purchase at one of the stores on Washington Street, and Walter had reached the corner ahead of him.

When he saw this rudeness and brutality on the part of his old chum, he shouted, "That's the reason you can join Colonel Riddle's company; your father becomes rich by robbing his fellow-men of money and soul. Then when he has gotten both, he pays you for throwing them out of his store into the street, by buying bonds for you."

Whaley made a retort, but it was drowned by the derisive shouts and laughter of the men who had aided him.

It is seldom that men fail in great tasks; but in small things that are easy and commonplace. The man who had been thrown into the street had succeeded in establishing a well-known mercantile firm at Stockton, a few miles south of Snow Hill, known as R. E. Mason and Son. The son was the firm, however, for R. E. Mason had failed in little things. In these early days every store had its bar, and Mason, who had sold thousands of glasses of whiskey, had witnessed numerous failures by men who had allowed their appetites to control them; yet in his turn, succumbed to the many small glasses that he had taken. He had come to the County Seat to transact some legal business, and had stopped in the store of his friend, Tom Whaley, the father of Walter. He had been practically driven from his home at Stockton, and now was thrown from the store of his lifelong friend, because he had quarreled with him, and had struck him in the face during his drunken frenzy.

Purnell picked up the old man, and took him home with him. Mrs. Purnell had known Mr. Mason for many years.

In fact, they had attended many social affairs together in their younger days, for the younger people of the neighboring towns invited each other to their dances and parties more frequently than they do at present.

That night there was born in the mind of James Purnell the "fool notion" that set him apart as the "dreamer of dreams," for the betterment of his fellow-men. While Mr. Mason was suffering in that little home a short distance outside of Snow Hill, on the Virginia Road, where the Purnell's had lived ever since the death of James' father, James was thinking thoughts that grew into a mighty resolution. The physician, who had been called, had suggested his favorite remedy of bleeding, which, when done, seemed to relieve the sufferer, somewhat. This relief was only momentary, however, for about ten o'clock the abused life came to its tragic end. While sitting by the side of the dead man's bed James talked to his mother about the tragedy to which he had been a witness.

"Mother, is there not a way of ending this curse of mankind?"

"Our pastor says that man himself must end it. As long as men desire such abhorrent pleasures they will seek them, and become the victims of their repugnant habits."

"Could it not be done by law? There are laws to check murder and stealing."

"It seems that we have not advanced far enough for that. It is the opinion of many good people that goodness cannot be legislated into people."

"But Mother, we can remove the cause. They are attempting it in Maine and Kansas with success. From this moment I resolve to watch the experiments, and, if they are successful, to do something for the citizens of my own state."

"They will not thank you for it."

"No man who takes the lead in anything for the betterment of others, does so to get their thanks. Even though

they stand alone, they cannot do otherwise. Their consciences are their guides."

This statement was followed by silence; that deep and impressive silence experienced by everyone who has been in the presence of death. It was broken by a loud knock at the door, more noticeable than usual, because of the stillness through the house. When James opened the door he found the sheriff on the porch. Sheriff Scarborough was their neighbor, and beckoned to James to step outside. "We want you to come down town for a few minutes," he said.

"Is it necessary? I don't like to leave mother alone tonight," James answered.

"We will get someone to stay with her for a short time; you wait for me here." The sheriff went for his wife, whom he soon brought to stay with Mrs. Purnell until James returned.

Thinking that he was wanted as a witness to the scene enacted in front of Whaley's store, James did not say anything to his mother as he left except that he would be back soon, but accompanied the sheriff in silence for some time, his mind being on the deed perpetrated by the men at the store. After they had gone for a short distance the officer broke the silence by remarking: "This is a bad business, my boy."

"It certainly is," replied James. "The old man died in great pain. It took three of us to hold him on the bed."

They continued to speak of the tragedy until they reached the office of Squire Townsend, where they found a crowd already gathered. All eyes seemed to follow James as he entered the office. He was offered a chair by Colonel Riddle, but did not accept it as it was the only empty one in the crowded room. As he looked over those present he noticed his employer, Mr. Gambrill; Dr. Price; Judge Jones; Walter Whaley, who seemed not able to meet his eye, and his father; the old Negro, Israel Crippen, who kept the office

of the lumber company clean; Squire Townsend; Mr. Oliver, the clerk of the court; Ernest Bratten, the father of Nellie; and many other residents of the town. Squire Townsend began to speak: "James, were you in Mr. Gambrill's office this evening before you went home?"

"Yes, sir," was the answer of James.

"Why did you go there?"

"I frequently go to the office when my work is done in order to meet Walter. We generally walk home together; that is, as far as he goes."

"Who was in the office when you entered?"

"No one; but after I had waited there a few minutes Walter came in."

"About how long were you in the office alone?"

"What has all this got to do with the death of Mr. Mason," thought James. But he answered, "About ten minutes; I thought Walter was somewhere about the yard, and when he came in he said that he had been measuring a pile of lumber."

"Did you and Walter leave the office immediately after he returned?"

"No, sir; not immediately. He closed his books; then locked the cash drawer, which he said Mr. Gambrill had forgotten to lock. Then we left together and separated at the hotel. He stopped to give the key to Mr. Gambrill, who was at the hotel."

"Why did he give Mr. Gambrill the key?"

"He said that Mr. Gambrill might want to return to the office that evening, as he often did."

"Did you go straight home from the hotel?"

"No, sir; I stopped at the store and bought some things for our supper."

"Did you give Mr. Collins a ten-dollar bill?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where did you get it?"

"I have carried it for some time. Mr. Gambrill paid it to me last month."

"Is there only one key to that drawer?"

"I think so, although I don't know."

"What makes you think so?"

"The fact that Walter was so anxious for Mr. Gambrill to have it that night."

The Squire turned to Walter. "Walter," he said, "did you find James in the office when you returned?"

"Yes, sir," he admitted.

"Had anyone else been in the place after Mr. Gambrill left?"

"Yes, sir; Uncle Israel brushed off the desks and placed some books on the shelf that were lying on the desk."

"Did he leave the building then?"

"I don't know; he walked out of the office."

"Do you have a key to the office?"

"Yes, sir; there are only two keys to the office that I know of. I have one, and Mr. Gambrill has the other."

"Do you have a key to the cash drawer?"

"No, sir."

"Does Uncle Israel have a key to the office?"

"No, sah! No, sah! 'Deed ah does not, Mistah Townsen,'" answered the old darkey from his place in the corner.

"How do you get in, if you happen to get to the office in the morning before the others?"

"Ah don' gits in, sah. Ah waits on de do' step."

At this answer there was hearty laughter in the office, but the Squire was ready with his next question. Turning to Walter again, he asked: "Is Mr. Gambrill in the habit of leaving his cash drawer unlocked?"

"No, sir; he very seldom does so."

"How often have you found it open?"

"Only three or four times that I can remember."

"How did you know this evening that it was open?"

"Mr. Gambrill has often asked me to notice the drawer before leaving, and I almost always do so. It is behind the door in such a position that the door opens against it. As I reached for the door I saw the key in the lock of the drawer."

At this point, Squire Townsend passed two keys to Walter, saying as he did so: "Which one of these keys did you give to Mr. Gambrill?"

The two keys were almost exactly alike, but one of them had been recently filed in places, which could be seen if examined closely. Walter seemed somewhat confused at the Squire's question, but he soon answered: "I don't know, sir; I did not know that there were two."

When the Squire had taken the keys again, he turned to Roy Gordy, a young mechanic, who lived in the town. The Squire handed him the keys, saying, "Which one of these keys did you make?"

"This one," said Gordy, without hesitation, as he handed back the key that had been recently filed.

"How did you get it so much like the other one?"

"I took it from that drawing," he said, as he handed the Squire a slip of paper on which had been sketched a key.

The squire received the paper, placed it on his desk, and laid the key upon it. It fit perfectly. Then the Squire handed the paper and the key to Colonel Riddle.

During the proceedings the Colonel had been watching James very closely, although he did not allow the youth to see him. He now looked at the drawing and the key, then handed them back without a word.

When the Squire had them again, he said to Gordy: "Why did you make this key, Roy?"

"I made it for Jim. A few days ago, he come to me and sade, 'Roy, I'm in trubble; I've lost the key that Mr. Gambrill give me. I can't find it to save my life. To-day I took this drawing from Mr. Gambrill's key, and I want you to

make me one like it! I found an old key right smart like it, and by filing it, as you see there, I made another key, and give it to him. Hope I may die if that ain't the truth."

When Roy had given his testimony a wave of murmuring passed through the crowd assembled; men expressing their opinions to others. The faces of the crowd were a study; incredibility was written on the countenances of many; surprise and indignation showed from Mr. Gambrill's face; doubt and sympathy from that of Colonel Riddle; contempt from Walter and his father; but righteous anger and shame blazed from the face of James Purnell, the accused youth, as the meaning of the trial at last dawned upon him. The Squire then arose to his feet, and said with a hesitating voice: "Gentlemen, Mr. Gambrill has lost some money, which was paid to him this evening. He placed it in the cash drawer at his office, and locked it. You have heard the rest of the story; how Walter came into the office, and found James there. He also found this key in the drawer, which he gave to Mr. Gambrill as he went home past the hotel. Roy has told us where that key came from. I have always admired James, and still believe in his integrity and honesty. It is with heartfelt sympathy for him that I accede to the wishes of Mr. Gambrill, and the testimony which we have just heard. I am forced to hold James in custody until the next term of court, when he will be given a fair trial."

When the Squire stopped, James stood up, and taking him by the arm, he said, "Do you mean that Mr. Gambrill accuses me, and that I must go to jail?"

"I'm afraid so," replied the Squire.

As the sheriff led James from the room to the jail across the street, he went with bowed head and a sinking heart. "My poor mother," he said, as he entered the jail.

While he was spending his first sleepless night in the jail, continuously pacing the length of his cell, Colonel Riddle, gentleman that he was, spent the night with Mrs. Purnell

and Mrs. Scarborough. They, too, spent the night without sleep, and the Colonel was able to give the mother much comfort in her sorrow. Early in the morning she seemed to become more composed, and said: "I can never believe my son is a thief."

"Your son is not the thief; but he had no chance to prove it," the Colonel quietly assured her.

"I am glad you think so, Colonel Riddle. James had no reason to steal. It is true that we do not have much; but we have enough to keep us comfortably. This house is not very good, but we are planning to move back to the old home where we lived before Mr. Purnell died. It is much nearer James's work. But I reckon it doesn't make any difference now. James will have to find something else to do."

"That will not be hard for him to do; I have an offer waiting him now."

"But that horrible jail; I never dreamed that my son would ever be placed in there."

"We will get him out of there in the morning. He is not the first innocent man who has spent a night or two in jail. Prison does not mean the same, when an innocent man is forced to remain in it. Many have found prisons veritable havens of safety."

In such ways the Colonel proved, not only his friendship for those who were unfortunate, but also his devotion to right and justice. When he promised that James would be gotten out of the jail in the morning, it meant that he would leave nothing undone that would aid him in accomplishing his purpose. Thanks be to God that the better portions of this world are ruled by such men.

CHAPTER III

THE COLONEL AND HIS NEW ENTERPRISE

THE first man who called at the jail in the morning was the beloved pastor of the Makemie Memorial Church, James' pastor. He was known as Pastor McMaster by the people for many miles along the Pocomoke River. He ministered to the churches established by Rev. Francis Makemie, who came from Ireland as one of the first missionaries to this continent. Yet we, who have so greatly benefitted from these men who were the stewards of God, object strenuously when we are asked to support a man who has gone, with the message that has saved us, to the unsaved in some other part of the world. These churches, to which Pastor McMaster ministered, were the Makemie Memorial; Pitts's Creek, at Pocomoke City; and Old Rehoboth, at Rehoboth on the Pocomoke, the most beautiful river of Maryland. It was at this last named place that Rev. Francis Makemie landed when he arrived from Ireland; it was here that he built the first church, from the pines of the forest, which he named Rehoboth (room for more) after getting the aid of Colonel Stevenson, one of the most influential and progressive men on the Shore at that time. The Rehoboth Church, which has been rebuilt several times, is still standing on the land given by Colonel Stevenson.

While the sheriff was eating his breakfast he was interrupted by the minister, who asked for permission to see James. He was immediately admitted into James' cell. This fine man was the only man of the whole town who carried the burdens of everybody on his shoulders; yet no one who saw him would ever suspect him of ever thinking of his

neighbor. Some men cannot even give a penny to a blind man, without publishing it abroad for their eternal glory; while men of McMaster's calibre are bulwarks of the needy, storehouses of the hungry, weavers for the ragged, physicians of the soul to those in prison, and mouthpieces of God to everybody, without the sound of a trumpet, or a harp, to their praise. Some men have that mysterious power about them. Some men, after talking for five minutes; and some women, for thirty-five, leave with us memories that conjure up within us only that which is unpleasant and disagreeable; torrents of fault-finding; complaints of fellow-men; unfairness, censoriousness, harsh judgments that continuously remind us of them afterwards. But with Mr. McMaster life seemed different. He reminded his friends of unselfishness; he was the personification of unselfishness; people saw no clouds of gloom, no disagreeable scenes, no petty ills that only multiply with the telling, after a conversation with him. If these things ever affected him (and no doubt they did) the effect was seen only in his own home. As he greeted James that morning, he reminded him of loyalty, of friendship, of usefulness. James grasped his hand; his outstretched, generous hand, as if clinging to a last straw, but said nothing. It was not necessary. He was understood, as scores before him were understood, by this righteous prince of God and men.

"We are going to get you out of here," his old friend and pastor told him.

"God knows I did not take that money, Pastor McMaster."

"But men do not know it; that is the trouble. Men are fallible; God infallible. He judges righteous judgment. Men, with all their knowledge, seem very ignorant. Very, very few know themselves; how can they dare to pretend knowledge of others. Mr. Mason knew business methods; but he did not know himself. He will be taken home this morning by the undertaker. Because men lack this knowl-

edge of themselves, they make numerous resolutions that they do not keep. We condemn others for their mistakes, and weaknesses; then become victims of our own frailties."

James was very anxious to ask something concerning his mother, but hesitated. His pastor, seeming to read his thoughts, continued: "Your mother is very cheerful this morning. She will be here soon with Colonel Riddle. I came in advance in order to prepare you for her visit. Colonel Riddle stayed with her last night; you have a great friend in the Colonel. He joins others of your friends in believing that you are innocent. There are two things, however, that must be cleared up: Roy Gordy's statement, and Walter Whaley's persistence that you are guilty."

James was on the point of making a retort against his former friend, but his better nature exerted itself, and he refrained. He then told the pastor the incidents of the previous day as we know them.

While James Purnell was relating this story his mother and Colonel Riddle arrived and were ushered in by the sheriff, who left all together in the cell. The mother clung to her son for some time, but there was no demonstration of despair, such as is frequently witnessed between a woman and her son who is guilty of some crime. Yet the spirits of both mother and son were wounded. Had it not been for the two friends that were with them, they may have lost all of their faith in mankind, and even in their God.

When they left James they promised to do all that possibly could be done to free his name from guilt. James was in a much happier mood, and although he felt very bitter towards Mr. Gambrill, Whaley, and Gordy, the conversation with his staunch friends left him with the conviction that justice would be meted out to him, and the real culprit, whoever he was, would be reprehended. For some reason he had come to place great reliance in Colonel Riddle, and confidently be-

lieved that, by the efforts of him and Mr. McMaster, he would be liberated until his trial, at least.

The three friends separated on the steps of the courthouse; Mrs. Purnell returned to her home, but the men went to the office of Mr. Gambrill.

As they passed down the street, Mr. McMaster suggested that they stop at the shop of Roy Gordy. His shop was off the street a few feet, in an alleyway. When they entered the door Roy looked up from his work with much surprise. It is true that Mr. McMaster had often before been to see him, for his wife was a member of Makemie Church, and Roy had often accompanied her to the services; but the fact that he was accompanied by Colonel Riddle seemed to be a disturbing element for a moment. Mr. McMaster introduced the Colonel to Roy, who then apologized for not having chairs to offer them.

"We are not accustomed to finding chairs in a busy man's shop," remarked Colonel Riddle, as he seated himself comfortably on a work-bench. "I have been told that you are a good mechanic, Mr. Gordy. Now I am looking for a handy man with tools. In building my factory, and placing the machinery you will be very useful. I can give you work if you care to do it. How about it?"

"When did you want me to start?"

"In about one week; we are going to start the building tomorrow."

"I reckon I can help you."

"All right; I will see you again in a few days."

After some casual remarks, the visitors naturally referred to the incident of the past evening. Gordy told them the same story, however, that he had told at the trial. He declared again that the drawing had been given him by Jim; that he had made the key for him; and that he had paid for it. The visitors saw no way of getting help from him.

When they left the shop both men expressed their con-

viction that Gordy had lied. Mr. McMaster, especially, recognized that his story had not been told in the straightforward, direct habit of speech generally used by Gordy, and he remarked to his companion: "Although I cannot guess his motive, I am convinced that Gordy is not telling the truth. He has always been known to be honest, at least. He spends nearly all that he makes for drink; but I have never known his efforts to satisfy his thirst, to be the cause of his committing a crime."

The two men found Mr. Gambrill at the office, but naturally in an ill humor. Not only had he lost his money, but he had also lost two helpers. James was in prison, accused of theft; and Whaley had resigned that morning, stating that he had two reasons for doing so.

"I have joined Colonel Riddle's company; and I feel that it is due to my neglect, somewhat, that the money is gone. I had intended to be out of the office only a few minutes; but it took me longer than I had expected to measure that pile of lumber brought by Capt'n Howard."

Mr. Gambrill had replied, "Well, Walter, I am sorry to lose you at this time; yet I do not blame you for neglect of duty, for we often leave the office open while we attend to work in the yard. Such a thing as stealing is hardly known in our community, especially in broad daylight."

In spite of his mood, however, the two men were able to persuade Gambrill to give his permission to have James released from prison, until his trial. Colonel Riddle guaranteed his appearance at court or to repay the stolen money. This was many years before the modern system of giving bail was so extensively practiced. In those days a man remained in the jail until released by being proven innocent, even though falsely accused. To-day the professional bondsman, for a few dollars, is ready to give bail to any man who is able to receive permission from the court. And this permission is given in almost all cases except that of murder;

then sometimes the murderer is given his freedom. The modern system may be the better; but it is not producing the better results. On the contrary, it is the opinion of many thinking men that it is increasing crime by allowing many law-breakers to be free and to continue to prey upon the public until the day of conviction. These advocates of leniency, who accuse prison methods of the past of being the cause of criminality, have not solved the problem, for crime is greatly increasing. They would make the life of the criminal a bed of roses with his victims as his chambermaids and butlers. This is felt to be one of the greatest contributing causes to the present lawless age. This condition prevails practically everywhere, except in those states where the citizens are organized to do that which the proper authorities fail to do. In the State of Delaware the whipping post is still in use, and, although no one advocates a return to barbarism, this method of punishment seems to keep the criminal from that State. If the penalty is not severe enough to cause fear in the hearts of the lawless, the law-abiding citizen will have little comfort or safety.

After receiving Mr. Gambrill's permission, it was comparatively easy to have James released. When they returned to the jail, they carried an order from the judge to Sheriff Scarborough, and James was allowed to leave his cell.

His greatest desire, after the shock of being placed in prison, was to be believed innocent by his friends. He was now able to see them again; but it is immeasurably easier to be released from stone and iron, than from the fickle minds of our fellows. He was greeted coldly by some, slighted by others, and even insulted by the most thoughtless. Even the dogs, which he had fed, seemed now to turn from him as one infected with a dread disease. He thought of the note which he had scribbled in his memorandum; he wondered whether the one who had read that note, would, with the others, consider him guilty. He resolved to find out. By

this time he had arrived at home, where his mother was expecting him, for she felt assured that he would be released.

"We have been expecting you, James," she cordially said.

"I am glad to be home, certainly," he answered.

One of their neighbors, Mrs. Ward, was present with his mother. She had the reputation of being in the right place at the right time, for she seemed to know by instinct where she was needed. Sometimes, however, her abrupt mode of expressing her thoughts cut like a whip, but she was a great favorite, nevertheless. She made no allusion to the night spent in the jail, however, but talked of much that had happened, and of much that was expected to happen. She spoke, especially, of the new factory, and announced that Colonel Riddle expected to return to Philadelphia within a few days, in order to bring his family, four very attractive daughters, to live with him. They had planned to stay at the home of Clifton Irvin for some time. Nan Irvin had planned several social events for them: a dance, to be given on the next night after their arrival; a sailing party down the Pocomoke; a trip to the Nassawadox Iron Furnace; and several others. Did they know that Walter Whaley had become a member of the firm of Colonel Riddle? Yes, he would probably become one of the officers. That was the report anyhow. Had they heard about the will of Mr. Mason? Well, it had been read, and everything had been given to his son, who was at the head of the business.

The truth of the matter was, that the will had not been read; yet so anxious is the public to learn how a man has disposed of his property, that speculation is rife even before the corpse is laid away. So many guesses are hazarded that someone is bound to be right; and it proved that Mrs. Ward had ventured upon the truth this time. The other members of Mr. Mason's family had despised him while he lived; the some who helped him in the store profited by their patricidal hate. In this manner Mrs. Ward rambled on from

one thing to another, without allowing her hearers a chance to answer, except by nod or gesture of assent.

When she had gone James expressed to his mother his intention of seeing Mr. Gambrill. His mother prepared him something to eat, for he had hardly tasted the prison fare. When he had finished his meal, he started to the office of Mr. Gambrill.

As he passed the home of Clifton Irvin he was hailed by Colonel Riddle, who joined him. "I am going as far as the Post Office, James; and as I want to talk to you a few moments, we will go down together. Where are you going?" the Colonel asked.

"To Mr. Gambrill's."

"Be prepared to find him very bitter; he is sure that you have the money, or that you know where it is. As you must know, many others feel the same way about it. I like your spirit, however; many a boy in your position would run from such conditions, thus fastening the blame the stronger upon them. But you stay and fight it down. 'The guilty flee when no man pursueth!'"

"I don't blame Mr. Gambrill for being bitter, but I cannot help feeling somehow, the injustice he has done me in believing me guilty. I wanted to talk to him again, if he will hear me."

"What I wanted to speak to you about is this: Tomorrow I am going to Philadelphia, where I will remain about three days. When I return I want you to help me at the factory; we will begin it immediately. I would like to have it completed by Christmas."

"All right, sir; I am very grateful for your friendship, and will do anything that I can for you."

"I don't want you to feel that I am giving you this work from a sense of duty; I want your services, and at the same time, I want you to feel that I trust you. I want to tell you a little story that I heard many years ago. A great

building was in the process of building. The workmen had gotten as far as the laying of the corner-stone. Speakers had been engaged to make the addresses, and many visitors were expected. But after the date had been announced the newspapers were asked to publish a postponement, because the corner-stone could not be found. It had been lost, somehow, when the material had been brought. People were disappointed, plans were overturned, but nothing could be done until the stone was found.

“‘What is the use of making so much fuss about it?’ one young man asked his uncle, who was one of the builders. ‘One stone is as good as another, and I should think they could fix up another one, and go ahead without disappointing everybody!’”

“‘Any stone that a man can fix up isn’t a corner-stone,’ his uncle answered. ‘What it is made of, and what it stands for, gives character to the building. There is too much carelessness in the matter of foundations nowadays; a good many things are being built without proper corner-stones. This isn’t right nor safe; good builders don’t work that way.’”

“That man was right. It is not only true of buildings; it is also true of human lives. Many are satisfied to remain mere bricks in the building of society. It is true that we need many bricks; bricks that are much alike; but we must have the corner-stones. Keep within your life the principles that give strength and nobility of character; then you will become a corner-stone.

“Sometimes our corner-stones of character disappear without our being fully conscious of when and how. Old faith slips away; old standards are broken down; and life is not built on firm foundations. Sometimes it is wrong habits; sometimes temptations that change our attitudes concerning moral life. Live in a high plane of action and our souls will have within them the attributes that steady the outer life. Strive to be a corner-stone.”

They separated at the Post Office: James continued down Washington Street, and stopped at the office of the Lumber Company. When Mr. Gambrill looked up from his books his countenance expressed the emotions of his heart. Rage was first revealed; but something about the attitude of his former clerk, seemed to touch the better self within the business man, for his expression speedily changed to something akin to pity. He heard James with patience as he again declared his innocence and his hopes that his former employer would try to think differently of him.

When he had finished, Mr. Gambrill seemed to be touched by James' appeal, for he simply, but quietly said: "I hope it proves to be so at the trial. I suppose a man is innocent until he is proven guilty."

James thought, "If the innocent are always proven so, then I am safe," but he said no more, fearing that he would endanger himself farther in the man's opinion.

Mr. Gambrill then returned to his books, and James, feeling that he desired to end the interview, left the office. In order to reach home quicker, he walked through the lumber yard, where he met Uncle Israel, who was doing his best to keep the yard in some kind of order. "Well, Mistah Jim, yo' los' yo'ah job, 'cause yo' am reckoned a thief, but yo' ain't no thief," the old darkey said. "Ah had a dream las' night, dis ole Niggah did, 'cause yisterday a rabbit done cross my paff as ah come heah. Dat am a shuah sign somepin a'gwin to happen. Las' night it done happen. Dough I carry a rabbit's foot aroun' my neck, it didn' charm de spirits away. Dey played aroun' my baid mos' all night. Den tow'ds mornin' de Debbil come fer dis Niggah. Ah tho't he had ole Israel sho' 'nuff. Ah leaped straight up in baid, an' my haid struck the pos' kerflam. But de Debil, he say, 'Ah don' want yo' all, Niggah; yo' no thief. Yo' ain' got since enough to steal,' an' ah say, 'That's right, Mistah Debbil, yo' let dis ole Niggah be.' Den sho' as yo' all's born,

chile, he whispah de name ob de thief, an' he say, 'De nex' time ah come ah fin' de thief at de bottom ob de rivah, right below dat bridge.' Den he adds, solemn like, 'Look heah Niggah, don' yo' go 'roun' tellin' who dat man is, or I'll have yoah hide an' wool in a jiffy. Let dat man lib' 'till ah needs him.' Den ah answer, 'Mistah Debbil, ah's a nignerant black man, but ah ain't no fool; yo' hab' to be mighty smaht if yo' git dis coon's wool an' hide. I's black, but ah ain't no fool!' Yo' all jes' wait, Mistah Jim, an' see what de Debbil say'll come true."

"Let it be right soon, Uncle! I don't want to wait too long." James answered.

"Yo' won't hab' long to wait, honey; mebbby several years, mebbby several days. De Debbil don' work very fas', but his work am mighty well done."

As James passed on through the yard, he passed the pile of boards where he sat that day as he wrote the note in his memorandum. Now he thought again of the words of Nellie Bratten: "You may always count on my help, if I am able to aid you."

He believed that she had meant it; but, as on that day, she was not able to aid him, unless she would remain the friend she had been. Earlier in the day he had resolved to see her; but several days passed before he discovered what her real attitude toward him was. In spite of the fact that he had been at her house many times, he felt that he could not call under the circumstances. It may have been because of the deference he felt for her family; it may have been because he feared that she might not believe him. In the latter case suspense would be easier to bear than knowledge, for he loved her better than any woman, except his mother. Also he had learned that Walter Whaley was a constant visitor at her home, and jealousy overbalanced prudence. He might meet Whaley there; a circumstance for which he had not the least desire. His opportunity came, however, in an

unexpected way, and with little effort on his part. Thus a certain fate arranges events, sometimes, in spite of our desire not to have it so.

CHAPTER IV

THE POCOMOKE IS ROBBED

ONE of the oldest and most influential residents of Snow Hill was Clifton Irvin, whose ancestors, having come from the well-known suburb of London to escape the dangers that befell many of the regicides, are believed to have named their new home after their old one, Snow Hill, who lived in the mansion on the corner of Church and Federal Streets. This house was one of the finest in the town, having been well cared for, for it had belonged in the Irvin family ever since the land, on which it stood, had been taken by that follower of Cromwell, who had given the name to the town. The house was surrounded by several native trees, which added greatly to the beauty and the seclusion of the place. Mr. Irvin was a typical gentleman of the old school, who took great pride in the fact that the name which he bore had been associated with the development of the community from the beginning. He was the owner of several farms, he had been clerk of the court, and was now a politician of no ill repute. There was, perhaps, one name better known than that of Irvin in the community, although at the present time, it was not represented by either wealth or influence. The name Purnell can be found on Maryland's Declaration of Independence, having been placed there, with the other signers from Worcester County, by the first settler of that name. Owing to very unfortunate circumstances the material resources of the family had been much reduced, but the fame of the family remained. Its first bearers had great tasks to perform, such as freeing their state and country from imposition and injustice; conquering the wilderness;

and establishing fairness and equality among their neighbors. The remaining descendant had a task just as great, namely, freeing that name from the stigma of crime and reproach. With this one exception, Irvin was the oldest and most respected name of the vicinity.

The wife and mother of the Irvin home had been dead for some time, and the family was without that wholesome influence that softens all the relationships of humanity, yet Nan Irvin, the oldest daughter, was rapidly becoming her mother's counterpart. There was also a son, Howard, who made lively the social affairs which were held under their roof, and a younger sister, who aided him. These social affairs had been numerous during the last few years, for their home was famous for the hospitality and generosity shown toward all guests. The son was an open-faced, gentle, good-natured, young man, fond of all out-door sports, who seemed to take particular pride in the fact that he was the guardian of two very attractive sisters. This trust had been very unexpectedly doubled since his father's friendship with Colonel Riddle. Now six girls were living in the same house with him. He had thought Rose Buckingham the prettiest girl that he knew, but now he had his doubts; this quartet of Riddle sisters was rapidly forcing all previous opinions in the background. Katherine Riddle, the oldest of the sisters, might easily gain first place in his admiration. He was forced to admit it; just a few hours in her presence, and he was dangerously near a precipice of doubt. Yet he must be very careful that no one else discover it; but his old love conquered, for he had been engaged to Rose for some time. He was not the kind that easily change the old for the new.

The Riddle family had been with them for several days now, having come from Philadelphia to Pocomoke City by train then by boat to Snow Hill. Work on the factory had been progressing rapidly since the arrival of Colonel Riddle; two dwelling houses had been started, a store and post

office had been built; but the site had not been named. Some called it Scratch Gravel; some gave it the name of Turkey Trap; but these names did not satisfy the Colonel, who wished it to have a more romantic name. This name would be chosen on the following day, by the young people, who had planned a visit to the place for the purpose of choosing a suitable name. In the evening, after their return, there was to be a dance at the Irvin's, to which many of the younger people from distant points had been invited, in order to meet the guests. Preparations had been in progress for some time now, for much was to be done before the guests began to arrive on the following day. In those days it was necessary to entertain many from a distance during the night, for it was impossible to make long drives before the next day. The automobile has eliminated that necessity, but has introduced the greatest evil of modern times. Young people, after dancing until after midnight, make long trips in crowded cars during the early hours of the morning, under conditions conducive to immorality.

The trip to the site of the factory was a memorable one for several members of the party. The party traveled by boat to the river crossing near the factory, where they were met by teams which took them to the buildings. There were few bridges across the river at this time, crossings being made by means of ferries. This crossing at which the party stopped, was known as Mattaponi. It is situated about midway between Snow Hill and Pocomoke City. At this point the party left the boat, and went to the site of the factory by land.

Many of the names of places on the Eastern Shore, as in other parts of our country, have Indian origins, and a tradition concerning the manner in which this ferry received its name is very interesting. An old Indian chief, so the story goes, arrived at the crossing late one night, after the ingenuity of the white man had built a boat in order to make

the crossing safer for the traveler. It is impossible to ford the Pocomoke River unless one is a fine swimmer. The old Indian found that the boat was on the opposite side of the stream, and decided to wait until morning. Having placed his mat upon the ground he lay upon it, and was soon asleep. When he awoke in the morning the mat was upon him. In trying to relate the incident to the ferryman, the Indian, in his efforts to speak English, said something like this: "When I sleep, I upon mat; when I wake, mat upon I." The ferryman answered, "We will call this place Matuponi." The spelling of the name has changed, but the sound is practically the same, Mattaponi.

Colonel Riddle then met them at the site of the factory; he pointed out to them the positions of the different dwellings and storehouses; then said to them: "Now for a name, young folks; we must have a good name for our miniature city. Who knows but that this place will soon become the rival of Pocomoke City and Snow Hill."

Several names were immediately suggested, such as Riddle's Cross Roads, Riddleton, Pine Park, Lindsayville, and many others, but the Colonel did not seem to be satisfied with any of them, for he remarked, "It seems as hard to name this place as it is the twelfth child of a family."

Then Mr. Irvin, who had accompanied the young people made a suggestion.

"My friends," he said. "Let's follow the fashion of the Indian. The Susquehanna is a combination of the names of three Indian squaws who were the wives of three chiefs that lived along its banks, according to tradition. Now Colonel, you have four daughters, Katherine, Laura, Elizabeth, and Jane; we will combine the first or initial letter of each name to form the word Klej. Then we will add the word Grange. We then have the name, Klej Grange, which sounds romantic enough to me. How does it strike you?"

It was decided that the name be accepted, and the village

bears that name until this day, although almost all of the houses have disappeared.

Klej Grange is situated in the apex of a triangle, having as its base a line drawn from Snow Hill to Pocomoke City. It is on the east side of the state road between those two towns, in the heart of a large farming community that stretches from the Pocomoke to the waters of the Sinexpuxent Bay, on the Atlantic Coast. The town of Sandy Hill, now Stockton, became the headquarters of the workmen, because it was only about two miles distant. Here there was a fine hotel, which had the reputation of being the finest conducted on the Shore. The fame of its meals was known to all travelers who visited the lower part of the region. Many a salesman has been known to drive from the towns of Snow Hill and Pocomoke City in order to enjoy the bountiful food to be had for less money than he was charged for ordinary meals in the other places. Then there were several stores in Stockton, where liquor could be found in great abundance. Colonel Riddle allowed no liquor to flow in his new town. Also the men felt more at liberty to act without restraint, there being a more democratic spirit manifested in Stockton. Snow Hill, being the county seat, was principally made up of lawyers, politicians, and employees of the county government. The citizens encouraged no industries to build there; even the families of the merchants, with the exception of the Whaleys, were not considered worthy of social recognition. They had to work for their living. The society of the place lived on the labors of others. Pocomoke City was the industrial center, and has become one of the most important towns on the Shore. It had a shipyard, several factories, many stores and banks, and was situated on the railroad. It grew because it encouraged the business man. From the earliest times a spirit of rivalry has existed between the citizens of the two towns, for those of the former were jealous of the business ability displayed by

their neighbors. A peculiar trait of human character is its inability to see and appreciate the desire that one man may have for something that we do not want. Pocomoke City grew because there was a desire for growth; Snow Hill has remained merely a county seat because there existed no desire to become anything else, and for that reason industries have never been encouraged. Chiefly for that reason Colonel Riddle built his new town in the pines.

As the young people watched the pieces of lumber being placed in the factory building an incident occurred which was destined to open the possibility of a close friendship between several of those present at that time. Several workmen were raising a large corner post in place in the structure. To do this the post had to be raised to an upright position, so that the tenon of the post would fall into the mortise of the sill. While several of the men, by means of pike poles, were raising this large upright, James Purnell, by means of a large crowbar, was guiding the lower end into place. But this bar slipped as the post reached a vertical position. It started to fall outward from the building directly above the group of visitors that were watching the men.

"Look out!" shouted one of the workmen, as he started to run to safety. Every man but James dropped his pike, and followed the first man's example. James saw the group of visitors, with Colonel Riddle, directly in the path of the falling timber. Of course they did not realize the danger as quickly as the men, but James, with quick perception of their danger, forgot his own perilous position on the high sill, and threw his whole weight against the post, checking its progress enough to give the young people time to move out of danger. Then he jumped; but he was too late. When the upper end of the post struck the ground the end to which James had held bounded from the foundation, striking him on the ankle. Although no great injury was done to his

ankle, the bruise was severe enough to hinder him from working for several days.

It was also severe enough to prevent his return home on horseback that evening. As the members of the party were taking their places in the wagon for the return to the boat, Colonel Riddle suggested that James better go with them. It would be easier on his foot, he said.

Thus it came about that the boat which returned to Snow Hill carried back a passenger that it had not taken away when it sailed. That same passenger was none other than the young man, who was practically ostracized by the majority of his former friends and associates. It was not his desire to be with them, but the plan of his friend, Mr. Riddle.

James was not a little abashed to find himself in the company of these young people. He had always felt somewhat in awe of the Irvins, especially Nan. It was claimed that she had more admirers than any other girl on the Shore; yet she had successfully held them all in check until she had reached her twenty-fourth birthday. Being several years older than James, he had always looked upon her with that reverence and respect shown by all boys, during their school days, to the larger girls of the school. She was tall, with dark hair, and eyes of almost the same color, which, together with the gentle undulating grace of her erect, self-reliant figure, and her lips, slightly parted, gave her the bearing of a queen.

The chivalry, for which the South has always been noted, recognizes all respectable women as queens. They are the only queens recognized here; the queens of the homes. The children are still taught to honor them as such. When the Cavalier, and the Huguenot came to the shores of America they had been courtiers of queens and princesses; they had addressed them as "Madam" and their kings as "Sire." In ordinary conversation with the reigning personages they had answered them with a "Yes, Sire," or "Yes, Madam." In

this new world they continued to use these terms of majesty; this form of respectful address, when speaking to their mothers, wives, or sisters. Their mothers were their queens, their fathers were their kings, and their sisters were their princesses. The forms have been shortened into "Ma'am," and "Sir," and are still in use. It is charged by some that these forms have come from the Negro slave. But that charge is very wrong. The slave learned from the children of the man in the south. Who is more worthy to be recognized thus than our mothers, wives, or sisters? Chiefly for this reason those born below the Mason and Dixon line are quickly identified when traveling north of that line. Also for this reason, together with the fact that the milder climate has softened the voice, and smoothed the sounds of words ending with the harsher consonants, our Northern kin have accused us of talking like the Negroes. This is also an unjust charge; the Negroes talk like the people with whom they were thrown, or to whom they were sold by the Northern trader. We have taught them; it is one of the things of which the true Southerner is proud; what the Negro knows, he has learned from home. He is proud of his speech, his courteous manners, and deference and respect that he has been taught to pay to women and old people; it is one of the accomplishments that cannot be imitated fully by those who do not belong to that section. It marks the Southern gentleman anywhere, for these customs are not limited to his home; they are practiced wherever he is found.

As James took his place in the boat for the return, he was conscious of this feeling toward Nan Irvin, but he was soon set at his ease by her cordial smile of welcome. That smile proved again her beautiful character. She was too large of heart to accuse him, and large enough to make him feel welcome after Colonel Riddle had put him with her party. If he had been a criminal she would have treated him in the same manner. She was his hostess. His first thought was

that the Riddles had been told of his misfortune, but this was not true. He later decided that he had been wrong. They included him in the general conversation, even Howard Irvin, who had charge of the boat, complimented him for his quick action that probably saved some of them from severe injury. James tried very hard to enter into the spirit of merriment and laughter of his companions; yet no matter how often he accused himself of being stupid, he could not break the spell cast upon him by being judged a thief. Sometimes he felt that, if he could remain in the presence of these people, he would be able to forgive those who had so easily turned their backs upon him.

The art of forgiveness is not one easily accomplished. We fight and hate one another many times without a cause; but what does it amount to in the end, even if we have a cause. The new commandment urges us to love our enemies. If we cannot go that far, we can let him alone to enjoy the mire of his own malicious puddle. The Indian has gross instincts and blood-curdling brutality characteristic of his race. They cannot forget because they cannot forgive. A man becomes an Indian when he treasures up a wrong, attends an injury, or allows hatred of any kind to take possession of his heart. These things poison the mind, and as a drop of leaven in the batch of dough, the whole disposition is soon changed into something different. If it is not counterchanged by the heat of a Godly affection, the inner man becomes sour and perverted from both happiness and success. If we could at least forgive, even if we could not forget, our ways would become favorable to man, and our lives acceptable to God.

James' thoughts and the attitude of his companions were leading him to take this more sensible view of his situation when they were interrupted by Jane Irvin, who seated herself near him as she remarked: "Does your ankle give you much pain?"

"He answered, "It seems to be swelling, and my shoe is

pressing it considerably. I have loosened the string, but it does not seem to relieve it."

"Why don't you take it off?" she asked, solicitously.

James hesitated, but young Irvin, who had heard his remark, urged him to do as Jane told him. James then removed the shoe, thus giving the blood more room to circulate, causing the pain to be somewhat alleviated.

One of the pleasures that is passing with the age is sailing. In the days of this story sailing was at the height of its glory. Nearly everybody who lived near the water was the owner of a sailboat. But the gasoline engine is rapidly displacing it. It requires no skill whatever to operate a gasoline engine. With sailing it is different; it is real sport to sail a boat, because it requires much skill to operate the sails in the varying winds. Then a sailboat is more pleasant in many ways. It is more quiet; for the explosions of the exhaust on the gasoline boat are deafening as well as sickening. There is some danger in sailing that does not accompany the launch, but that only adds to the charm and fascination of this pleasure. When the edge of the boat is dipping nearly to the surface of the water, and the spray is lightly flying into the faces of the passengers, then it is joy and danger combined.

As the boat neared the landing on its return the wind caught the sail with tremendous force, causing the boat to dip to an angle of almost forty-five degrees, and some of the river water came over the boat upon Jane Riddle. Being unaccustomed to sailing, she jumped to her feet, in order to change to the high side of the boat, just as Howard Irvin allowed the boom to swing across the boat, so that it would not catch so much wind. The boom struck the girl about the waist, knocking her into the river. In an instant she had disappeared under the dark waters, stained nearly to blackness by their course through the cypress swamps that border on its edges. The occupants of the boat seemed petri-

fied with fright. Then Katherine Riddle screamed as another splash was heard, not nearly so loud as the first. James Purnell had followed the girl to the dark recesses of the river.

It seemed, to those in the boat, many minutes before they saw either of them appear again; then both appeared at the same time several feet down stream from the spot where they had disappeared. James was clutching the girl by the hair with one hand, while he struggled against the water with the other.

It is claimed that the Pocomoke is the most treacherous river of any in Maryland, or Virginia, having claimed more lives than any of them. The tides of the Chesapeake Bay affect its waters to their very source. Only expert swimmers attempt to go into it, and many of them have been drowned by its treacherous currents. Shortly before this, Mr. Gambrill, while standing at his office window, watching his son and a companion, who were on the river in a small sail-boat, saw his son fall overboard and disappear. The body was later picked up far out in the bay by a passing boat. But James was an expert swimmer; yet, with the weight of the girl on one arm, and the handicap of an injured foot, it was impossible for him to move against the outgoing tide. They were slowly moving down the river toward the Chesapeake when a boat came to their rescue. The screams of the girls in the boat had attracted several men, who were working in the lumber yard, who quickly got into a rowboat, and aided James in saving the girl.

Jane had been unconscious for some time when landed, and James was almost at the point of exhaustion. But the river had been robbed of two victims by the quick action and skill of James. There was great rejoicing by the young people when Jane at last opened her eyes, under the administrations of Dr. Parsons. Young Purnell was given all of the credit for the rescue, although he tried to enter the

two from the yard for a great share of it. Realizing the dangers that lurk under the surface of the river, he had not allowed the girl to get out of his sight until she was safe. They were both taken to the home of the Irvins, but when James insisted on going to his own home, Howard Irvin drove him there in his carriage. Before he went Nan came to him, congratulating him for the second time that day as she said: "I want you to come to our party to-night; you will not be able to dance, but you can watch the others and join us at other times. Bring your mother with you; there will be other folks here who will not dance."

Her invitation seemed so cordial that he accepted unhesitatingly. Heretofore he had avoided meeting the young people who seemed to shun him; especially had he avoided meeting Nellie Bratten, principally because he had learned that her father had become very bitter toward him. Then there was that other reason, yet he would never have confessed it—"A nigger in the woodpile." He was jealous of Walter Whaley, who had been with Nellie several times since that noon hour at the lumber yard. "Surely he had a perfect right to be with her," he thought. Yet that still small voice of jealousy and prejudice, that has caused wars and rumors of wars, whispered quietly, but persistently, to him that he had not the right.

No, they were not engaged—James and Nellie; yet many many marriages have taken place without a formal engagement. Especially is this so in isolated rural communities, where a boy and "his girl" are seen together several times. Then gradually the other boys recognize his "rights" and step out of the line. They have the false impression that a girl who has several beaux, or a boy who "goes with more than one girl," cannot be constant to anyone. Occasionally, if the girl is very beautiful or has other attractions, there is a contest for her affections that last until her marriage, and often beyond that. Nor is this condition restricted to iso-

lated places; it exists everywhere, in all classes of society; but the better educated socially, present an unruffled outer appearance, while inwardly they are ravening wolves, waiting for a favorable opportunity to devour, to tear, and to gnash the enemy. And the lady, in each case looks on, with an unconcerned air, just as the female of the animals witnesses the death struggle that takes place between two males, who are contending for her. What think you, gentle reader? Has civilization changed our deeper emotions, or merely sugar-coated them, leaving us still the primitive brutes with the knotted clubs, changed in shape to shining steel or leaden bullets? James, being human, with the human emotions, imagined himself being pushed aside by this rich man's son, yet he offered no resistance, because he feared the ill-will or irritated glances of his fellow-men.

But a certain exalted feeling possessed him as he returned to his home. He had saved a girl from losing her life in the river—a girl who had talked to him, having changed her seat to do so. She would not have been struck with the swinging boom if she had not changed her seat. Again he would see her that night. Of course he would talk to her, especially if Nellie were there with Walter Whaley. Thus it came to pass that circumstances compelled him to meet her again, and he was thrown with his former friends at the home of the Irvins, the first family of Snow Hill. He would be at some disadvantage, it was true, for he could not dance with a swollen “laig” as Mrs. Ward said. That ankle was painful, very painful; but a reminder, such as a man ties around his finger, or his cigar, so that the smell of the burning string reminds him that he has his wife's letter in his pocket to be mailed. It reminded him that he had been struck by the upright timber, or he might have been riding home on his horse with Colonel Riddle while Jane was struggling against fate in the Pocomoke river. He was glad that his foot was

no worse, yet gratified that it had been injured at the right time.

CHAPTER V

RIDDLES

WHILE James Purnell was relating the events of the day to his mother, Mrs. Ward came in—rushed in, in fact—filled to overflowing with the news of the rescue. She had just heard it, and desiring to be the first at Mrs. Purnell's, had left her supper to burn if it wished, for she must tell her neighbor the news of her son's gallantry. She was somewhat disappointed at finding the son at home, for someone had told her that James had stopped at the Irvins for a dry suit of clothes. But she told her story, nevertheless, and perhaps, with greater emphasis on the real danger than James had used.

It is seldom possible that a man gets the opportunity of telling any news concerning himself to his family before someone else has done so. Smith, the carpenter, falls from his scaffold, sustaining light injuries. When he arrives home Mrs. Smith actually seems angry because he is not hurt as severely as she was lead to believe by Mrs. Gossip. Brown has been left a fortune by his uncle in the West. When he arrives home, filled with the story that he intends to surprise his family with, he finds that he has been robbed of the pleasure of giving good cheer to his kiddies and his hard-working wife. He is greeted by, "Oh, Daddy! Now I can have that new fur coat, can't I?" from daughter. "Dad, let's buy a gas wagon," from son. "Yes, dear, the lawyer's wife 'phoned us of your good fortune," from the wife. Jones rescues a bathing beauty from the cruel undertow at the beach. When he arrives from his trip he is greeted by his business partner at the depot, "It's bad you're married,

old top. Ha, Ha!" And by his wife, "How dare you go in bathing with another woman. Yes, I know. It's a good thing we have newspapers, or the poor women who slave at home would never know what you're doing on these business trips."

After she storms awhile her somewhat shrunken husband ventures to whisper, "My dear spouse, it was my niece whom I rescued. The reporter, in his rush for sensation, misunderstood the name."

"Don't spouse me, you brute; I don't believe a word you say." And off go the thunder and lightning again. She takes the position that the newspapers are more true than the Gospel. Of course a mere man has no defense under the circumstances. Thank God for the newspapers.

So it is that men are robbed of joys, and suffer discomfort and disappointment. The women seem to manage it better, the crafty creatures. What would life be without them? It would be H——appiness.

When the party was mentioned by Mrs. Ward during the conversation that lady launched forth into the grandeurs of the preparations already made. Then turning to James she asked: "Are you going, James?"

"Both mother and I."

Mrs. Ward seemed surprised at this news, but said nothing. Then as she arose to go back to her burning supper, she stopped long enough to report the many friends who were invited.

When the Purnells arrived that evening they found that Mrs. Ward had drawn on her imagination, which seemed to be acutely developed. Yet many of the guests were already assembled, and many just arriving. Some came in carriages; some on horses; but the greater number, who were residents of the town, walked. Those who came on horseback were from Pocomoke City, Stockton, Princess Anne, and the estates near the town or in the adjoining counties.

One party came from the plantation in the northern end of the county, known as the Buckingham plantation.

Most women of to-day appear to better advantage, upon arriving from a distance, in automobiles, than their sisters of the horse-back age. It was necessary for them to carry extra clothing, in order to change from the mud-splashed garments worn during the ride. Still these travelers, especially the younger ones, had received a natural bloom on their cheeks, and a more erect carriage of the body, from their exercise during their journey. If compared to the hot-house plants produced in the home of to-day they would have proved far the superior physically. Some were even beautiful in their riding habit. Especially was this true of Miss Rose Buckingham from the northern estate. It was a great triumph to her beauty that she looked so bewitching, in her riding costume, while seated on her palfry, behind her tall, erect brother. The fifteen-mile ride seemed to enhance, rather than to detract from, her radiant beauty. She and Howard Irvin were engaged to be married in the fall, and he now hurried down the steps to aid her in alighting.

There was a general whispering as she entered, accompanied by Irvin and her brother. Their arrival evidently had been expected for some time, for Nan Irvin met her and conducted her upstairs. In spite of Nan's youth she had been filling the place of a mother and hostess for several years now, so that she had become a model hostess, and was able to do the honors upon such occasions, with a dignity and manner that was envied by her younger guests, and applauded by her older ones.

Every bedroom in the house now contained feminine wearing apparel, or was the scene of feminine toilettes progressing in various stages. To one of these rooms the newly arrived guest was taken by her hostess. This room into which her hostess conducted her, was already occupied by several girls, and Rose was now introduced to the four Rid-

dle sisters. This group of five were the chief guests, and occupied the largest and best room of the mansion, for they were to be the recipients of all the honors of the evening.

In another large room, directly across the hall, the group from Pocomoke City were making their elaborate preparations. Farther down the hall, in one room, were the Stockton girls; in another, there was a large group who were going to return to their homes after the activities of the evening. The occupants of the last-mentioned rooms were "actually dying" for a peep into that chief room. What kind of dresses would the girls from the great city wear for the occasion? One or two of the bolder ones ventured to stop at the door while pretending to be looking for Nan. It would have been a difficult matter to decide whether their report was satisfactory or disappointing. Thanks to their good judgment, and Nan's wise counsel, they had dressed simply and plainly; for almost all of the guests were of moderate means. Nothing is more conspicuous, or a better sign of ill-breeding than an over-dressed man or woman in a group of people dressed in moderate taste and style. A full-dress, with pick and shovel, or a silk dress, bending over a wash tub, would not look more out of harmony. The thoughtful will not make such a mistake; they are too considerate of the feelings of others.

The most conspicuous of the visiting guests was Jane Riddle; not on account of any elaborate dress, but because of her demeanor and personality. She seemed to have become perfectly composed after the mishap of the afternoon, although she looked rather tired, with dark circles formed under her eyes. When introduced to Rose, that lady was so much surprised by her loveliness of face and figure that she took her into her confidence from the first, the two becoming almost inseparable. Although Jane was the younger, Rose felt convinced from a certain propriety and moderation conspicuous in her manner that Jane Riddle was an exceptional girl.

There was no haughtiness about her manner; no love of display revealed by any action. Her dress was of silk, cut low at the neck; yet not from a love of display—for she had pretty shoulders—but from some obligation consistent with sense and modesty. She wore red coral pendants from her ears, and a small coral necklace that fitted closely around her white neck. She used some lavender, yet very little. The modern girl has her complexion so thick that it is cracked up like a pane of frosted window glass. All of Jane's belongings were delicate and dainty; everything was in its proper order and place, so that her person gave the same idea of perfect neatness as does the body of a spotted fawn. Her hair was very light, combed up from her neck, yet dressed in front so that it lay back from her fine forehead and face. Even the tips of her dainty ears showed from under a roll of strands of gold. The lower portion of her face was of a Greek mold—according to the vernacular of to-day—especially adapted to photography. Her fingers were long and tapering, expressive of musical talent and deep emotions. Of course she had the fine essentials of a lady—perfect veracity, a deep sense of honor toward all, deference, and refinement of personal habits, and as constant in affections towards a baseless opinion as towards a faithless lover.

These were the qualities of greatness that drew Miss Rose Irvin so strongly to her new friend. Rose was noticeably different only in complexion—being dark, with hair like the raven's wing—and the emotional characteristics of the perfect brunette. She wore a simple silk, with gold chain and locket around her shapely neck. It is claimed that only her mother knew what that locket contained, yet it is easily surmised that one other had a very good idea. The beauty of each girl was emphasized by the contrast which they made when they appeared together.

While the last touches were being added to their toilettes,

Aunt Cora, the old Negro maid, wobbled into the room to announce that dinner was waiting.

"Fo' de lan' sakes, chillens, let me look at yo' all," she said. "Let dese ole eyes jes' fease on beauty an' sweetness. Yo'all jes look like angels."

"Now, Aunt Cora, don't flatter us," said Rose, laughing. "We're on the wrong side of life to look or feel like angels."

From one to the other the old Negro passed, her black hands folded across her ample abdomen, and her black head cocked to one side, while she examined their "finery," as she said. Sometimes she would touch a fine article of clothing, with the tips of her finger and thumb, with an expression almost reverent upon her shiny face. These familiarities were not felt to be at all out of place by the young people, for these servants, who had been in the families for years, had privileges enjoyed by any other member.

"What do you think of these gowns, Cora?" asked Katherine Riddle, while she clasped a necklace around her sister's neck.

"Mos' han'some, mo' han'some, Miss Katherine. De purtiest I evah seen in all my life. But yo'all come now. De young gem'men am jes' itchin' to see yo'all enter de dinin' room."

Aunt Cora was a fixture of the Irvin household, having served three generations; therefore, she had great liberty, both of action and word. She now passed to the other rooms, where she said and did almost the same things. Then she disappeared into her sanctum sanctorum, the kitchen, where she admitted no one except on very rare occasions, when Nan Irvin was allowed to enter and remain for a short period of time. These old cooks are very jealous of their culinary art, passing it from one to the other, and guarding it so carefully that they cannot be excelled.

The young ladies now came down to the parlor where the men and the older ladies awaited them. Some of the oldest

families of the "Shore" were represented: the Stanfords, of Princess Anne; the Wailes's, of Salisbury; the Stevensons and Wilsons of Pocomoke; the Wescotts, of Accomac; the Mapps, of Onancock the Harmonsons and Taylors, of Berlin; the Houstons, Waters's, and Taylors, of Stockton; the Parkers, Clarks, Hargis's, Veaseys, Nocks, Parsons, Brattens, Upshurs, Whartons, Whaleys, McMasters, Statons, Jones's, and many others as well known. Many of the professions were represented by some of these: the law was well represented by young Stanford, Staton, Jones and Upshur; Dr. Price and Dr. Parsons represented medicine; Young Parker was a school teacher; Hargis and Clark were business men; Nock held a county office; Bratten was a banker; and McMaster and Matthews were ministers. After several minutes, during which the older folks renewed acquaintances, and the younger people exchanged shy glances or bantering compliments, the company passed into the dining room, where they were seated around several tables literally groaning with contents for the meal. This room looked fresh and pleasant, with large branches of holly, laurel, and evergreens, that had been gotten in the near-by forest by the young people, who had trimmed the walls for the occasion.

Places of honor had been kept for the Riddle girls and Rose Buckingham near the head of the principal table. Mr. Irvin sat at the head of this table, while Mr. McMaster and Colonel Riddle sat at his right and left. Howard Irvin led Rose to a seat between himself and Mr. McMaster. The four Riddle sisters were placed together just below Nan, while the others at their table were placed opposite them. James and his mother were separated, for Colonel Riddle led her to a seat beside himself, while James was seated between Jane Riddle and Nan Irvin. Farther down, on the opposite side, James saw Walter Whaley take his place between Mr. Bratten and Nellie. Several times he looked

toward her during the meal, but apparently she never looked his way.

When they were all seated Mr. McMaster led them in giving thanks to God for His bountiful care. This seemed to be the signal for which Aunt Cora, and several Negro maids, were waiting, for they now took places at the different tables, where they saw that all were served bountifully from platters well filled with food found only in portions of the South where the old Negro of much *avoids* reigns supreme in the kitchen. When all were helped Mrs. Mason, of Stockton, remarked: "This table is a perfect poem." Now what analogy there is between a poem and a well supplied table is difficult to see; yet it may be possible for the poetic mind to recognize the futurist possibilities of such an analogy. It is beyond the ken of common ordinary mortals.

Mrs. Mason was peculiar, if not a poet. It may be said of her that she was eccentric. Her speech was odd; so were her ways. It was a blow to her children's pride that she would not be guided by the conventionalities. On a certain occasion, when they were entertaining at dinner, soup was served for one of the courses. The mother preferred to break rules of etiquette by noisily coaxing her soup across an intervening space between the edge of the spoon and her lips. Her daughters, being greatly chagrined, exchanged meaning glances with each other, and with her, but to no avail. Afterward, in telling of the experience to some of her friends, the mother laughed heartily, as if she had really enjoyed their discomfiture.

"When I saw that they were so ashamed of their own mother," she said, "I thought that I would give them something to be ashamed of, so I just picked up my plate and drank the rest from it."

Yes, children, some of us are made of such poor stuff that we actually become ashamed of those who gave us birth. Climb socially, if you wish, but climb honestly.

But there was no reason why this table, at which Mrs. Mason now sat, should not have appealed to the most exacting epicure; only a glutton would have had cause to grumble. There were six kinds of meats from which to select: fried chicken, roast wild turkey, mutton, sliced cold ham, baked trout, and fried oysters; the finest of brown gravies; spoon pone, potato rolls, beaten biscuit; creamed white potatoes, baked sweet potatoes; several jellies, preserves, and spiced fruits; cake, and pies made of sweet and white potatoes, fruits, and mince-meats. All of these staples of food had been produced on Mr. Irvin's farms, the wild turkey having been killed in his forest, and the trout and oysters from the waters of the Sinepuxent bay, which formed the eastern border of his estate. This part of the shore, where he raised his oysters, is known as Public Landing, being about seven miles from the town. Because of the natural wealth of the Eastern Shore the people can exist without help from others. In fact, the whole state might be isolated; yet its inhabitants could continue to exist. Probably Maryland is the only state of our union of which this might be truly said.

In the best organized company there is always an interval of time, very awkward sometimes, during which the guests are being served. It requires an experienced and tactful host or hostess to steer the guests comfortably through this period. Yet much of the responsibility rests on the guests themselves. For that reason the dexterous hostess will place together the most congenial in order that they will feel less restraint. A guest of influence and learning will be prepared for this emergency. Such guests are greatly sought after by those who entertain extensively. Nan Irvin was fortunate in having at her table that night several that made happy the heart of a hostess.

It was the practice of Mr. McMaster to pay some one an appropriate compliment at this time. Sometimes the hostess was the recipient, sometimes it was one of the guests. Mr.

McMaster was not at all aristocratic nor lofty, but good-natured and gray-haired; a scholar of the old school, whose personality impressed itself, on many occasions, through his remarks. On this particular occasion he happened to choose one of the guests as the recipient of his peculiar method of attack.

"Once upon a time," he began, "when knighthood was in flower, the brave knight, in the face of almost unsurmountable difficulties, released the beautiful princess from a dungeon or a walled city just in time to save her from the hideous monster, who had her in his power; but today the method seems to have changed; it seems to be the fashion for the brave to show that they deserve the fair by leaping into the dark and dangerous waters to rescue the unfortunate ones from death."

All faces were turned toward Jane and James. A becoming blush betrayed the thoughts of the maiden, but James was equal to the occasion.

"Sir, we have no dungeons, castles nor villains today; therefore, if we wish to rescue them, it must be from some other fate."

"Well spoken," remarked the Colonel. "It does the young man credit. Yet I believe the villain still exists as surely as he ever did. In the midst of these sordid, dishonest and foul-minded men we are often called upon today to accomplish a greater feat—a feat of the very soul—to rescue ourselves."

These significant compliments were felt by others, besides James, to have an emphatic meaning; and as James looked across the table to his mother, Nellie Bratten glanced admiringly toward him. She seemed to be gratified by the honor paid to her old friend. The conversation then became general, and Jane, in her turn, expressed to the young rescuer her gratitude for his quick action and dangerous exploit.

"I dread to think of the fate from which I was saved,"

she said. "I am indeed grateful; more so than I can express. You really did a wonderful thing."

"Not wonderful," he answered. "Only my duty. Given the opportunity, there are hundreds that would do the same."

"But the hundreds were not present, and that makes it the more wonderful. Some of them may have failed me, but you did not."

"Praise the circumstances, not me. Had I been absent, there would have been another. Howard would have done it."

"I don't doubt that he would, yet it is always the qualities of a hero to depreciate true valor within himself, and to transfer it somewhere else. That is one of the things that make the hero a hero."

It is true that we do not need to search history for the only heroes; they are also in our midst; they are walking the streets with us. They are in the cars with us every day, as we go to and from our work. Some wear toil-stained clothing; some are daintily dressed and smiling faced. As they pass us they are fighting battles, noble ones; as they ride with us they are mapping out some campaign of attack, whereby they may become winners. They are bearing heavy burdens, overcoming temptations, defeating selfishness, patiently toiling day after day, and courageously accomplishing the work that is set for them to do. They, too, are heroes; yet the man who will willingly lay down his life for his friend, or a stranger, holds the highest place of esteem within human minds, and rightly so, for no man has greater love than he.

In spite of the friendly attitude of those who had spoken to him, James felt a coolness, a restraint on the part of the great majority present. This attitude was very noticeable on the part of some, however careful they were to hide it. James was a guest, with them, of those who had invited them; yet they could ignore him practically, and thereby,

to him at least, reveal their cheapness of character. This they did as civilly as possible, and it was almost a relief to James that his foot would not enable him to dance, for it gave him an excuse for not mingling freely with them. He escaped the older ones, who did not dance, by joining his mother, who was with Colonel Riddle and Mr. McMaster for the greater part of the evening.

CHAPTER VI

CONSCIENCE AND REVELATIONS

As the ladies retired into the drawing room the sound of the violin was heard distinctly, and Israel Crippen came into the hall, playing "Sir Roger de Coverley," or the "Virginia Reel," as it is more familiarly called. Uncle Israel was not an expert player, but like many of the fiddlers of his time, he was able to perform to the great satisfaction of those who danced. He was one of the many ex-slaves who lived at that time. He had learned the tunes during spare time in the evenings, and on wet, rainy days, when there was nothing to do. His former master, Mr. Powell of Accomac, had learned of his talent for music, and had gotten him the violin, which he still used. The slaves often furnished the amusements, as well as the labor, for their masters, and after Israel proved to be a good player, he was permitted, by Mr. Powell, to play at a great many affairs if they did not interfere with his work.

Although the African savage seemed very low in the scale of civilization, when he was brought to this country, he showed from the very first that he was a musician. Give him a violin, a cornet or horn, a banjo, or a mouth organ, and he will produce excellent harmony. Some of the best brass bands have been Negro bands. Jim Lindsay, a Negro of this region, was the leader of a band that was noted throughout the community. Of course their music cannot be called classical, but the majority of people do not want that; they want "jazz," and that originated with the Negro.

Besides Israel Crippen, there were several white men around the town who could perform upon the violin with

great success, but these would not play for such dances; for, strange as it might seem to-day, the very dancers themselves looked upon a white man, who played while they enjoyed themselves to the rhythm of his music, as one who was below their social standing. They placed them with the servant class. Therefore, these white musicians would not play for them. But Israel had no such scruples. After the old Negro's faithful violin was heard it was not long before the hall was filled by couples eager for the dance.

One of the pleasant features of the parties of those days was the presence of the older people, and they danced too. The younger generation is being greatly blamed for their so-called sins; but the greatest part of the blame rests on the older people, who have become so absorbed in accumulating that which thieves steal, or moths corrupt, or who have become so lazy or self-centered that they really do not care what becomes of their children, so long as they are not longer bothered with them. Young people did not go wrong to any noticeable extent in those days when their pleasures were supervised by the parents. Imagine, if you can, gray-haired men and women, whose children were on the floor, dancing the "tango," or the "bunny hug," or the "shimmying" maneuvers of the present day, with their sons and daughters. The dances of this age have degenerated from the lofty ideals of expressing our emotions to the accompaniment of rhythmic music. They are becoming merciless and savage, as the pleasures of the old Romans became, when even the women turned "thumbs down" on the defeated gladiator. The pleasures of to-day are becoming efforts to gratify sensual appetite by immodest dress, "petting parties," thrillers, and by "parking the corsets" before the dance begins. As long as the parents cared enough for the future welfare of the race, they took part in these pleasures, thereby assuring themselves that their children were safe. But to-day nothing is forbidden. The Ten Commandments are

forgotten; laws, moral and physical, are laughed at and sacrificed to sensuality.

Yet how can we expect anything else? It is forbidden that religion be taught in schools. The modern expert claims that such notions limit the thinking capacity of the pupil. He must wait until he is developed to that extent when he is capable of deciding whether he wants to be religious or not. At the same time they are teaching doctrines which are irreligious, so that the child reaches the age of responsibility after he has become an enemy to all restraint. His responsibility ceases when he is satisfied in his own mind that his opinion is the best one for him to follow. Men are not going to keep laws just because it is a duty of every citizen to respect a law written by some other citizen, or group of citizens. The man of to-day feels that he is as capable of making laws to govern his action as anyone else is of making them for him. When we cease to teach a moral responsibility to our creator and our God we might much better deliver ourselves into the hands of the Germans, or some other people, who can surpass us at playing that kind of game. A deep feeling of responsibility to the Supreme Governor of this universe is all that will make us a body of lawful human beings. If we do not teach the children that principle, that religion, we are lost. We are cutting our own throats.

For several years we have also been taught, by these modern experts that it is wrong to say "don't" to a child; we should rather call its attention to something else. If it is going to touch the stove, we better quickly lead it to a piece of ice. If we do that we are assured that the child will play with the ice. We are already seeing the results in our midst. Laws mean don'ts, therefore we need not keep them. Especially has this become true of the spiritual laws. By not saying don't soon enough we have produced customs and habits in the lives of our women and young men that are deplorable. The too free manner, and carelessness; immodest

dress; the inelegant, slang language, cigarette smoking, and wine drinking, betting and gambling are signs of the failure of these modern expert theorists. There is too much crime, too much vice, and too much indecency, chiefly because we have ceased to say don't. It is time these hysterical modernists were introducing something else that will save us.

Society is fast becoming divided into two classes; two antagonistic ranks: the law-respecters, and the law breakers; the one trying to destroy all restraints, the other to impose and extend them.

The relations of responsibility and liberty are not being taught to the young. The majority of the teachers in the elementary schools are children themselves, who do not know these restraints. How can they teach the proper relationship? They are products of the new learning; they are endeavoring to call attention to the right thing, but the right thing is very elusive. When the child reaches the high school it is a more easy matter. All the teacher there has to do is to make a scientist out of the pupil. Nothing counts but science to-day. Don't teach or believe the old-fashioned doctrines of the men who founded this great nation; instead, become monkeys and believe that you are descended from monkeys, and your future is absolutely assured. Science will save the world; therefore, make science the religion of the present generation. "Oh faithless and perverse generation, how long shall I be with you? How long shall I suffer you?"

In the days of our story, dances, like other amusements, refined character, and taught courtesy; they were not of the devil. To-day the music is that of the savage—"jazz." Then, the music did not lure to degradation; it caused cares to be forgotten; responsibilities and worries of life were put away for a time. It was full of joy, gladness, beauty, melody; it entranced and invigorated, enthralled and inspired. For those who spent a few hours of recreation

amidst such environments there was no "morning after" nor vain regrets.

The chief reason for the decline of the once glorious dance is the fact that parents are not present as of old. In those days parents were as graceful as their children; mothers were as beautiful as their daughters; fathers were as gallant, active and chivalrous as their sons. To-day we must face the fact that luxury and conveniences have made the middle-aged matron a thing of excessive corpulency. A pair of legs is an almost useless appendage. If we continue at the rate we are traveling, medical students will place legs in the same class with the appendix.

But in the days of our story walking for exercise was still a pleasure enjoyed by the older people, and the dance was a real treat to them. The dance at Irvin's house that night was led by Colonel Riddle and Mrs. Purnell, followed by Howard Irvin and Rose Buckingham. Mr. Irvin and Katherine Riddle came next, followed by the other couples until the floor was filled. The greatest treat of the evening was this first dance in which all present took part; then the older people, for the greater part, retired to a safe distance, leaving the floor to the younger ones. But there was not a young man present that was more graceful or more gallant than Clifton Irvin or Colonel Riddle, and James' mother proved that she could hold her own with both of them. In fact, the Colonel highly complimented her for her unforgotten accomplishments of girlhood.

When the dancers were in position Uncle Israel closed his eyes, dropped his face upon his beloved "fiddle," and called the figures as in a dream. The dancers tripped the "light, fantastic toe" until they were tired, then fell back to allow others to take their places. The older folks then retired to the parlor, where they talked of the things that interested them especially, while the younger generation kept at the pleasure until after midnight.

In one corner of the room, under a large bough of holly, sat James Purnell looking on at the fun. He was practically alone, during this first dance, except for several pickaninnies, who very respectfully stood near, showing great delight in the proceedings by their broad grins and giggling whispers to each other. James seemed to find as much interest in watching them as in watching the dancers. They did not remain long in this enjoyment, however, for soon the voice of Aunt Cora rang clearly above the music :

“We’ll pass obah Jerdan,
An’ clime de ’simmin tree;
We’ll pass obah Jerdan,
An’ drink sweetened tea.”

The old Negro emerged from the kitchen door with an avenging broom beating the air. Pickaninnies began to scatter and to disappear before such a formidable weapon.

“You evil, black rascallions,” she shouted, “whar war yo’ all bohn, anyhow. Did yo’ nevah see a dance befo’? Git to bade, ebery one ob you’, yo’ no count, triflin’ niggers.”

Of course everybody laughed at her absurdity; but the little darkies scurried off to their beds or hiding places, away from the dangerous weapon wielded by their evil genius of the kitchen.

Directly after they had been driven out, Uncle Israel began to play, “The Girl I Left Behind Me,” and Jane, who had been dancing with Randolph Upshur, dropped out of the group of dancers, and joined the group in the room. As James had already joined them she seated herself beside him.

“I’m tired,” she said. “I don’t believe you are enjoying yourself well, Mr. Purnell.”

“On the contrary,” he answered, “I am enjoying it immensely; I always did prefer to watch the dancers rather

than to take part. If you are not going to dance for a few minutes, let's go out upon the lawn for a while."

"I believe I would enjoy a few minutes in the moonlight," was her response as they started for the door.

They passed out together through the side door that opened into the lawn just back of the old Covington Mansion. The full bright moon showed its immense proportions in plain profile.

"How ghost-like that house appears from here," the girl remarked. "And daddy is going to purchase it, too."

"That house used to belong to my grandfather, but it has been sold several times within the last few years. My mother's name was Covington, before she was married."

"Is that the way it got its name? I thought Mr. Covington owned it."

"No, my grandfather built it, but he climbed out on the roof to watch the masons finish that large chimney, which you see there, and fell. He never recovered; he did not enjoy living in the house after building it. It has always been my desire to own it myself."

"What would you do with a big house like that?"

"I suppose I am like many other people; we get a notion that we want something, and are not satisfied until we have it, no matter how large and useless it is to us. Most people who build houses add a number of rooms that are never opened. It makes them look bigger to others; they dare not build a house smaller than that of their neighbors. But that house seems to have an attraction for me. It might be because of the impressions of my childhood. I have often played in it, but there are many rooms that I have never seen into. I always wanted to see into those rooms."

"Man's curiosity, yet they declare that they have none. When we go there I will let you see those rooms."

They were sitting upon a bench that was placed under a large native maple tree, and although Jane's mood was happy

and cheerful, her escort seemed to be reserved and thoughtful. Jane contributed his attitude to the fact that his ankle was uncomfortable. But James felt that she should know the circumstances that had thrown a shadow over his life; he determined to tell her.

"Miss Jane," he began, "I feel that I ought to tell you something. I do not want to appear to anyone as sailing under false colors; I——"

He was interrupted by Jane. "It isn't necessary to mention, or even recall that unpleasant experience, my friend; Nan has told us the circumstances, and I do not believe you did it. Neither does Nan; but because she lives here she will not say so directly; yet she has shown to-day that she doesn't believe it. I asked father about it, too, and he said that you are not the guilty one."

"I know he doesn't think I am, and I am grateful to both of you, very grateful. But it makes it somewhat unpleasant to be treated with such indifference by those with whom I have been so friendly. Sometimes I think I will go away from it all; then I think 'what have I to run from?' If I leave, someone may think that I am guilty. What would you advise?"

"I don't know whether I can put myself in your place, or not. If I can I believe I would do just what you are doing. If others lose confidence in you, always remember that, after what you did for me to-day, you can count on me."

He had heard almost those same words a few days before. They came to him at this time as a kind of mockery. Would Jane forget as easily and as quickly as Nellie Bratten? He had had great confidence in Nellie when she had spoken, and now he felt that he could place as much in Jane. Somehow, he hoped that Jane's words meant more.

He said to Jane: "Another has told me the same thing; it was before this trouble, but she has forgotten. If she had

remembered, it would not have been so hard to face the rest."

"You seem very bitter toward someone," she answered. "Has she told you that she has forgotten?"

"No, I have not spoken to her since then, but 'Actions speak louder than words.'"

"Don't put too much faith in those old proverbs. Speak to her; there may be some other reason for her silence. Find out before you condemn her; girls are peculiar creatures, you know. Many sad misunderstandings have ruined the lives of young people, because someone has been too proud to find out."

"I know it, yet I never met a girl before, who is as frank about confessing it as you are."

"There is no reason to be otherwise. There is too much sham in the world, anyhow. We would know each other better, and be able to keep on more intimate terms, if we did not allow conventions to rule our actions, and our treatment of each other. But come, we must go in. Yet before we go, allow me to say that, whatever you find to be the true attitude of your friend, believe that you made a friend to-day in whom you can have the greatest confidence, and to whom you may confide anything, knowing that you will be understood, always. If the opportunity ever comes that I can, in any measure repay you, I hope you will not hesitate to call upon me."

"Thank you, Miss Jane, I will remember that. All that I have done for you to-day, I would have done for anybody who needed my help. I am very glad that I had the strength to do it, and the opportunity. My misfortune proved your fortune, perhaps."

"Without a doubt. The fact that you would have done the same for anyone else does not remove from me the life-long obligation that I owe you. It is my wish that we always be very close friends."

Then they returned to the hall as Uncle Israel was playing, "Over the Hills and Far Away." The partners were forming for the set. James and Jane stood just inside the door, practically unconscious of each other's presence, for she was thinking, "All I have done for you, I would have done for anyone else." She knew this was so, yet she liked to think that she entered into the equation to a greater extent. He might have left that unsaid, anyway. Already she felt more than a mere liking for this quiet, serious youth. She somehow hoped, without reason, of course, that he felt an especial interest toward her. Someone was plucking her sleeve, then a voice aroused her to the present moment.

"Won't you dance this one with me?" it asked. The musician had begun to play, "I Danced With a Girl With a Hole in Her Stocking," which seemed very inviting to her.

"Certainly," she answered, and they immediately joined the gliding couples.

Walter Whaley was her partner. He was an accomplished dancer, and knew it. In manner he was exceptionally polite and courteous. In appearance he was practically perfect. Dressed in the height of fashion, never at a loss for the proper word, and jovial and arrogant, he was just that type of man that has always appealed to woman. They simply cannot resist such men. Solomon showed his wisdom again when he said that one of the seven wonders under the Sun was "The way of a man with a maid." Whaley was one who seldom failed to have his way where a girl was concerned.

Jane's partner now remarked to her, "You look as though you had just quarreled. I spoke several times before I yanked your sleeve. Please pardon me if I seemed to be rude, but it seemed that I could not get your attention any other way. I will give you a penny if you tell me what you were thinking so seriously about on such a night as this."

"If that is all they are worth to you I will give them to you,

freely," she answered, smiling. "I was thinking how lucky I had been to live to see this night; yet how unlucky was my rescuer to have gotten hurt so seriously that he cannot enjoy himself, and to have been so unfortunate as to be accused falsely."

"Falsely! Oh yes; don't you worry about Purnell. He's wise, he'll come around all right. You can't keep a good man down, and James is a good fellow."

She could not understand his tone, but she thought that she did. "I believe you think he is guilty," she said, with undisguised feeling. "It's not so; how dare you say so to me, whose life he has saved. Is that the way a criminal acts?" She was angry now.

"I have not made one of those statements. It is you who have made them. It would be a thoughtless man, indeed, who would not envy James for what he accomplished today."

Although Walter very seldom was mistaken in his appraisal of a stranger's character, he was too confident that night. When he made his last statement, with utter disregard, and plain disgust, Jane threw away his arm, and hurried out of the room in the midst of the dance.

"Huh!" he grunted, as she left him in the middle of the floor, "he makes disciples quickly. Yet I can't blame her; he saved her life."

The incident was witnessed by the other dancers, but none of them even guessed the trouble. Some of them, who knew Whaley well, thought that something he had done or said had not been understood by Jane, because she did not know how to "take" Walter. As soon as Nan Irvin saw the girl leave the room, she followed her to the room upstairs, where she found her, face downwards, across the bed. She was weeping silently, but Nan could get her to tell her nothing.

"Go on down; I am very tired, and will stay up here the rest of the evening," was all she would say.

There were two other especially interested witnesses to the incident. When Jane and Walter had joined the dancers James started to cross the room to the seat which he had occupied when the dance had begun. Now, as he approached it, he saw Nellie Bratten sitting there while she watched the dancers. At first he decided to go back, but she was watching him, and he continued. There was nothing that he could do now, but to speak to her. It was the first opportunity he had had since that day in the Lumber Yard. Therefore, he sat down beside her and spoke of the dance.

Her answer did not seem to be very cordial. Then he added, "If you will feel more comfortable here, alone, I will leave you." He spoke very indifferently.

It seems peculiar that lovers very often ask each other for permission to do the thing that they do not wish to do. Permission is often granted, while a silent prayer is made that it be not taken. Many mistakes would be avoided, if we were perfectly honest with each other.

Instead of answering directly, Nellie said, "I have no more right here than you." She was just as indifferent as James.

"Why have you been so distant toward me tonight, Nellie? It is not at all like you generally treat me. I have not gotten a chance to speak to you until now."

"Don't blame me; your chances seem to have been filled with someone else's company."

"That is very unfair, Nellie. You know that I cannot dance, yet Jane Riddle and Nan are the only ones that have come near me."

"I am near enough to you now; what have you to say?"

"I wish to know whether you believe me guilty of the charge made against me."

"Everyone says so; Walter believes you are, because you were the only one in the office."

"He was in the office; yet no one can say that I have accused him of doing it."

"What does he want with it? He has all that he can use now."

"Then you think I wanted it because I have less than I can use?"

"I didn't say that."

"But you think it. In other words, because I have none you think I might want it bad enough to take what does not belong to me. You're a fine friend, aren't you?" His voice showed rising anger.

But she ignored his manner. "Walter came to me, and explained it all. You have never been near me until tonight. Now you want to quarrel with me about it."

"You know the reason I have not. Your father is very bitter toward me. I could not see you in his house."

"My friends must come to my home, if they wish to see me."

"Yes, Whaley goes there continuously. What right has he to such close friendship with you?"

It was her turn to be angry now. "What right have you to choose my friends? If you are going to be disagreeable, you may leave me."

"I have as much right here as you," he shot back.

"Then I will go," she said, and arose to pass by him.

"Wait," he begged, "I did not mean to offend you. You promised to be such a good friend to me, you know."

They were both standing now. "I thought," he continued, "that we each understood that our friendship would become something more; that is why I spoke of Whaley."

"Our friendship will never become 'something more! I have promised to marry Walter. Anyhow, this is no place to speak of such things."

He stood there, dumb with amazement. This girl, whom he had always expected to be his wife, was promised to

Whaley. In other circumstances he would have been glad for his former friend's sake. Now there was but one thing left for him. He would surely go away. Everything seemed to be coming to Walter. He would wait for the trial, then he would leave the "Shore" forever.

While he made this decision the girl stood by his side. She said that she would go, but she had not gone. He turned to her and saw that she was closely watching the dancers. As he looked in the same direction, they both saw Jane abruptly leave her partner, and pass from the room. Whaley then started in their direction; but James also left the room. He felt that he could not face Walter again that night.

CHAPTER VII

SOME RICH MEN ARE NOT SELFISH

THE DANCE at Irvin's was over. The greater portion of the guests had gone to their homes. Several families, who had come for several miles, were remaining until the next night. These had retired, and the house was in darkness, except the guest room. Two beds had been placed in this room. One of these was to be occupied by Rose Buckingham and Jane Riddle; the other by Katherine, Laura, and Elizabeth Riddle. Nan occupied the room just across the hall, but she came into the guests' room as they were about to retire. When the others had gone upstairs they had found Jane already in bed. She apologized to her hostess for her actions of the evening; then related to them the incident that happened.

"I almost hate that Whaley; he is so confident, so impertinent," she concluded.

"Please don't think any more of the incident," replied Nan. "We all know Walter well enough not to take him seriously. I hope you were able to enjoy yourself after such a trying day."

"I had a very pleasant evening until I lost control of myself."

"Well, go to sleep now, and tomorrow you will feel better, perhaps." Nan patted her tenderly upon her golden hair; then crossed the hall to her own room.

But it was some time before any of them went to sleep. There is always so much to talk about after such affairs; dresses, dancers, men, girls, compliments, and many other things of interest to girls only.

During this time conversation could be heard, intermittently, from below. Colonel Riddle, Mr. Irvin, and three young men, Wailes, Buckingham, and Howard Irvin were talking of various subjects, while they smoked their late cigars before the fireplace. As the evenings were getting cool a fire had been made to make the room more comfortable. Directly the conversation turned upon the new factory, and the canal that was to connect Klej Grange with the river at Mattaponi.

"I reckon you expect to have the machinery installed by Christmas," Mr. Irvin inquired of the Colonel.

"Yes, we expect Captain Howard almost any day now. I had a letter from him yesterday, which stated that he had been delayed, because the machines were not quite ready when he arrived. He also stated that they were being loaded at that time, and that he wished to start within a day or two. The company will send with him an expert mechanic, who will install the machines, and see that they are in working condition while he is here. I suppose they are crossing the bay now, or lying at anchor ready to sail."

"We understand that the value of the land near the factory is advancing very rapidly; Lindsay is sorry that he allowed you to have so much."

"I paid Mr. Lindsay a good price. I wanted as much of the land as I could get in order to see that all who come are treated alike. I have set a certain amount on the lots, so that they will not be exploited, unless I cannot help it. I have turned the construction work over to young Purnell, who will build and sell each house, for the same amount, as it is ready for its occupant."

Mr. Benjamin Lindsay, the man to whom they referred, had owned several hundred acres of land and forest that lay between the river and Stockton. He had sold it all to the factory company at what all considered, at that time, to be an enormous price. It was through this tract of land that

they were contemplating the building of the canal. This later proved to be a very valuable tract, on account of the great amount of first-growth timber that was found there. But in those days the finest kind of timber was not in very great demand. Therefore, Lindsay received a good price for the tract.

Perhaps Lindsay would not have sold so much, except for circumstances. At one time he had owned some fifty slaves, and was considered one of the wealthiest men in the country, but their loss, during the war, had proven almost his ruin. Colonel Riddle's offer had come just in the right time, and was quickly accepted. Mr. Lindsay, with his daughter Grace, moved to a house at Stockton, where they lived with just one servant, an old Negro called Jim. This same Jim Lindsay won much renown later as the leader of Lindsay's Brass Band, that furnished the music for picnics, Negro camp-meetings, serenades, and barbecues.

"Nan tells me that you are going to leave us within a few days," said Mr. Irvin. "We hoped that you would stay longer."

"No, I have decided that I cannot go; but the girls will return to Philadelphia the first of the week. I am going to ask James Purnell to accompany them back. It is necessary for me to be here when the machinery is being installed. I expect to purchase the Covington home within a short time; then they will return and live with me here."

By this time the voices of the girls had ceased. The men also retired, and the house, that was so merry and gay an hour before; had become as quiet as those immediately across the street. The remaining days of the week were filled with several affairs that had been planned by the younger people for the entertainment of the visitors. James did not attend them. His excuse for not doing so was that he was too busy. He spent the time at the factory, where he was often bantered by the well meaning workmen, who did not

realize that the light tone of voice which he used, in answering their quires, was assumed. At first he gave the excuse that his foot would not permit him to join the fun, but by the end of the week it had so improved that he was able to walk without limping.

On Tuesday of the following week several of their friends accompanied the Riddle girls to Pocomoke City, where they took the train for Philadelphia. James accompanied them to their home, returning on the following Friday. He found that Captain Howard had arrived; also Elmer Hancock, the young expert, who had charge of the machinery. There was much to be done by everyone. The factory must be completed; then the machinery placed; then houses must be built for the workmen.

Colonel Riddle had given James the contract for building these houses, which he planned to begin immediately. They were not to belong to the Company; they were to be placed on the Company's ground, but for private individuals, who desired to live in the new town. During the first year five of these houses were completed. Each house sold for five thousand dollars, enabling James to realize a profit of several thousand on the sales. The following year he completed and sold five more for the same prices. Colonel Riddle had purchased the Lindsay saw-mill, and much of the material had been prepared on the grounds. The only restriction that was placed upon James' actions was, that no house should exceed five thousand dollars in cost. The Company built a store at the same time, which it operated, and Angelo Price who lived in Snow Hill, moved to the site and built another store near the factory. The Protestant Episcopal Church built a chapel at the same time. This chapel was in charge of the Rev. Matthews, of All Hallows Church, at Snow Hill. The chancel may still be seen standing in the midst of a thicket of locusts and thorns, although the main part of the building is lying in a pile of ruins.

This chapel is a good illustration of the great mistake made by our otherwise far-seeing ancestors. Within a short time after it was completed there was a Baptist church and a Methodist church in the same place. The same condition is found in many of the small towns of the country. Money has been wasted, human energy misspent, religious strife engendered, resulting in such ruins, or in several struggling, half-starved churches in a town of two or three hundred inhabitants. And the Master himself could not return now, and undo all the harm that has been done by that condition of affairs. The Methodists felt that the Episcopalians were not capable of administering to the needs of the people; they built a church to do that. The Episcopalians felt that the Baptists were imposing unnecessary rites, and fast rules of conduct upon the people; they built a church in which there was greater moral freedom. On all denominations alike falls the blame, for not one is exempt. Religious bodies of today are reaping the fruits of this jealousy and rivalry.

When these houses were completed James was given a new contract. The Company decided that all purposes would be served better by building a canal extending from the Pocomoke river to Klej Grange, so that boats could enter the canal at Mattaponi, and come up to the factory. The contract for this work was given to James. He had about a dozen white men in his employ who understood the work. Besides these he had nearly one hundred Negroes, who used pick and shovel in removing the dirt and trees. There were also several young farmers, who owned teams of mules and oxen, who were employed to do the heavy hauling. These were glad to be able to help in this work, for in this region, the farmers have very little work to do in the winter. The crops which they raise are all planted in the Spring of the year, for the ground is only a few feet above sea level, and cannot be worked in the Fall or Winter.

Thus we see how elaborate were the plans of Colonel

Riddle, a very rich man, yet an exceptional one, for his factory town among the pines. Neither were his plans selfish; but he desired to aid a whole country; a vast expanse of the finest land to be found anywhere in the Nation. His close friends, both in the City of Philadelphia and at Snow Hill never understood why he went such a distance to build, unless it was because he believed that this region would become a great cotton producing section. He never made them any satisfactory explanations, for he was a man who kept his business to himself. He marched, not as a conquerer, but as a benefactor. He had all the signs of true greatness written upon his noble face. Such men are often misunderstood, yet they are to be given much of the credit for the great development of our industrial Nation.

Yet too often such men do not live to reap the reward or the praise for their greatness. Because they are great they are misunderstood by the simple. Wrong motives are attributed to them; men say they are selfish, and working for their own gain. Men have grown to distrust them because so many who assume greatness, have proven false and criminal. For this reason the people of Snow Hill, and of many other towns, did not give him the reception and the support that he deserved. And because they did not, his factory failed, for, with all his wealth, he was not able to support such an undertaking. But when the factory closed, he saw that it closed honorably.

And what are the signs of true greatness? Can they be read by the man who possesses them? Can they be read by friends or relatives of such a man? Some men just miss becoming great, because they are ignorant of these, for with all their training they have omitted these essentials. Many otherwise good teachers are failures as advisors, because they do not recognize these signs in the youths of their schools. And if a teacher fails as an advisor, he would be a greater success with pick and shovel, for nothing that has a

mind is safe under his influence. In the terms of the present day, many great men are catalogued as the "Near Great."

If usefulness and character are to be considered, hosts of men miss greatness because they have not conquered one or two petty failings. A man may be commonplace, yet there is nothing sad about that. This old world is made up, for the most part, of commonplace men; good neighbors, sound citizens, who turn elections; on whom the honor of society rests. If God meant a man to be ordinary, it is a pride to be so. The more ordinary he is, the more be the pride and praise to the man who proves great.

When a boy starts out in life some friend ought to ask him whether he is going to think only of what he can do for himself, or about how he can make his fellowmen admire him. If a man pursues applause only, and not achievement, he will come far from hitting true greatness.

If service is considered the world will consider any man great, who has done something that improves the life and chances of other men. However remarkable his abilities, a man who hopes only to attract the attention and applause of others, may be clever, but he will never be counted as one of the great. The saddest sight to be witnessed today, is the man who might wield a fine influence upon his fellowmen, but instead, becomes the cause of their downfall. He is as responsible to God as the prophet of old, who was told to prophesy truth to the people, but who prophesied falsehood. He needs the stones that were cast at such prophets.

A man, to be great, must be venturesome, ready to lead, to try, to risk. Playing safe continually deadens courage. When courage is killed, especially moral courage, a man's usefulness to society is ended. Fears leap upon him whispering that there is danger ahead. The man of greatness will arise in his might, and will silence such a check to greatness.

A man says that he would like to see improvements in public government, more justice in industries, greater and

better church or social relations; yet he has not the moral courage to oppose powerful interests that must be overcome. He may have the spark of greatness within him, but he smothers it by too much talk, and not enough action. The best fuel for such a spark is courage to do. Those who have won greatness in politics, religion, education, social advancement, or any other field, are men who know how to do, and men who do. The men who hide their talents still hear the voice of Christ condemning them, as their fellowmen point fingers of scorn at them. But the man who dares the right will accomplish wonders.

If a man of such calibre dwells in your midst, even though he accumulates some worldly goods, acknowledge him by giving him your support. If he is not afraid to trade with the talents, which God has given him, give him your loyalty. If a man does much acting and little talking, so that he increases the God-given talents, accord him due praise and esteem. A world of unselfish men would be a world of giants.

James Purnell had admitted that his friend, Colonel Riddle, had influenced him to believe that his life was not his own; but belonged to his community. He had studied his employer's treatment of his men. He tried, in his turn, to imitate the Colonel. In this way he won the support and favor of all except those who had been his intimate friends. His greatest desire was to win them again. For that reason he had resolved to remain away from Snow Hill until the day of his trial; but he had not carried out his resolution made on the night of the dance at Irvin's. He had mentioned that resolution to only one other person, Jane Riddle.

It was during his visit to Philadelphia that he had mentioned it. The morning after they had arrived he was sitting in the spacious drawing room at the home of the Riddles. The sisters had left, one by one, until Jane alone remained.

They spoke of the dance, and of the incident, already related, of that night.

She said, "It was foolish of me to act so, yet I was glad to get away. I don't like such men."

He replied, "I have always liked Walter. He and I were the best of friends, until a short time ago. That is the reason that I can't understand why he has made such a charge against me."

"He must have some motive; and perhaps, a sincere one. But if I were you I would let him alone. You will find out the truth some time. The truth can't be hid forever."

"How can he have a sincere motive when he did not see me take the money?"

"He could be sincere if he thinks you took it. Remember that he is like many others, who will believe as he does until the truth is known. But at the same time I would not try to renew old relations with him until I knew the truth. Tell me who the other friend is whom you mentioned that night."

Then he told her, not only the name of the friend, but the confession that Nellie Bratten had made to him that night.

"That is the reason," he added, "that I have thought it better to leave the town. I am tempted to remain here, and write to your father asking him to release me."

"I don't think that would be fair to him or to yourself. I speak as your friend, so let me again repeat my advice, that you stay at least until after the trial. Your leaving now, perhaps, would undo, in the minds of many, all that you have accomplished by staying so long."

She spoke with such earnestness that he decided to return. Before he left she asked him to write after the trial, telling her the outcome fully. You can't be proven guilty. Justice is more sure than that," she said. He promised to do as she had asked him, then returned to his hotel for the night.

When he called the next morning before going to the train, she repeated her request. He thanked her for the

interest which she had toward him, then bidding them all good-bye, he started for the station on his return trip. He was forced to confess to himself that he felt as though he were leaving his friends behind, although his mother and the Colonel were at the other end of the trip.

It was late that night when he arrived home. His mother was waiting for him, and would not retire until she had heard all about his visit. After telling her the many incidents of his stay in the city he retired, but not to sleep. A question continued to revolve around in his brain. Why had he returned? Mr. Riddle would not have missed him for long. It is true that his mother would have been disappointed if he had not come home; but she would have understood. Then staying in the city until his trial would not have been breaking his bail, for he had been sent there by his bondsman. He wished that he had stayed. He felt that if it had not been for his mother he would have stayed; yet he admitted that that was not the main reason for his return. He had been influenced by the girl whose life he had saved. She had a quiet power about her that he liked very much; perhaps her judgment was the better. Well, no matter now, he was back and would make the best of it until the trial. He decided that he did not want to do anything that might displease Jane, for she seemed to want him to do the right thing.

Toward morning he dozed, but was awakened by his mother stirring around in the next room. Finding that daylight was coming he dressed for the day's work. The Colonel rode past in a short time, and James joined him as he started for the Grange. It was during the ride that Colonel Riddle gave James permission to build the houses that proved to be the beginning of his business career.

"You know something about lumber," he had said. "And you may be able to make something if you are careful. Whatever you make honestly is yours. Of course I feel that I can trust you to treat all honorably, and desire to honor

the man who saved my daughter's life at the risk of his own."

"I don't feel that I need to be honored for that, Colonel," he had said. Yet he went about his work after that with a lighter heart. It is no small matter to feel that something you have done is appreciated. He was at least to be given a place among men. Yes, he knew lumber from one end to the other, and he could make something by building the houses. It seemed to be the opportunity for which he had waited; he hoped so, anyway. It meant success or failure. If he succeeded, he would not care so much for the attitude of his former friends. If he failed,—but he would not fail. Homes were in great demand, and the Colonel would be his security. Certainly, with his knowledge of lumber, he could build a good substantial house that would sell for five thousand dollars, and leave him a profit. Then the tempter entered into his plans. He saw how he could make hundreds by using cheap material, and no one would be the wiser. But only for the moment did he think thus. The example and the conversations of his great friend had stood him in good stead; he would not betray the trust reposed in him. He would also be serving his community at the same time.

CHAPTER VIII

A WITNESS DISAPPEARS

ABOUT one week after James had been given this commission by Colonel Riddle the Fall term of court opened at Snow Hill. The chief item on the docket was the trial of James Purnell for theft. The headlines of the local paper blazed the fact throughout the region, and many came from a distance to be present at the trial. It was now the month of October, when the farmers had little or nothing to do. Therefore, knowing James well by becoming acquainted with him at the lumber yard, where they often came for lumber, they were interested and anxious to know whether he had taken the money. Then too, court week through the South is always an important time. County seats are always crowded during this week. In every American county seat, where the Anglo-Saxon has remained undisturbed, the court houses are well attended at this time. Especially is this true in the South and Southwest. The American of Anglo-Saxon descent seems to be a born lawyer, and the most difficult problem that statesmen have is to write laws that leave no loophole through which the average American might squeeze. There are more lawyers in America, in proportion to the population than in any other country, and there is a more general knowledge of law than anywhere else. Americans ought to be the greatest law-keeping peoples, rather than the greatest law-breakers in the world.

James had looked forward to this week with both expectation and dread; expectation that he would be freed at this time; dread that he might not be able to prove himself innocent. There was no way that he could prove that he had

not taken the money. He had been in the office alone, and on that rested the burden of the proof. If Roy Gordy continued to insist that he had made the key for him, then he was helpless. He had tried to talk to Gordy, who was working on the factory building, but he would not talk. Colonel Riddle had also hoped to learn the truth from Gordy, but he had so far been unable to do so. James and the Colonel both were depending now on the ability of their counsel, who was a noted barrister from Accomac. Mr. Weston had the reputation of winning cases that seemed impossible, by an extraordinary combination of wit and ridicule, which he hurled against his opponents. James faced his lawyer this day with almost the same feeling that a soldier, who has been condemned to be shot at sunrise for sleeping at his post, awaits the coming of that sun that will bring death, or a pardon from the only man who can give it, his president.

The whole town of Snow Hill was stirred long before the court crier opened the session, on the first day, from the steps of the Court House. Early in the morning people had begun to assemble on the lawn in hopes that they would be in time to get inside. James' trial would be the first item. It was even necessary for Colonel Riddle to declare a holiday at the factory, for the men had grown to think so much of Jim that they wanted to be present. Nearly every man at Klej Grange had asked to be present.

As the clock struck nine the crier opened the session in the usual way by announcing that the court would begin. He was an old man, and had said the same thing so often that it could not be understood except by those who knew what he was supposed to be saying. Then the sheriff threw open the doors, and admitted the waiting crowd. The court room had become packed when young Judge Jones took his place on the bench. The State's Attorney, William Stanton, conducted the prosecution, while Mr. Weston, assisted by

Francis Wailes, of Salisbury, had charge of the defense. James was called to the stand, and sworn by the clerk. There was no jury, for Judge Jones, although very young, had won the reputation of never making any but fair decisions; and those who knew him preferred to be judged by him rather than to place themselves in the hands of a jury that might be inefficient, or even bribed. James was well content to let his case rest with the court. It would also save time, perhaps; a jury might disagree, thus making a new trial necessary.

The Judge read the charge to James, the same, practically, that had been read to him by Squire Townsend. Then he asked that oft repeated question, "Are you guilty or not guilty?" With one exception, that question has been asked on more occasions than any other. This question and the exception are as far apart in meaning as the poles of the earth. Its exception is: "Do you love me?" If lovers were placed on oath as often as the question is asked, there would be more perjured lovers than perjured witnesses and prisoners.

When James heard this question he experienced conflicting emotions. Therefore, he hesitated a few minutes before he answered, "Most certainly I am not guilty."

Then he was given permission to tell what he knew.

"I do not know anything about it," he said. "I knew nothing about it until Squire Townsend told me that I was accused of taking it. I was in the office when Walter came in, and I remained in there until he had locked up for the night; then we left together. I did not dream that Mr. Gambrill had lost any money until I heard it at the office of Squire Townsend."

"Is that all you know about it?" asked Mr. Stanton.

"That is absolutely all."

The State's Attorney asked him several other trivial ques-

tions, but seemed inclined not to go into the matter very deeply.

Whaley was then called and sworn. Under oath he repeated practically the same story that he had told before. When he was cross-questioned by Mr. Wailes he stuck to the original narration. He was then permitted to take his seat.

The next witness that Mr. Stanton called was Roy Gordy. As the clerk called his name he did not answer. The sheriff was dispatched to find him while the court waited; but such interruptions are of common occurrence in these rural court houses. When the officer appeared in a few minutes without the witness, there was great excitement for a few minutes. The officer reported that he could not find Gordy anywhere. He had been in the court room when the trial began, but he had slipped out without anyone knowing that he had gone. None of the witnesses had been watched; of course no one felt that Gordy would disappear. But he did, for some reason. It was no use for the trial to proceed without the most important witness, therefore the Judge dismissed the court after granting the state authorities one hour during which to find the lost witness. Several men followed the sheriff on the manhunt, but with no success. Gordy seemed to have dropped from the earth.

While these men were searching for him Mr. Stanton demanded that the defense produce his witness. "Where have you hid him?" he asked of Mr. Weston.

The gentleman addressed seemed to have lost all patience with his opponent. "A man with any quantity of brains would not insinuate such a thing. Are you subject to such mental lapses?" he asked of Stanton.

"Now, look here, Weston, if you and I were to knock our heads together, who would be the first to die of softening of the brain?"

"Why, I would," quickly replied the Virginian.

A roar of laughter swept the room at Stanton's expense. Even Purnell, himself, was forced to smile at the wit of his attorney. Stanton said no more, but sat gloomily watching the door while he waited for the return of the sheriff.

At the expiration of the hour the sheriff again returned. He said that not a man could be found who had seen anything of the witness. The fact was, that nearly every man in the town was in the court room; they could not be expected to know anything about Gordy. The judge severely reprimanded the officer for neglect of duty, but deep in his honest heart he was glad that the man was gone. There was nothing left for him to do but to pass the decision of the court. This he did in the following words:

"In as much as the evidence at hand is not sufficient to convict the defendant of this crime, the court finds that the prosecution has failed to prove his case, and therefore declares the prisoner not guilty; and orders his immediate release."

There was a murmur of applause from many in the room. The sudden disappearance of Gordy had undoubtedly turned the tide somewhat in favor of James. So fickle are crowds that they are blown about by every wind of doubtful opinion. Disappointment was clearly stamped on the face of Whaley. Mr. Gambrill felt that the judge should have produced the keys at least; but it was really unnecessary, for the man who claimed to have made the duplicate could not be found.

When the crowd had left the court house several of James' friends, who had snubbed him, now congratulated him, having shifted the blame from him to Gordy. They felt that this was the logical thing to do. But James did not agree with them in this judgment; he felt that he did not know. As Gordy could not be punished his wife and children were forced to bear the blame. Her nearest neighbor called her a "she-thief," and the playmates of the Gordy children called them "sons and daughters of a thief." These

thrusts did not harm the children, who soon forgot, but the sensitive heart of Mrs. Gordy was wounded deeply. Her father had told her, when she married Gordy that she was making a mistake; but like many others, she married for love, and she was now suffering for that love.

One of the ways that she suffered was: by being turned out of her home by Mr. Gambrill, who owned the house in which the family lived. That very evening he came to the house and ordered her to vacate within twenty-four hours. It is thus that the innocent are forced to suffer with the guilty. She had no place to go, and no one to whom she could look for help.

Yes, there was one to whom she could look for aid. That same evening Mrs. Ward called to see her. To her Mrs. Gordy told her troubles. From her the troubled mother received consolation, as many others had done on as many different occasions.

"I never seen such a man in all my life," Mrs. Ward had indignantly said. "Hope I may die, if I couldn't choke him with my own hands. But you jest wait 'til tomorrow. I know where you can go.

That same night Mrs. Ward stopped at the home of James Purnell. He had moved from the small house, on the edge of town, to the old Purnell home on Market Street, near Washington. The house sits a few yards back from the street leading toward Berlin. The house, which is long and narrow, was formerly built of logs, but is now covered with clapboards. The roof, which is very steep, extends to the first story, and has three gables on each side. These allow light to shine into the second story, which contains the bed rooms. The rooms in the first story extend the full width of the house. Contrary to the present style of building, this house has its longest side facing the street. Therefore three of its gables may be seen from Market street. Against each end there is a large brick chimney, each one

leading up from an old time fireplace. It is one of the very few houses built by the first settlers of this region that is still standing. There are two doors that open toward Market street, one of them leading to the parlor, and the other to the kitchen. The house has no porch, but there is a portico built over each one of these entrances. Owing to the fact that the house has been in the same family ever since it was built, it has had the best of care.

As Mrs. Ward entered the kitchen door without knocking, for only strangers knock before entering in the South, she found James and his mother sitting before the old fireplace in which his ancestors had prepared many meals. Mrs. Ward lost no time in announcing the reason for her visit.

"Do you know what Asa Gambrill has done?" she asked.

"Has he found his money?" James inquired.

"Worse than that. Hope I may die, if he hasn't turned Roy's wife and kids out of their home."

"It can't be possible, Anne," Mrs. Purnell answered in a quiet voice.

"It is possible; it's God's truth."

"Where are they going?" asked James.

"Can't tell to save my life, unless they are coming here."

There was deep silence for a time. Mrs. Ward knew how to get results. Directly James spoke: "Mother, I reckon Mrs. Ward is right. It seems the very thing for you. I am away nearly all the time, and they will be company for you. But I don't believe they would come, Mrs. Ward."

"I know what you're thinking, Jim. She is a Moore, and as proud as any of them, if her pa won't have anything to do with her. But we can fix that. You go down there, and tell her that you have been looking for someone to stay with your mother; that you think her the very person. You do that this very night; I'll bet she comes. I'll stay with your ma 'till you come back."

James did as he was told, and found Mrs. Gordy in a very

disconsolate mood. When he entered the door the woman thought that he had come to look for Roy.

"He is not here," she said, without waiting to hear him speak.

"I have not come to see Roy, I want to talk to you." Then her old manner exerted itself, and very courteously, she offered him a chair.

James continued, "I find that I am not the only unfortunate one of this town, Mrs. Gordy. I have come here to ask you to make your home with us. Colonel Riddle wants me to remain at the factory as soon as it starts. I can't do it unless I can find someone to stay. Today I was talking to Mrs. Ward about it, and she suggested you. The house is big enough for two small families, and you may live there, rent free, if you will look after the property. Mother is getting too old to attend to anything outside."

It did not take Mrs. Gordy long to decide; it was the only thing that she could do. In doing so she thanked James, stating that she supposed that she would have to move in the morning.

"All right," he answered, "but don't thank me; thank Mrs. Ward, who told me that you would come. I expected that I would have a difficult time to find someone to stay with mother."

"I do thank Mrs. Ward; I don't know what this town would do without her."

As he left the house, he remarked that he hoped that nothing serious had happened to Roy. The young mother replied that it was a puzzle to her. "He has been acting queer for some time, James. When he is at home he does nothing but think and talk to himself. When I ask him what he is saying, he will not tell me. I don't know what has become of him."

When James reached home he found that Mrs. Ward was

still waiting for him. As he entered she greeted him with, "Well, is she coming?"

"Yes, she is, Mrs. Ward."

"I knowed she would, honey. I have always liked that girl, and ever since she left home I have seen that she is tickled to death to see me when I go there. Poor soul, she hasn't many pleasures. Her pa might help her now, if he could forgive."

"Are you going to help her move?"

"Certainly, I'll have to do that, although Mrs. Johnson's baby has the croup, and she has sent for me. I told her to tie some strands of black silk around its neck, and to let them hang down over the breast. If they have done that I am sure it is better. That is a sure remedy."

"Well, Mrs. Gordy needs you to look after her babies, too."

"I'll do it; don't you worry about that, honey. But I must go now. Don't you worry any more, Miss Purnell; James is free now; Roy don't amount to much, but I believe he done a good turn for his wife and everybody else when he run away. Hope he stays away; good-night."

CHAPTER IX

THE AFFAIR AT SANDY HILL

AFTER Mrs. Ward had gone the mother and son sat long into the night discussing the hopes, the fears, and the trials that they had undergone during the eventful day. As they sat by the fireplace, the stern, proud expression of James' face, that closely resembled the face of the painting of his great-grandmother, who looked down at him from the mantel, changed into one more tender and more gentle.

"This has been my day of days," the mother said. "I have longed for it; waited for it; yet with fear and trembling. Now I know that a greater strength than my own has supported me. Now that all is happily ended I feel that I am almost exhausted. I think I will retire now; you better come too; it will not be long before morning."

James did not feel that things were as well as his mother seemed to think. But he said nothing. He knew that the people of the town would not be satisfied until the real thief had been found. He had not been discovered so far, but because of the lack of evidence James had been excused. But to his mother he said, "Mother, whatever my life may become, I will never feel more proud of myself than I felt today, to be your son. I rejoice for myself, that I am free, but more so for you. Knowing how you hate wrong, and how much you love me, what trial had I, compared with yours? What pain had I to feel compared with yours? Yet your very presence, and the encouraging smile that never left your lips during the trial, kept me from becoming bitter. Through it all I knew the hidden ache within your heart at

seeing your son on trial for theft. May I never come before the seat of an earthly judge again."

"Many an innocent man has sat there before. Some of them have not been as fortunate as you. We ought to thank God that the better spirit of Gordy led him to escape before he swore to that false testimony again. Just think, James, how his wife and children must feel tonight. We have just passed through it and can sympathize with them. I hope that we may be able to help them. But come; it is getting late, and you must go to the Grange early in the morning."

"Not yet, mother, I have a letter to write. I will not be long, I must do it now, for I will not have time to do it in the morning."

"You can write it tomorrow night."

"But it must be mailed tomorrow; I promised, mother, and it will not take long."

"Good-night then; don't stay up longer than necessary, for you look tired."

"Good-night, mother," he answered, as he started for paper and pen.

It was only a short note that he wrote, yet it revealed to Jane Riddle his great joy at being exonerated. It brought to her another satisfaction; he had remembered his promise to her, and, after two months, had kept it. It bore a disappointment to her, too; it contained no hint that he had any especial interest in her. He expressed no desire to see her again. She thought that he might have written a warmer note to one whose life he had saved.

Some women are not satisfied to have their lives saved; they feel that it takes a lifetime to recompense their saviors.

And some men, however clever in business affairs, are too dull to follow up such an advantage. When James had written the letter he felt that his obligation had been canceled. As he retired his thoughts turned to one nearer home. Now that his mind was free from a great care he had more time

to think of Nellie. The more effort he made to dismiss her from his thoughts, the more difficult it seemed to do. He went to sleep thinking of her; he dreamed of her; he heard her calling him; he saw her struggling in the water; he jumped to save her, but awakened to find himself sitting on the floor of his room. Girls may be saved from the water; it is a more difficult matter to save them from their own determination.

As it was getting late he arose to dress. Then he called his mother who had overslept, because her mind had been set at rest. During the entire day he worked as one in a trance. He was glad when the day was over, and he could return to his home.

As he started home with Colonel Riddle his friend said: "When do you think that you will be able to stay at the factory at night? I am too old to remain, and it seems impossible to get anyone in whom I have confidence. I know of no one more trustworthy than you are. If we could arrange for someone to stay with your mother, do you think that you could do that for me? Just the presence of someone like you on the place would be a check to anyone who intended mischief."

In his present mental mood, nothing could have pleased James better. The Colonel had spoken to him about it before, and Mrs. Gordy had made it possible for him to stay. He could stay away from Snow Hill, yet close enough to see his mother as often as he wished.

"I believe I will do it," he answered. "Mrs. Gordy intended to move into our house today."

"Mrs. Gordy? Why?"

"Gambrill and Company have turned her out of her home." James could not bring himself to put the blame on Mr. Gambrill; he still thought a great deal of the old gentleman.

The Colonel remained in thought for some time, then

replied, "All right, James, I will arrange for you to live in the nearest house where you can see the factory building at any time. I can then leave with more satisfaction and security."

While he was eating his supper that night his mother said to him: "Mrs. Gordy seemed so delighted to be here. Mrs. Ward took the baby home with her while its mother was getting things straight. She has gone for it now. Do you expect to stay at the Grange now?"

"I might as well, I reckon. I was not satisfied to leave you before, but now I have no excuse, and Colonel Riddle wants me to stay."

The next morning found Mrs. Gordy well established in the home of James, who determined to remain at Klej Grange that night. As he rode to his work that morning with Colonel Riddle his friend announced to him that he had bought the Covington Mansion, which stands on Church Street and Virginia Road, adjoining the property of Mr. Irvin, where he had been making his home since the visit of his daughters. He intended to return to Philadelphia the following week, when he would make arrangements for the transfer of his furniture and his family. His daughters would return with him when he came back, and live with him in the new home.

"That is the main reason," he concluded, "that I desired to have you at the factory. I believe Mr. Tarr is trustworthy, but you can be a great aid to him. There is safety in numbers, you know."

James heard this announcement with no show of unusual interest. Concerning his new work at the factory he replied that he believed that he would like the arrangement very well. Mr. Tarr, the manager of the property, was a good friend of his who lived in the large house adjoining the factory. It was with this family that James took up his residence at Klej Grange.

It was while James lived here that an incident happened, which strengthened the resolve which he made after the death of Mr. Mason, of Stockton. The second day of November was Election day. On that day the men at Klej Grange went to Stockton to cast their votes. James was to vote that year for the first time, therefore he was at Stockton too. He was a helpless witness to all that took place there.

“Personal liberty” cranks try to prove to us that there are more drunkards since the saloons have been closed than ever before. Of course no thinking man believes them, for experience proves them false. In the days when every grocery store sold whiskey and rum, it was a common sight to see a crowd of intoxicated men around these stores. The saloon was established by law to end this condition, but we see how that failed. It merely moved this crowd from the public gaze, and placed it behind frosted windows. Even when another law was passed to force the keepers of these places to remove the blinds and stained glass in order that the public might see what they were doing, ninety out of one hundred disregarded the law. Thus we see that the condition was not remedied by these hypocritical reformers, who tried to substitute one evil for another. They merely robbed the storekeeper of some of his profits. The evil continued without check. Especially was this evil pronounced on Election day, when nearly every man assembled in the towns, where they remained for the entire day. Here they met the politician, who treated them freely, in return for which he received their votes in many instances.

On this particular day some politicians were assembled at Mason and Son’s store, where whiskey was being dealt out freely. The men from the Grange were there in a body, but not all were drinking. Colonel Riddle forbade the sale of liquor at the store at Klej Grange, therefore the men who drank had laid in a supply. Walter Whaley and the mechanic from Baltimore, whose name was Hancock, had ac-

accompanied the political speakers from Snow Hill, because they knew the men, whom the politicians wished to meet. These two young men had become fast friends during the few weeks that they had known each other. They were standing among the men from the factory when a tramp, whom no one knew or ever saw, entered the store. He bought some cheese and crackers, then passed out without showing any desire to molest anyone. As he passed by the men from the Grange, Hancock stepped from the group, and blocked his way to the door. He then offered him a drink, but the tramp, showing no desire for the liquor, brushed him aside, and passed into the street.

"What do you think of that?" roared the half drunken mechanic, "A dirty tramp refuses a drink from a gentleman!"

"Let's fetch him back!" shouted Whaley, "I reckon when we're through with him, he will know how to treat his inferiors." He meant the opposite, but in his condition he unwittingly drew a true comparison.

By this time the tramp was some distance down the Virginia Road. Grabbing a piece of rope from the counter, Hancock, followed by Whaley and several of the men, rushed after him. The tramp, seeing them coming, took fright, and outran them because he was sober, and had gotten a good start. When several of the men stopped, Hancock returned to the store, where he found a horse tied to the post across the street. With the borrowed horse he was able to overtake the tramp, who did not suspect that it was the same man returning. He detained the man, who was tired from running, until the rest came up, then with the help of several others, he tied the tramp with the rope, and half dragged him back to the store. Having securely tied him they proceeded to "drench" him with whiskey. They pried open his mouth by using a small chisel, then poured down a portion, which the helpless man swallowed without resistance.

"Ain't this a town where every man has a right to exercise liberty?" the man asked. "I don't want any more."

"We'll teach you to refuse to drink with gentlemen," remarked Hancock.

When the man refused to swallow any more, someone held his nose, while Hancock continued to pour more liquor into his mouth, until James Purnell, who could stand it no longer, interfered.

"Let the man alone!" he commanded. There was fire in his voice and eyes.

"Who made you a ruler over us?" asked Hancock. "I'll learn him to refuse to drink with a gentleman!"

"If you are a gentleman, you'll let the man go." James placed a hand upon Hancock's shoulder.

With an oath Hancock sprang to his feet. "I'll teach you to interfere, D—— you," he shouted. Then striking savagely at James with his drenching bottle, he lost his balance, and fell head first into a tub of brine and meat. He staggered reeling to his feet, choking with the brine which dripped from his mouth and face. A shout of laughter greeted him, but he did not return to the unfortunate man lying on the floor.

"He's pickled all right," remarked someone, as another shout of merriment rang out. They were having their fun all right.

When the tramp was released he started toward Pocomoke, either because he was bewildered, or because he was intoxicated. He had not staggered far until he was overtaken by a farmer, who was returning to his home. This good Samaritan, after helping the man into his wagon, took him to a vacant house that stands near the Cross Roads, where the poor fellow's body was found the next day, by a passing Negro. The man was dead, perhaps from heart failure caused by the brutal treatment he had received at the hands of a mob, who were bent upon exercising the so-called right

of personal liberty, in the store of Mason and Son. The house where he was found is called Sheephouse, and is believed, by the Negroes, to be haunted even today. They will not go past it at night, for they believe that murdered man will return, and visit retribution on anyone that he catches.

When James returned to Snow Hill, after spending two weeks at Klej Grange, in order to spend Sunday with his mother, he found that Colonel Riddle had arrived with his family, and was living in the Covington Mansion. He had reached Snow Hill on Friday, but had not gone to the factory, because it had been necessary for him to aid the servants in placing the furniture which had arrived earlier in the week.

The mother and son attended church at Makemie Memorial that Sunday, for they had stopped going to church, because—as James explained to Mr. McMaster—many of the members did not want them. Now that better times had come they felt that they might return.

Their venerable pastor preached a wonderful sermon that morning. His theme was “The Day of the Common Man.” The discourse was typical of the man who was delivering it, the faithful rural pastor, who preached at the three oldest churches along the Pocomoke, although “advised” and criticised by his more “advanced” brethren of the cities, as many other men in the country churches have been treated; but, nevertheless, who lead the thought of their nation. He was a scholar to the very core, a deep thinker, a man of vision; not the sleek, well-fed pastor, who caters to the crowd; not the Pharisee, who wins popularity by never mentioning certain portions of the Bible; not the self-centered, who deny the existence of Hell, or who destroy our faith in the Bible as the word of God, the inspired word, because they do not believe it. Mr. McMaster’s sermons were spiritual, because they were based on the Bible and Christ as the Saviour of the human race. He could have had a city church, but in spite of

what might be said to the contrary, he did not want such a small sphere of influence. The city churches live today, not because they are self-supporting, but because their ranks are being filled up by new recruits, who have first joined the rural congregations. The great majority of ministers and church officers of the city congregations are men who were born and taught in country churches. They have been trained by men who breathed the spirit of Christ because they emphasized a soul to be saved, a soul that would be brought to judgment. Popularity may catch the visitor to the city, but the great mass of those who dwell in the cities, never enter a place of worship, or hear the name of Christ, except as it is used in vain. Ninety-nine per cent of the people who live in such communities as Mr. McMaster administered to, are regular church attendants. They don't go to be amused, but because they know that they will hear the word of God. The great majority of pastors are in the country because they do not desire popularity from man; rather they desire to do the will of him that sent them to preach.

"This is the day of the common man," said the pastor. "On him falls the burden of reconstruction. Someone has asked why only one man in a million develops a quality known as genius. Each age brings to people new responsibilities, new revelations of themselves; a clearer idea of their birthright, and newer visions of the future. When a nation glories less in genius than in wealth and resources, that nation is ruled by commercialism. Some great catastrophe must bear upon it the fact that it has a soul, and that its highest aim is to be able to employ that soul in doing service to the world that no other nation can do.

"Our nation was in danger of losing its soul. Genius was dying, but through great travail it has been born again. It is the most religious nation in the world, and this new spirit must lead it in the path of Christian democracy.

"The struggle may have originated in selfishness; but it

has developed into a crusade to conquer the heart of man. The new master must come from the heart of the middle class. The leaders of our nation, with few exceptions, have come from that class. The late president was a rail-splitter and a lawyer; the successful general started as a driver of canal mules, and the greatest percentage of our congressmen are from this class. This tends to prove to us that we are living in an age of 'The Common Man.'

"If our great democracy must have a new birth; if our commercial interests must have a new birth; then the soul of man must also be born again; it must be born into unselfish service; born into Christ our Lord. There must be new standards of wealth and of living; new standards to guide our religious life. We must grow broader; our religion must become more democratic; we must cease the struggle against the fulfillment of the very spirit of our Constitution.

"Yet we must not surrender the doctrines that we hold dear. We must change, but the word of God cannot change. Our vision of service must be world-wide. We no longer must exist as New Englanders, or Southerners, or even Americans. We must serve the world by becoming citizens of the world, yet we must be tied to America by every tie of loyalty, and devotion, and service. We must make, not only America safe, but the world. And this great task must be accomplished by the common people, whose souls have been born anew, through the love of Christ who died for the world.

"But there is a warning that goes with this. The common man is endangered by the position he holds. Life is becoming too easy for him. As he becomes rich, and the struggle eases he will become luxurious; the curse of every nation that has been destroyed. He will neglect his children; he will neglect his home; he will neglect his God; and cling to his business. What shall it profit him? Will his children be able to forgive him? Will His God forgive him for not keeping

the faith of his fathers, who struggled to the position we now hold through the most trying and arduous routes?

“What will be the judgment of the youth of two hundred years hence? They will read of the glories of democracy; of our devotion to law; of our love and respect for the Constitution and the fathers who wrote it; they will speak of our readiness to die for the liberty and justice for which our flag stands. But our deeds must prove the same as our words. They will not forgive if they see all this work trampled in the dust by a strife between those who hold the purse and those who receive the pay-envelope. They will not forgive when they see any part of the Constitution broken by the very men who are elected to support it.

“We are living extravagantly as compared with the Pilgrims. We are rapidly degenerating as a religious nation because of the evils we do for money. These things must cease, if we wish to exist. They will cease, if every man becomes a follower of God, and does not desert His principles. Let every man feel that God ‘Sends the rain upon the just and the unjust,’ but that the just are the only ones who reap the everlasting harvest of that rain.”

Thus the prophets of all time have spoken. Thus they have pointed out to us mistakes and results. How many are wise enough to heed the warning?

CHAPTER X

DISCUSSING A SERMON

THE SERMON was over, and the worshippers, as usual, began to form in small groups in different parts of the building and on the street, while they talked of the sermon, and various other subjects. The Colonel beckoned for James to join his family, who were talking to the minister. Jane especially showed her gladness at meeting him again. Mr. Riddle invited him, his mother, and Mr. McMaster to take dinner with his family. Mr. Irvin and Nan were also asked, for Howard had gone to Berlin, and Nan's sister was at school. Therefore, it was a happy group that went to the new home of the Riddle family that day for dinner.

The members of this group had not been together since the night of the dance at Irvin's house, and they had much to talk about. After they had assembled around the table, the sermon was the first subject that entered for comment. It was the cause of the first occasion of disagreement between the Colonel and Mr. Irvin. The Colonel was a staunch Republican of New England stock, while Mr. Irvin was a true disciple of the democracy of the "Solid South." It was inevitable that two men of such divergent views would hold different opinions upon the questions of the day, although their entire discussion was free from any bitterness in tone or manner. Sometimes good-natured banter was exchanged, but it left no sting, as is the case with men of more narrow views. They both showed the marks of the true gentleman, even in the heat of argument.

Perhaps Kipling has succeeded better than any other man in giving a true definition of a gentleman, in his short mas-

terpiece "If." Because each age has produced and defined its own class of gentlemen, it is impossible to write a definition that includes all; yet it is safe to say that, in all ages, the true gentleman was the man who, under stress of emotion, had perfect control of himself during argument, and accepted, either victory or defeat with the same cool deliberation, recognizing at all times that his opponent has feelings and rights of opinion that must not be injured nor suppressed.

When the dinner was over, and the men had retired for their smoke, Mr. Irvin said: "I take issue with Mr. McMaster on the point made, that there must be no Northerners nor Southerners; that we must all be Americans. In one sense that will be brought about; in another sense it will never be realized. Because of the fact that the civilization of the Old South was as unique as that of Greece or Rome, it has left its indelible stamp upon the Southerner. He will exist as long as the Mason and Dixon line exists. That line is imaginary and cannot be destroyed. The wealth, and the wealth alone, of the North has destroyed a part of the South; but the spirit will exist forever. Roman and Greek civilizations were destroyed by the barbarians, but the two nations exist, and their culture has influenced every nation of the world."

"Your old government was aristocratic," charged the Colonel.

"Of course it was, in the sense that its destinies were directed by men of wealth and education. The same has always been true of every nation on earth, and will continue to be true."

"The Negro is now a citizen, but you are organizing everywhere to keep him from having a voice in the government. If this condition prevails your policy will be as cruel and unfair as before the war."

"Another charge hatched in the North," replied Mr. Irvin. "We will undoubtedly go down in history as dominating

masters of the unfortunate slave; yet how do you account for the faithfulness and devotion shown by the slaves to their masters during the war? It is unparalleled in history. You of the North have many of them with you. In Philadelphia there is a large settlement; have you given them any share in the government of the city? We are watching you Republicans, but we have not noticed any strides in that direction, and do not expect to, because you fear that the Negro will think too much of you and change his place of abode to the North. We will give him a vote as soon as he is qualified to use it, the same applies to ignorant white men. But you give him the vote without allowing him the right to hold office. He doesn't gain much that way.

"And speaking of the slaves," continued Mr. Irvin, "you have a larger class of slaves than we ever had. The condition of your working class is far worse than the Negro ever experienced, and the next civil war we have in this country will be to liberate the workers. It is true that you pay him wages, but that acts only as a blind to his real condition. The day will come when they will rise in their might and demand the rights which you think do not exist."

"Your civilization, being semi-barbarous in its barrenness, never added anything to the life of the world, but merely hindered the march of progress."

"You are laboring under false impressions, Colonel. From the very first we have led in every movement toward democracy, and the defense of the inalienable rights and justice of the people. A true record of our acts will speak for itself."

"Where the Negro was concerned, you did not recognize such rights until forced to."

"You have not recognized the rights of the laboring man, and will not until forced to. Who brought us the slaves? Your Yankee traders; then as soon as the great majority of the states of the South prohibited slavery, and recognizing that you could not produce commodities as economi-

cally as we could in the South your commercial interests brought on the cruel war that could have been averted, if President Lincoln, a son of the South, had been trusted, and given time to work out his plans. Because he was a Southerner he was not trusted. All war could be averted if commercial men were not so hot-headed."

"Why do you claim Lincoln, who was elected by the Republicans?"

"We claim him because he was born and reared under the influence and the environment of that civilization, and government, and ideals of our fathers. We claim him for the same reason that we claim Washington, and Jefferson, and Madison. These men, with others, among whom was a leading Northerner, saved the nation in her critical period. But the only man who has been criticised for not being fair and honest at that time was the great financial secretary, who was that Northerner. We claim him for the reason that we claim Lee, Jefferson Davis, and Patrick Henry, Yancy, John Paul Jones, Semmes, Grant, and Farragut. We claim him for the reason that the majority of our presidents have come from the South, or Southern parentage. The principal American leaders in all of our wars have been southern men. Injustice has been done them, but in spite of that their glory shall not fade, because they stood for the flag and that liberty born in them by the strain of blood brought to the Old South by the Cavalier. Born to rule; by that fierce love of liberty, political and religious, and well balanced steadiness of Scotch-Irish and French Huguenot, which produced a race of heroes, they will continue to do so."

"Can no credit be given to men of the North? Certainly they can demand some recognition."

"We give them the credit due them; we recognize them; but we demand fair play and justice. History is being perverted. We are not being accorded our proper place. The war changed our nation from a Federal Republic to a cen-

tralized National Republic. But many ill things and falsehoods are being spoken of the South."

"Some of your own sons make fierce charges against you. How can you blame those of the North?"

"Our sons, who are so untrue, have been perverted by tales of the ingenuity and inventive skill of the North. They have joined Europe and the North in denouncing us, and cast shafts of unsympathetic criticism at the civilization and ideals of our fathers. Yet if the call ever comes, in proportion to the population, a much greater percentage of our young men will volunteer to uphold the hands of our government in its crisis than those of any other section of the nation. If we are to become American, history must first become American. Science, Literature, Invention, and Art must become American, and not biased by writers of any section."

"Then produce historians, scientists, and artists who will see that justice is done. Let them be as fair as you please; I do not believe that the whole world can be wrong."

"You cannot blame the world; it knows no better. Our history has not been written. The Southerner has shamefully neglected to preserve his records; but their deeds stand as a monument, and others have been given the credit of their achievements. The history of the South that has been written is the work of enemies, and those who have never understood the South. Other conquering nations have forced their systems down the throats of the conquered; but we are of the same blood and stock. Such practices are abominable. Let us become American fairly or not at all."

These were harsh charges, but the guest was in the Colonel's house, and he would not offend. Therefore he said, "What have you done to clear your name of these charges?"

"We have done nothing, or very little. Our fathers were too busy building a new nation, and we are too busy recon-

structing the economic and political institutions of the South that we cannot criticise these charges. But the South will become the most prosperous part of our nation, if we do not allow this wealth to kill our spirit and religion, as it is doing in the North. We are broad enough to be Americans, and at the same time retain our spirit and culture."

"I cannot agree with you. I believe our historians are accurate. Americans would submit to nothing else."

"They are submitting to something else at this very moment. And they will continue to submit until the rising generation of the south sees that its history is truly written. If we do less, shame and infamy will rest upon our children.

"Don't misunderstand me, Colonel," Mr. Irvin continued. "The time of hatred is past. We do not desire to keep alive sectional bitterness; rather we would bring about mutual understanding and sympathy, but we are not being met half way by writers of the North. We would pay honor to men and women who are branded as traitors; we would establish that respect and justice, without which there can be no perfect union and peace."

"Would you take the honor from the loyal, and place it upon the seceders, who cared not for the peace of the nation?"

"Again you are wrong. We would take honors from no one; we would only establish honors where they belong to be. We may have seceded, but not to break the peace of the nation. We did it for principle, just as the Revolutionists did it. If they had failed, not an American would have called them traitors. Remember both 1776 and 1812. Washington had very little encouragement from New England, and in 1812 that section planned secession; not for principle, but for commercial gain. The South was the backbone of both wars. Separation from England was born in Virginia; so was Representative Assembly. The English were defied for the first time there. Your New Englander considers his

pocket-book first, then his country. To us liberty stands above all. To that we stand ready to surrender all. History proves it."

"Certainly we are first in science and invention; you have not produced such men as Whitney and Fulton, for example."

"The whole truth ought to be told. Whitney was not the first inventor of the cotton gin. Joseph Watkins, of Georgia, invented and patented a gin one year before Whitney's invention. Fulton did not invent the first steamboat. James Ramsey, of Maryland, ran the world's first steamboat on the Potomac River, and Fulton improved on Ramsey's model. Neither did Howe invent the first sewing machine. Goulding of Georgia, had invented one which his wife used several years before Howe heard of it. The first passenger railroad was operated in South Carolina; McCormick, the inventor of the reaper, was born in Virginia; the first steamboat to cross the Atlantic started from Savannah; Audubon was born in Louisiana; Crawford Long was from Georgia; Matthew Maury, honored, knighted, and given medals by several of the rulers of Europe, because he was true to Virginia, had his name removed from his famous charts of the world."

He paused after this long list for want of breath. Colonel Riddle remarked, "It seems strange that a people, who have produced such men, have not had a single man who could be depended upon to write their history. The North has never lacked for literary men of merit."

"We may mention Edgar Allen Poe, of Maryland; Lanier of Georgia, and others. Poe is the master of the short story, but it is only recently that he has been acknowledged. Whistler, the famous painter, was from North Carolina; Simms, the novelist, who ranks with Cooper, was from South Carolina. We may mention Paul Hayne, John Thompson, James Hope, Thomas Page, and many others. According to the proportion of population we have produced more

literary men than the rest of the whole country. But among those who are mentioned in our schools to-day, we do not find these names."

"Mr. Lowell says, that the Confederate women wore ornaments made from the bones of unburied foes, and the men contributed to civilization the arts of carrying bowie knives, and chewing tobacco." The Colonel smiled as he said this.

"I hope no man believes such prattle. The tests of a civilization are the productions of great men and the power to make people happy. In these tests the South stands supreme. It has produced the great majority of America's foremost men, because there are few cities, and few foreigners, with the degenerated customs and depraved ideas, which they bring from Europe, and which the Americans adopt instead of changing by education. We have few mines and factories which destroy the souls and bodies of men and women, by working them day and night, seven days a week. The people live in the country, with plenty of food, outdoor work, and recreation. They are physically perfect, fine marksmen, the best riders. They live long, enjoy good health, and the spirit of the race has time to develop. Their environment makes them commanders, with a sense of responsibility found in the noble and chivalrous."

"Henry Lodge has written, that the Southern woman had few advantages, were unequal to refined conversation, showed want of taste and elegance, and seldom appeared with grace."

"It's a lie, Cunnel," shouted Mr. Irvin, almost losing his temper, for the Southerner may safely be insulted personally, but he will hear no falsehoods or insults concerning the women, without showing the fire of the fighting Cavalier. "It's like all the rest of the statements. Nowhere else in the world can the grace and charm of our wives and daughters be duplicated, although you have four very beautiful and charming daughters. Nowhere else has hospitality developed

to such an art as here in the South. Nowhere else can you find the mother tongue spoken with such refinement, with such soft, clear tones, or beautiful accent, than by our women folks; but we have talked long, and I must be going."

He arose, and thanked his host for his hospitality. "I hope your patience has not been tried, Cunnel," he said.

"Not at all," the Colonel replied, "I have rather enjoyed it. America is proud of the Southerner, and should be, I believe."

"Then let the whole truth be known. Good-bye, friend."

"Good-bye, neighbor; good-bye, Miss Nan; we are neighbors now. Come over whenever you can; you will find the latch string out to you at any time."

In this manner the two friends, the Yankee and the Rebel, live side by side in the South, fighting their own battles, conquering their own foes, until we have become an united people.

While these two men were talking, James and his mother were speaking with the Riddle girls about other things. But James heard a great deal of the conversation between the men. Sometimes Mr. McMaster added a remark; but not very often. And this conversation impressed James very much. He had not believed it possible that he had not heard any of this before. There are many others, who have been as greatly impressed and surprised, when they have heard it for the first time.

As the father and daughter took their departure, James and his mother arose to leave. The Colonel apologized for his seeming neglect; but remarked that Mr. Irvin seemed to be so full of his subject that he found it a difficult matter to change the course of the conversation. James told him that he had heard much of the remarks, and that he had enjoyed it. Already proud of his ancestry, his name and his South, he determined to become one of his generation who would strive to place his people in a more favorable light be-

fore the world. He had desired to hear all that the older men had said, but that had been impossible. Politeness demanded that he enter the general conversation of the others. They had many questions to ask him concerning his work, which he gladly answered. As they started for home Jane Riddle came to him.

"We are always glad to see you. I am especially interested in your work. Please come as often as you are in town," she said.

This he did for three years. It became his custom to spend a portion of each Sunday at the Riddle home. The curious wondered whether it was Jane or her father that he called to see every week. They devised schemes to get Aunt Cora to talk, but she was adamant; gossip made a match between him and Jane; even the sisters soon believed that their relations were ripening into more than friendship. But Jane knew better.

"You are the only sister I have ever had," he had said to her one evening as he left. "I bring all my troubles to you, because you are so interested, and you can sympathize. Mother doesn't understand all these things; she is especially bitter toward Nellie for treating me as she has."

"I try to be a friend to all who enjoy my friendship, James," she had answered, "Things will be all right yet! 'Every cloud has a silver lining.'"

Many times after this he called her his sister, and their relations were never closer than that of brother and sister.

A few weeks after this the day came that the waters of the Pocomoke were to be turned into the canal. It had at last been completed, but there were many divergent opinions concerning this water. The event brought people who lived many miles away. It was reported that the water would not stop at Klej Grange, but would overflow and cut a new channel to the Sinepuxent Bay. The people at Pocomoke City believed that the river would change its course depriv-

ing them of its benefit. Some even charged that it was a scheme of Colonel Riddle to check the growth of their city. The people of the Forest were there in great numbers. The girls, especially, could be distinguished by a small pocket over the breast, from which they often supplied themselves and friends with pinches of snuff. It is impossible for a man to know when he is in this forest of Nassawadox, for as often as he asks where it is, his informant will say, "About three miles ahead." They won't admit that they live in the forest.

It was one of these Foresters who caused the one unfortunate incident of the day. This man, whose name was Rowan, could be distinguished by being half drunk, and by having his shoes blackened, not polished, with the soot from the bottom of an iron pot. The heels, however, like the rest of the Forest shoes, had not been touched, as if his arms were not long enough to reach back far enough. Tobacco juice was running down, in a slow stream, from each corner of his mouth, and he rode a long-legged, sorrel horse, that looked like it had been fed on nothing but pine slats for several months. He rode up to the post office, alighted, and tied, or propped his horse against the hitching post, for the horse seemed to lean his whole weight against it, while its master, with the rest of the loiterers, awaited the arrival of the mail.

There were more people awaiting the mail carrier than usual, for this was the day on which all the old soldiers received their government checks. As soon as they had received their checks they took them to the Company's store, where they had them cashed. About this time Rowan came in with two pistols leveled at the former soldiers. He forced them to place all of their money in a pile on an upturned barrel, then placed it in his own pockets with one hand, while he still covered the men with a pistol. When he had done this he marched them out of the store, and got upon his horse.

Just as he marched the men out of the store the news of the hold-up reached the assembled crowd at the canal, who were waiting to see if the slowly flowing water would overflow the banks of the big ditch. It caused a stampede across the narrow bridge, on which several of the factory officials were standing. One of the men, who was fleeing from the robber, had partaken heavily of the hospitality of J. Barley-corn, and could not control his horse. As he rode furiously toward Colonel Riddle and the group on the bridge, he shouted, "You old fool! I'll run you into your doggone ditch. You ain't satisfied to let the river alone."

James Purnell caught the bridle of the horse, in order to keep him from running several men into the water. As the horse reared, it swerved to one side to save itself from going into the canal, but threw James directly in front. Another leap in its efforts to escape the blows of the incensed rider, and the horse would have been upon him. Quickly realizing this danger, James chose the safer course, and rolled from the bridge into the water.

James returned to his room as soon as possible, where he changed his clothing, but the weather was bitter that day, and he contracted a severe case of pneumonia. This may not have happened, if he had not gone to Snow Hill that evening. Early the next morning he was awakened by a severe pain in his side. He called his mother, who immediately guessed what the trouble was, and placed a mustard plaster over the spot. But James became feverish toward the middle of the forenoon; he muttered in uneasy dreams, as he lay back in an old arm-chair. His mother, with the help of Mrs. Gordy, put him to bed, then went for the doctor.

When Dr. Parsons arrived he diagnosed the case as double pneumonia, but said to Mrs. Purnell, "Although James is very sick, you have no cause to worry. He has always been healthy, and has lived a clean life. But you will need someone to help you, for he must be cared for day and night."

"Mrs. Gordy will help me, and I am sure that Mrs. Ward will stop in sometimes. Mrs. Gordy has her children to care for and the work to do, so I will stop at Mrs. Ward's as I return, and will see her myself."

"Do not allow her to use any of her famous cures," the Doctor cautioned.

Mrs. Purnell sat by her son during that long night, giving the big doses that the physician had prescribed, while she watched James grow worse. Toward morning he seemed to suffer less, for he became quiet and seemed to sleep. During this sleep the "Old Reliable" of the town came to aid "her boy" in getting better.

CHAPTER XI

MRS. WARD IS CONSULTED

THERE is a habit of righteousness to be found in each of us, all it needs is someone to call it into being. Every human being has a power within—a magnet—with which the best or worst of others is drawn to the surface where it can be seen. One man lives in a cold, selfish world located in the same town where another finds friendship, brotherly love, good deeds to do, and unselfishness. We must look for our own happiness, but we must look for the happiness of others; we must look for that which will make us useful even at the cost of our happiness at times. The happiest kind of lives have frequently been found among the unselfish. The natural tendency of our lives should not be to keep as far away from those we do not like as we can. We may not hate them, but we do not like their action, their speech, their manner, their looks. Their personalities seem to have a bad effect on us, but our temperaments and dispositions should not be governed by our likes and dislikes. We are not in the world to please ourselves, or a small circle of friends, whom we especially enjoy. Some of the finest friends are those who appeared very unattractive at first. They prove to have a noble nature behind a homely face. If we give faith to others, the faith which they repose in us will work within us a nobility of character that will become a greater monument than can possibly be erected to us in any other manner.

Mrs. Ward was a character who repelled at first meeting, but when she had become a friend there was no way to break that friendship. No one ever desired a way, either. If any misunderstanding arose, she always went to the

offended party and discovered the cause. In every case the disagreeable experiences arose over trifles, that were soon explained, and she was a better friend than ever. She was present at all places where she might be needed. She was at weddings, births, and deaths with the same usefulness. She loved to be the first to hear a piece of gossip, but she could be trusted never to betray the most exciting secret. Small of stature, slender with past, present, and future ailments at all times, and by the dozens, which often sent her to bed, she was always ready to make the sick think that there was nothing like suffering to bring happiness. Some of the secrets, with which she was intrusted, were so hard to keep that she often went to bed with a dreadful headache. At such times she would send for some boy of the neighborhood, who would be despatched for her "cures." In fact, her only known fault was her many cures and her faith in superstitions. She claimed that a frog, split open and placed across the forehead, would always cure headache. But she believed that, if you killed a frog, your mother would die. However, she never hesitated to send a boy for a frog whenever she had one of her "splitting" headaches. Her one determination was, that wherever she happened to be, each guest or person present, should have a good time, if it lay in her power to cause it. She had told the same stories dozens of times, and on all occasions, yet each reproduction brought laughter from all. One could tell that she was coming down the street long before she could be seen, for she talked with a loud, shrill, squeak that was recognized for long distances. When a guest, who feared that he might be the first to arrive at a function, approached the house where he was to be entertained, he soon had his fears quieted by waiting a few moments outside. If he was not first he soon heard the well-known voice in laughter or conversation. Very seldom did she allow anyone else to finish a story. She was sure to break in somewhere with, "No, it was this way." Whenever

her mother began to tell a story at their home, she never failed to interrupt with, "Now Ma-a, Ma-a, it was this way. "Then she would finish in her way. She was a friend to everyone; she was liked by those of all ages, and whether her guests, or fellow-guests were old or young—for she entertained, and was entertained by, those of all ages—she was the life of the group. No one took her seriously, yet no one laughed at her; and even in rooms where the very sick lay, she knew what to talk about, and did it in a way that caused the invalid to smile in the midst of pain, to take new courage, and a new hold on life. Thus she was in great demand in that day when trained nurses were very scarce.

As she approached the home of James the next morning, Mrs. Purnell was standing on the porch with troubled face.

"Now Miss Mamie," Mrs. Ward shouted from the street, "Job had right smart of troubles in his time, and set in sack-cloth and ashes, but you got no cause to mourn like him. You don't belong to look like he did. I'll take care of that boy of yours, and you can get some sleep. You jest go to your bed and tell me what to do, and what not to do with his medicine. No, you better tell me first, then go to bed. I reckon I can manage the rest. You don't have no cause to worry; for I listened for the dog to howl last night, and for the rooster to crow after sundown, which both mean death; but I heard neither one. Then coming here this morning I watched for a black cat to cross the street in front of me, which would have caused me to turn back for today, but I am here because I have been lucky."

In this manner she talked continuously until Mrs. Purnell was in her bed, trying to get some rest, under adverse circumstances, for her tired body and aching nerves.

When Mrs. Ward entered James' room she said, very quietly: "Boy, what have you been up to, anyway? Now you got no call to be in the water this weather. If a pretty

girl, or an ugly one for that matter, had needed to be rescued, you would've had a excuse, but you don't belong in a canal when there's no one to save."

"I tried to save myself, but I seem to have jumped out of the frying pan into the fire this time," answered the sick man.

"Whatever you did or did not do, you certainly jumped out of health into pneumonia this time."

"That's what Dr. Parsons says. Now Mrs. Ward, you are just the person that I want to see. You know all the secrets of this town; tell me something about Nellie. When is she going to be married?"

"It do beat the deuce how men carry on. You are still worrying about that nincompoop, and she has thrown herself at another. They are saying as how they will not be married, for she don't like how he carries on with other girls. But her dad is proud as Lucifer, and he said that she's bound to marry him, because she promised. Besides, he thinks it bad luck to break more than one engagement."

"What is a promise where there is no love? She belongs to me by rights, and I love her as you know."

"I know it, honey, but you jest forget to worry about her for a few days, or I'll be calling her more names in your own house."

"It's only your way, Miss Anne." The young people called her Miss Anne. "Your heart is right, if your tongue is not right, sometimes."

"Yes and I know a sure way to tell you who you will marry. If you stop worrying I will tell you, when you are able to try it."

"Tell me how it is done."

"Well, if you write some girls' names on a slip of paper under your own, then draw a circle around them with blood you get from pricking the third finger on the left hand with a needle, then bury it; before nine that night you will see

the girl you are going to marry. If you happen to have a sprig of mistletoe over the door that night, she will be the first girl to pass under it."

"Let's do it, Miss Anne, anything to help forget this pain in my side. There is a piece of mistletoe hanging in the parlor over the mantel."

"Honey, I wished I hadn't said anything. If your mother knows it she won't like it."

"I'll fix it with her; let's have some fun. I want to see if you know anything."

"Now you hush, boy, you belong to be quiet, or the doctor will find you with a fever, then he will blame me." Nevertheless, she went to the parlor, and got the mistletoe. "It will do him no harm," she mumbled to herself, as she climbed the stairs. "Now if you don't keep quiet I will tell the doctor the reason, if you have a fever when he comes," she said as she entered the room.

After hanging the mistletoe over the door, she wrote several names of girls that he mentioned. The last name she added was Jane Riddle, but he had not named her. She then lightly pricked the end of the finger mentioned, and with the blood drew a line around the names. But it was then about ten o'clock, therefore, she did not bury the paper until the next morning. She went down stairs, however, in order to get away from James, who was too inclined to talk, but when she returned she found the patient in a troubled sleep.

In the morning the physician found the condition of his patient according to Mrs. Ward's prophecy. He looked grave immediately.

"He is not doing as well as I expected, Miss Anne; he must have absolutely no excitement. I will return within a short time. In the meantime keep him quiet, and endeavor to keep his mother out of the room."

"All right, Dr. Will, I'll try; but men are set critters in

their minds. If you stop them from worrying outwards, they will worry inwards, and that is the hardest kind of worry."

Not long after this James became delirious. He began to talk of Nellie, of being in jail, of being called a thief; but the greater portion of his ravings was about Nellie.

About eleven o'clock Aunt Cora came from the Irvin's with some broth, and "Miss Nan's conferments." She heard Mrs. Ward's report, which was not at all alarming, then rushed back to her mistress.

"De young ge'mman am berry bad, Miss Nan, berry bad indeed. Miss Ward say as how he goin' for to die. He out of he hade, she say, for he had permonium on bof sides of he hade."

Jane Riddle was with Nan when this report was made. Both girls smiled at the account, but in a moment were very grave.

"I am going to see him, Nan," announced Jane.

Such a move had very few precedents in the South. Young people were very careful in those days. Nan thought Northern girls might be in the habit of doing such things. She could see no harm in it, yet convention had ruled differently, and in spite of our freedom we are shackled tight by conventions. She said nothing, however, and Jane departed.

She arrived a few minutes before nine, and found that James still had a high fever. Mrs. Purnell was ready to meet her, but hesitated to take the girl in the sick room. Yet, as Mrs. Ward explained, he was delirious, and would not know her, she took her to the side of his bed. James was speaking of Nellie. It was Nellie whom he had saved from the water; it was Nellie whom he had saved at the canal; Walter Whaley had betrayed him, and had falsely accused him. Now he would marry her, and James would lose his old friend and school mate. Jane listened to this for some time, then she thought, "Not a word, not one mention

of me." She pulled her chair closer to the bed, and placed her cool white hand upon his hot, feverish head. She would have hesitated to do this if he had mentioned her in the manner that he had mentioned the other girl. It was very awkwardly done, her hand trembled, yet it seemed to quiet the sufferer.

"Nellie," he said, "you have come to me, you told me that you would always be my friend. Now you are here."

"No, James. It is I, Jane," she answered.

He mumbled several incoherent phrases, then seemed to doze for some time, and Jane returned home.

For several days James lay very ill, almost at the point of death; but either his constitution, or his determination to live, won the struggle with disease. In about three weeks he was sitting up with the aid of pillows.

CHAPTER XII

THE CONVALESCENT

DURING HIS convalescence he sat at the window overlooking Market Street. The air was so calm that you could hear sounds distinctly for some distance. Presently he heard the beat of horses' feet on the hard road. Soon he was able to see three riders pass the house. As they did so he recognized that they were Hancock, the mechanic; Dollie Lindsay, the daughter of Benjamin Lindsay; and Whaley. The girl was riding between the two men. Their light laughter and remarks reached him through the window.

"You can't kill him," said Hancock, "He's a saint, and saints never die. Remember Elijah?"

"You better watch out, or the bears'll get you. They got the boys, you know," the Lindsay girl carelessly answered. Then they were gone.

They referred to the nursery story of the prophet Elijah and the bears. As Elijah was walking by the walls of the city several boys rushed after him shouting. He was old and feeble and gray.

"Go up! Go up! you old bald head," they shouted.

Then the chariot of fire came from the clouds and the faithful old servant was received up out of their midst.

When he had disappeared bears came from the bushes nearby, and leaped upon the boys, who were torn and devoured because they did not respect age and gray hairs.

James thought to himself, "It has been several months since I heard of Nellie's announcement, yet they are not married. A nice husband he will make for any girl. No wonder people are talking. Some of the reports must be

true." He took courage at that. Perhaps they would not marry after all. Then Jane's words—almost a prophecy—came to him.

When he was recovered, and able to travel he returned to the factory. His part of the work was completed, and Captain Howard's sailboat stood at the landing, loaded with cotton for the mill. He decided to ride along the canal to see how the embankments were standing the heavy rains. As he returned he took the short cut through the woods. The soil was very soft because of the rainy weather, thus making it possible for the horse to travel without making the least noise.

Suddenly he heard voices in front of him. Should he go on or return? He decided that there was no reason for him to return. Then it was too late, for he had been seen.

As he rounded a curve he saw two horses standing close together. Two people jumped apart at the same moment, but he had seen enough. Walter Whaley and Dollie Lindsay had been standing together, their arms around each other, with her head upon his shoulder.

"You spy," roared Whaley, "why are you watching us? You mind your own business, or I'll make it hot for you."

James rode up to him as he answered, "You are wrong, Whaley; I never dreamed of spying. I have been along the canal to the river; but decided to return this way. I have no desire whatever to spy upon you."

He rode on, leaving the couple standing there. Some few minutes after he reached the factory they rode by on their way to her home at Stockton.

As he watched them he wondered just what Walter meant. James was not a saint; few young men are; yet he always found more reasons for doing as he ought than for doing as he wished. "Ought carries its own force of unanswerable reasons." To James, with his Puritan training and Anglo-Saxon ideals, they were sufficient. He could not brook

duplicity in anyone, but, like many others, he was at a loss for remedies when it appeared in others. "Ought" was his medicine. Therefore the appearance of Walter and his angry charge brought back to James the reports of gossip, which he had been hearing. Now that the truth was before him he was helpless, no matter how much he desired to use it for his own advantage.

Meddlers are never welcome, yet in the form of a former lover a meddler is often despised. But if a man is placed as James was he has a most persistent temptation to become a meddler. But the poor lover must stand back merely as a looker-on, and see the object of his affections won by the unscrupulous without a word or murmur on his part. Nothing that he can do or say would be convincing; he would be accused of being jealous, and no credit for truth would be attributed to him. A meddler is likely to be bitten and scratched, and he ought to know it. If he then persists in interfering he must abide the consequences. Meddling is very dangerous business, especially in love affairs. James decided that he would not meddle unless a very favorable opportunity presented itself.

On a Saturday afternoon a few weeks later that opportunity came. The Negroes of the community were having their "Darkey Camp Meetin'" as they termed it, in the woods near the settlement called by them "Chinchtown." This settlement is beside the state road which leads from Snow Hill to Pocomoke city, and it extends back to the River. Here they have been meeting every year for an indefinite period of time, in order to renew their religious zeal and old acquaintances. In many cases the acquaintances are renewed by pistols and razors, yet these meetings prove a stabilizing influence in their daily religious experiences. One old woman was asked why she went to the meetings so often. Her answer was that she went in order "To be filled wid de Holy Ghos'." Of course this answer is not expected to apply to

those who return filled with lead or covered with razor slashes. This same old Auntie said of these, "Satan am a devourin' lion, seekin' who he may catch, and he cotched 'em, sho' 'nuf."

The Negroes were not the only ones present at these meetings. The white people attended in great numbers. They liked to see the antics of the black sinners, who were not as sinful as they, in many instances. Some of them came to hear the singing; others came for mere curiosity and to laugh at the sincerity of these deeply religious worshipers.

No one can fully appreciate the Negro melodies sung at such times, unless he had heard them, himself. It is true that they are sung for every occasion, yet they have the same droll sing-song form, heightened and exaggerated as they grow emotional at the religious meeting. The women first sing the line, then are joined by the men, either at the beginning or anywhere along the line, thus prolonging it for some time. The women are finishing a line as the men begin. In this way it passes from one portion of the singers to the others in a continuous chant, sometimes for hours, accompanied by shouts interspersed here and there, moanings, clappings of hands, dancing, hugging and kissing, handshaking, and many other movements. It seems that the movements used in the different occupations of the worshipers are repeated at these times. One man will be going through the movement of wood cutting; another will be making barrels; a woman will be washing imaginary clothes, or ironing them; while others rock from side to side in that peculiar movement used by this race, while holding a sleeping baby in their arms.

While these people were singing one of their favorite songs a group of young people arrived from Snow Hill, and stopped at the entrance while the singing continued. As near as this song can be put in written form as it sounds while being sung, it is:

“Heaven, Heaven, everybody talkin’ ’bout Heaven, I’m goin’ dare;

Goin’ ta shout all ovah Gord’s Heaven,
ta shout all ovah Gord’s Heaven,
all ovah Gord’s Heaven,
Gord’s Heaven,
Heaven,

Heaven, everybody talkin’ ’bout Heaven, I’m goin’ dare,” until they have gone over it almost a countless number of times. Of course, these thoughtless young people, like many others, joked about the singing, and even laughed audibly several times, until they saw Uncle Israel Crippen coming toward them, limping as he came. He had been sent by one of the camp leaders to stop this irreverence on the part of these thoughtless visitors. He had a basket upon his arm, filled with sandwiches, which he sold to the campers, who could not maintain their happiness very long without refreshments. However, this basket did not deter its carrier from administering a gentle rebuke.

“Yo’ all mus’n’t laugh; service is goin’ on,” he said, in a half whisper.

One of the young ladies said to him, “Well, Uncle, are you making any money from your lunches?”

“Not much, Miss, not much,” he answered, “but ah would make consid’able ef ah didn’t haf ta give so much change.”

“Why are you limping, Uncle?” another asked.

“Fo’ some time now I’s had somethin’ like the as’ma in ma feet,” he replied.

At this point the singing stopped. Two Negro preachers stepped upon the platform, holding up their hands for silence. These men were named Bantam and Pullet, but no one dared to laugh at such a coincidence, until they were out of the danger zone; for these preachers, who knew that they were on their own ground, did not hesitate to preach to the

whites who were present, as well as to their own people. One of them made a few remarks, then sat down while every person was expected to come forward with his contribution. No baskets or hats were passed, they raised more funds in this way than they could have been gotten by passing the plate. When a worshiper was somewhat delinquent the preacher would call him by name, and he would walk to the front with his mite.

While this offering was being taken James Purnell, who was among the group standing by the entrance, asked Uncle Israel how he liked the preachers.

The old man answered, "Brothah Pullet is a good man, but he ain't no talker. He preaches de same thing ovah an' ovah. But we all like Brothah Bantam, because he preaches on a new tex' every time. He knows how to staht, an' he knows a right smaht o' words, an' jes' as soon's he gits 'em in de propah ordah he'll hab a mighty fine sermon."

That preacher represents a large group of speakers and writers, who are proud of their words, who think that by pouring forth these words, adorned with fine gestures, they are making great impressions; but they forget that the most of us need to speak less, and by thinking more carefully, we will be able to say more.

When the collection had been taken another song was announced.

"Roll, Jerdon, roll!

Roll, Jerdon, roll!

I wanta go to Heaven when I die,

Fer ter see sweet Jerdon roll.

"Oh! pray, my bruddah, pray,

Yas, my Lord!

My bruddah am a sittin' in de kingdom,

Fer ter see sweet Jerdon roll.

“Roll, Jerdon, roll!
Roll, Jerdon, roll!
I wanta go to Heaven when I die,
Fer ter see sweet Jerdon roll.

“Oh! look, Sistah look!
Yas, my Lord!
My sistah am a sittin’ in de kingdom,
Fer ter see sweet Jerdon roll.”

While the worshipers were singing this song with great fervor and enthusiasm several young Negro men rushed up to the group, who were from Snow Hill. They reported that a man had been killed down by the river. They wanted these white men to go back with them to see what might be done with him. All seemed unwilling to return with the messengers except Howard Irvin and James Purnell.

When these two arrived at the place to which they had been guided they found a white man lying on his face, with blood flowing from a wound on his head. The Negroes were very much frightened, but became more calm when these white men came and announced that the man was not dead, although unconscious. The two white men carried him to the bank of a small creek, washed his head, and examined the wound. It proved to be only a flesh wound, yet the flesh had been cut through above the temple by some sharp instrument. The cold water seemed to revive the man, who opened his eyes and sat up.

This man was Walter Whaley. He had been selling whiskey from a twenty-gallon keg that stood nearby, but the person that had struck him had also taken the whiskey that remained. Whaley refused to join the rest of the party, therefore the two benefactors made arrangements to have him returned to his home. The Negroes seemed to know nothing about what had happened, but all insisted that they

had found Whaley there a few minutes before they made the report. It is almost useless to ask them for any information concerning a member of their race.

The next day James met Whaley as they were passing the Makemie church. To James' surprise the other took him by the arm, and led him into the cemetery, where they sat upon a large, flat tablet, covered with moss, that marked the grave of Purnell's great-grandfather, who signed Maryland's Declaration of Independence. While they sat there talking of many trivial things, each seemed to read the thoughts of the other. James was loath to speak of his; Walter seemed to be held in check by some vague power which had never influenced him before.

While they were sitting there Mr. McMaster passed the cemetery on his way to the post office. He stopped for a few words, probably he was surprised to see them together in such a place, then passed on his way. But the words that he had spoken seemed to give Walter the opportunity for which he waited; the words were about the factory.

"What are you going to do when the factory closes?" asked Whaley.

It was generally known at this time that Colonel Riddle had planned to abandon the town of Klej Grange, because he found it an unprofitable investment. It required too much capital in comparison to the profit that it brought him. For this reason the men around Snow Hill, who had joined him, because they expected to get rich quickly, had drawn out almost to a man, leaving the whole proposition upon the shoulders of the Colonel.

When James heard this question he paused for some time, then answered, "I am going into politics."

If he had shot Whaley he would not have been more surprised. At first he looked speechless, then he seemed to look upon the announcement as a joke, for he laughed uproariously, and said, "Purnell, you did a good turn for me

yesterday by saving me from those 'niggers'; now I want to do one for you. Take my advice, and you will stay out of politics; you're too straight."

James now suspected that Whaley himself desired to go into the same profession, for the height of glory and ambition, to the young men in these rural country seats, is to become a politician, or a lawyer. And these suspicions were right, for Whaley had already expressed his desire to be elected as a delegate to Annapolis that Fall.

Interpreting this fact in the light shown by Whaley's last answer, James asked, "Too straight, can't a politician be straight?"

"Yes, but a straight man can't be a politician, at least a successful one. You don't know human nature. Men must be controlled if you want their votes, and you oppose the one thing that will control them. Why don't you get married? Marry money."

James well knew to what two things Walter alluded. If he meant that James would have to change his attitude concerning prohibition, he made no impression, for James' one desire in entering this field was, to seek a chance to strike the liquor traffic of his state a deadening blow. As for the other allusion, Mrs. Ward had already told him about the report common in everybody's mouth which linked his name with that of Jane Riddle. Yet he did not permit Whaley to speak more of it.

"I may some time," he coolly answered. "Why don't you get married?"

"Ha, ha, ho, ho!" laughed Whaley. "I'm too wise; marriage is too risky."

"Have you ever told Nellie Bratten that it is?"

"No, she's nothing but a child. Pretty and attractive, but still in the baby period. I don't expect to tie myself to anyone in the cradle stage of their existence. I'm going to have my fun for a few years."

His meaning of "fun" was not very enlightening, and James tried to hold his anger in check, but he could not resist saying, "I think, then, that you have treated her as you would not treat a common cur."

But for some reason, Whaley did not take offense. He seemed to be magnanimous that day, at least, and merely answered, as he smiled, "Purnell, you are fit for a preacher. You are more like Mr. McMaster than any boy in this burg. He don't believe that a young man ought to do anything but read the Bible, and keep the commandments. Much morals doth make thee sad. Do you see that caterpillar trying to get out of that jar?"

He pointed to a nearby grave, on which a glass jar had been placed. The flowers had withered, and dropped out, but a large yellow caterpillar was crawling around the inside in an endeavor to find a way out. It was a pitiful and impressive sight to see it reach almost the top, then fall back to the bottom again and again.

"Your life is like that," continued Whaley, "you are bound by the Ten Commandments, and fear of ridicule by men. I fear neither man nor the devil, for I am on the outside of the jar. All the world is mine, and all that's in it, if I can get it. While you are consulting your Commandments, I am taking my fill of pleasure, allowing no opportunities to escape me, and I believe my life is the more popular one."

"Is that all you find to life? Don't you think you owe the community something morally?" asked James.

"Nothing whatever. The good man is talked about before he dies. A saint could not please the people of this town. You can't do it; neither can Mr. McMaster. When we're dead and gone, they will say good about us all, I reckon. But they will forget us; even the very places where we lie. Do you reckon that all these sunken graves are graves of wicked men, and all these well-kept graves are graves of

the good? Have a good time, and you will be thought just as much of."

"You have spoken of marriage; is such a condition fair to the girl?"

"As to the women, I don't worry; they don't seem to object. In fact, the girls always seem to favor the free lance. Even in school, the boy who would take a kiss when the teacher was out, seemed to be the hero in the eyes of the girls. They didn't take very kindly to the fellow who stood on ceremony, or convention. And they have never changed. The man who has the reputation of taking what he wants seems to hold the greatest attraction for them."

Whaley was right to a certain extent. No matter how wild a man may be, he seems to appear, to the younger girls especially, as a man to be desired; a man who knows the world, and can tell them many things. It is not at all unusual for a girl to deliberately choose such a one, rather than one who is held as a model youth, who might almost worship her if given the opportunity.

James had noticed this, yet, like many other men, he did not like to acknowledge it. He asked Whaley, "What kind of a life would you demand of your wife?"

"Oh, when I decide to settle down I expect to marry a good woman."

"Do you mean that you demand of a girl what you will not be able to offer her?"

"That's her lookout, and I don't have any trouble finding good ones who don't object."

"Then you deliberately make bad ones of them. Such men as you are not fit to live."

"Hold on, Purnell, hold on! This marriage business is a great game. When you think you have a good chance to win you find your opponent holds a better hand. If a man opens a business, and finds it a failure, he quits, and tries something else. But your Commandments and your conventions make

no room for failure in marriage. We must marry without investigation, and once we sign the contract we can't change. I prefer to see life 'till I am older, then if I fail in marriage, I will at least have the memories of stolen fruits."

"Your code will ruin our nation; I want none of it," said James, as he rose and walked away.

Whaley sat there as he left, but called after him, "Purnell, I don't mind telling you that Nellie Bratton has handed me the mitten."

James said nothing in answer, for his desires choked the words that arose to his tongue. He had listened while his former friend and rival had confessed, and had expressed that most damnable of practices; that code of life advocated by libertines; and other enemies of the sanctity of womanhood and the marriage vow; that practice of morals which is contributing, more than any other cause, to the downfall of the human race. It destroyed Greece and Rome; also the old Egyptian dynasties. It will destroy America and England, the only nations that have not failed, if the Puritan element within these nations does not arise in might, and stamp out the evil.

With these thoughts flashing through his mind James pursued his way homeward, secretly rejoicing that Whaley's morals, or lack of morals, had succeeded where his pleadings had been in vain. They had driven Nellie away from Whaley. The future had in store for him a rude awakening from his delusion; for Whaley had failed to find in Nellie Bratten the woman he desired, therefore he had lost her by seeking the company of others.

In spite of his feelings concerning the unfair treatment which he had received from Nellie, this announcement of Whaley's caused him to be somewhat elated over the course of affairs. Perhaps, after all, Nellie had considered that he was a better man than his rival. Perhaps she now felt that

he was innocent of the charge that had caused her to be indifferent toward him. He hoped that it might prove as he now thought.

As he reached the court house he was joined by Mrs. Ward, who hailed him with, "Wait, James, I am going to your house, but I am afraid that I will step in your footsteps."

"What difference will that make, Miss Anne?"

"Oh, that will sure give me the headache."

"Do you really believe all those superstitions?"

"They are not superstitions; they are facts, boy. I've seen so many of them come true that I must believe them."

She walked with him toward his home, talking continuously. "I have jist come from Miss Whaley's; she is very sick with shingles. And she worries so much about Walter. He ain't much comfort to her. I gave her a real cure for shingles, but she won't try it. Some people are so head-strong that you can't help them. I told her to rub some blood from a black cat's tail on the sores, and it would cure it, but she won't believe me, so what can I do?"

With that she dismissed the subject, and they passed into the house, where there was a good supper awaiting them. Mrs. Ward talked of many different things, but James could not join the conversation, because his mind was still occupied by the statements made by Whaley, concerning the differences between their views of moral life.

CHAPTER XIII

"ONE MAN'S LOSS IS ANOTHER'S GAIN"

IT WAS some time before Mrs. Ward went home that night, for when supper was over she insisted on helping to "clear the table" before she went home. Now this was not the real reason that induced her to stay; she had seen Walter and James in the cemetery, and had determined to learn something about that meeting. Therefore, when the dishes were disposed of, with the frankness characteristic of her nature, she asked James why his meeting with Walter had made him so "glum."

"You've been like a clam ever since I come in here," she said.

"I have heard sad things today," replied James.

Mrs. Ward did not insist farther; she allowed everybody to use their own discretion after she had once expressed her desire to hear anything. She seldom failed, however, in being rewarded at such times.

This time she was not disappointed, for James soon told her all that he had learned in the cemetery. His mother seemed more surprised than Miss Anne, who never showed surprise at any course of events. When he had finished the story she pondered it for a few minutes, then gave her ultimatum.

"I can't tell, to save my life, what young folks are thinking about. They think they want something that they don't want. And as for people a talkin' about you, Jim, I wouldn't give it a second thought. They must have someone to talk about. Sometimes it's good, sometimes it ain't. Now my ears burn sometimes and I spit on my finger, then make a

cross on my ear. If it stops burning, I know that they have said something good; if it don't I know they said something bad. But what do I care. Now I lay off to find out the truth from Miss Bratten, then I'll tell you all. Too straight to be in politics, eh! Well, you show them, honey."

She was as good as her word, for a few days after this she returned with the report that Whaley had told the truth.

"Miss Bratten said that she wasn't goin' to have such a man carrying her gurrel around places, so she stopped him from comin' there. But laws sakes, honey, that ain't nothin'. We all know it's sour grapes. He won't carry her around any more; he won't even go there. I don't see why people can't be honest, it's save an earth o' trouble."

Mrs. Ward, like many another ordinary person, spoke great truth. That 'Honesty is the best policy' seems to be becoming one of the ancient proverbs, for we are fast forgetting its advantages in the one that has taken its place, "Do the other fellow first." It seems that all the years of eternity will not be sufficient to blot out the shame of dishonesty. Our actions and our speech betray to others a shameful state of mind that is influencing us, or we are leading others to create and believe that which is far from our thoughts.

Many are hoping for a far away day to return (it may have never existed, except in the minds of dreamers) when the world was calm and tranquil. The day when the young and the old, to a great extent, will calm their reeling, unsteady senses, and act like sane, thinking, human beings whose lives are based on "Do to others as you would have them do to you." But these girls of the present age, with their bobbed hair, rouged cheeks, painted lips, and padded legs; and the boys, with sensuous faces, blase manners, who are scorned by older people, and called sarcastically, "the modern youth," must certainly be unable to see themselves

as they honestly appear, for they cannot be what others think they are.

Let the young people "check up" on themselves, then they will see that the future mothers and fathers of our race will be a different type, a sturdy, intellectual, religious type, whose children will become efficient, giants of leadership, rather than a race of weak-minded hypocrites, who go about "seeking whom they may devour" for their own gain.

But our race need not despair. There are yet some thousands, who have not "bowed the knee to Baal," and they will save our nation in spite of itself, its imbeciles, its profiteers and money-baggers.

A bright-faced, little newsboy was making his way, as best he could, in the city in which he found himself. This boy was lame, but he was moving bravely and cheerfully. He had a smile for the man who bought a paper, and handed him some extra change.

"That is yours, I've been owing you six cents for over a week," said the man, "Don't you lose a great many pennies by trusting people?"

"No Suh, not very often, for I seldom do it. Folks most always pay up, especially the older ones, and I don't trust the others. But I reckon most folks will act square if you treat them as if you expected them to."

He had the proper philosophy, although he had read no books on psychology or ethics. He could read faces. How much honesty and good behavior, how much respectability of any community comes from the fact that law-abiding honesty is what each community expects of its citizens.

We have many times read that certain men were able to give all praise and honor to their mothers, who trained them for their great accomplishments and achievements of success. A good optimist must believe that the boys of our age will be saying the same things fifty years hence. The possibility is doubtful, however.

One of these men, who loses no opportunity to render unto his mother all due honor was James Purnell. He had seen another man act squarely, and never forgot it. The philosophy of the newsboy had always been practiced by Colonel Riddle, even while he lost money at the Grange. James had discovered the state of the Colonel's affairs long before the Colonel told him. James often talked to his mother about it, repeating at the same time, much of the gossip about his friend's insincere desire to get much money in a concern which he knew would fail. But his mother told him to say nothing, yet to feel that Colonel Riddle would do the honest thing, even while he might have done otherwise, and yet been acting according to law. His great philanthropic movement at the Grange was daily costing him more than he received; therefore he had a chance to fail in business, and save himself a small fortune. But he thought of two things: his name, and his stockholders who would lose money. Therefore he closed the factory, and paid all the stockholders from his own private resources, then decided to return to Philadelphia. The factory is now gone, but several houses, the partly filled canal, and two stores are still to be seen as marks of his enterprise. He failed honestly, proving that Mrs. Purnell could read human nature, and James learned another lesson of life.

This failure proved that "One man's loss is another man's gain." New Town now rapidly grew into Pocomoke City, its progress dating from the day several families moved to that town from Klej Grange. The "I-told-you-sos" had their inning too, for it had been predicted from the first, but Old Man Gloom had retired to get his breath several years before. Now he appeared again, more confident than ever. This old world would become a delightful haven, and all men would feel as angels, if that colossal ghost that haunts our footsteps day and night, would retire to the infernal regions, instead of startling us from every fence-corner, or

appearing from behind every tree along the pathway of humanity. He has become such a familiar fellow that he seems to tick from every clock these familiar, never-dying words, "I told you so, I told you so."

While James was preparing for his weekly call at the house of his friend and benefactor, who had made the appointment in order to explain how affairs had become, he heard the familiar voice of Mrs. Ward as it issued from the rooms below. But her meaning, that he misunderstood, had another interpretation than that which he gave, from hearing the first few words, which were spoken in a loud voice as the visitor entered the house.

"I told you so, Miss Mamie, honey; I told you that rascal would never marry Nellie Bratten. He thinks old Ben Lindsay will die soon; then if he marries Dollie he will get all the money that the old man leaves her. He's got it all figured out. Walter can't get another penny from his Pa; for Tom Whaley told me himself. He's wuthless, the scamp, and it wouldn't surprise me if old Ben didn't die sudden-like some of these nights. He thought Nellie's Pa had money to burn, 'cause he's so stingy, but he ain't got a cent, that is, that he can call his'n. It all belongs to the bank. It's been a right smart while since Jim Purnell's been to see her, but I hears as how he'd get a welcome if he went."

Mrs. Purnell answered in a kind, quiet voice, "He was there last night, Ann."

"I told you so. These men do beat all. The meaner a woman treats them, the oftener they crawl back for more. A man in love is like a nigger; the man who treats them mean is the one who gets the most work for them. I knew she'd do it, the minx. When he was poor, she turned him down; now that he is able to hold his head up with the proudest of them—not that he has not always done it—why she slips back again. Well, there's only one way to cure blood poison as I knows of. You must find the nail, then

stick it in a piece of fat hawg meat. But as you can't stick the nail in the meat in this case, I reckon he will have to get the poison. I dreamed of a death last night, and that's the sign of a wedding. It would've been better to dream of a wedding, then there would've been a death instead. Now I reckon that means he will get married. And I'll bet you she marries him, while that girl in the mansion, whose heart is as pure as gold, pines alone for the man who means the world to her. It ain't fair; I'm going to tell him."

Mrs. Ward was not rebuked for taking such liberties, for her heart was full of compassion and justice. More than that, she loved James and Jane Riddle as her own children. These facts Mrs. Ward knew, therefore she felt at liberty to speak in such manner.

"The young folks must make their own choice," remarked Mrs. Purnell.

"And a poor choice they make sometimes, too; let them consult us who have had experience, and we can give them a few pointers."

"They wouldn't take our advice; they must live and learn, I reckon."

"Live and learn? It's too late in such cases when they learn."

As she spoke this, James entered the room from the stairs. "What is all this excitement about, Miss Ann?" he asked. "What poor choice have I been making now?"

"I hear you're goin' into politics," she replied. "As rotten as politics is, you got no business meddlin'."

"I'm going to make them cleaner."

"A poor chance you have to make them cleaner. It's been tried before with no success. Can you keep a mud puppy clean?"

"If you take him out of the mud, and keep him out. I'm going to separate politics from the mud."

"Good luck, honey, but how're you goin' to do it?"

"By supporting National Prohibition and Woman's Suffrage."

"Well, that's something I don't understand. Imagine a self-respectin' woman goin' to a voting place. They got enough to meddle with now. Well, I hope you succeed."

"I will succeed. I'm going to become governor." James was speaking in a jocular mood.

"Why don't you say president? I wouldn't stop at Annapolis." Miss Ann had become sarcastic; but James passed out, on his way to the Colonel's without answering.

Then Mrs. Ward renewed her conversation with the mother, who had not said anything since James came in.

"A snake in the grass, and it has bit him. You know there's only one thing to cure snake bite."

"It won't cure in this case, I wish it would. If you ever get bit by a snake, just take a live black chicken and tear it to pieces while it is still living, and bind to the bit spot, and it will draw the poison."

"Don't tell me that you could do that, Miss Ann."

"I could do anything to save life, but there is nothin' to do in this case, it seems."

"I thought you were going to tell him?"

"There's some people that you can't say things to, when you like. I've known Jim since he was knee high to a grasshopper, but the way he looks at you sometimes, he seems to say: 'You leave my business alone!'"

"He would never say anything like that to a friend."

"I don't take any chances when he looks like that. Do you think he heard me talkin'?"

"No, he heard only what you said as he opened the door."

"Well, I hope he didn't. I think I'll let him go, like you said."

"There seems to be a great deal of Purnell about James, and the Covingtons were wilful too. So James has a will that is inherited from both sides of the family."

"That's right, I knew Jim's father when he was a boy. He used to defy nature just to see if he would suffer. Why, I've knowed that boy to break up a mud dauber's nest just to see if he'd be sick for seven days, so as he couldn't go to school. He was into all kinds of mischief. He used to worry his mother sick by h'isting the umbrella in the house. And whenever he got the chance he'd step over the babies so's they wouldn't grow anymore. One day he got hit with a stone, but he never told his mother why, for she always taught him to let the colored people alone. But I saw him, for I was walking right behind him. When he come to where Selbys lived with their nine children he saw them at the window. But the window had twelve panes of glass, so there was one pane without a face behin' it. Then he say, 'Who's daid in there?' Well, old Selby come out an' say, 'What dat?' Then the rascal sade, 'I see one pane without a face behin' it; there must be someone daid, ain't there?' Old Selby sure was mad, but he didn't say anything. Then as he went into the house the boy shouted, 'Ram, jam, nigger up the stove pipe.' So the nex' day Selby told his Ma about it, and when he come from school, she say, 'I got a crow to pick with you, come here.' Well, he didn't deny it, and she left blisters on him for not listenin' to her. But now days kids never get whupped for doin' anything. When he was a little fellow, every time he would get mad with his grand-mother he would kill a daddy-long-legs, so his grand-mother would die. He certainly was bad."

"How did you find Mrs. Stagg to-day?"

"Right smart better; but she still has bad night sweats. I told her to put a quart of water under the bed at night, and it would cure them. I told her they were caused by malaria chills, but if she would tie a piece of blue yarn around a tree the size of her waist, then walk away without looking back, it would cure them."

"Why, the tree would be so large that she couldn't reach

around it," Mrs. Purnell said, laughing, for Mrs. Stagg weighed about two hundred and fifty pounds.

At that moment the oldest Gordy boy came into the room. His mother was trying to get him to go to bed, but he strenuously objected. Mrs. Ward called him to her, then said, "Honey, how did you get all them warts on your hands?"

"Mama said I must 'a caught a toad."

"It ain't so, honey; toads don't make warts; but I know how they can be made leave. You steal a piece of fat meat, or your mother's dish rag, and rub the wart, then bury the thing under the doo' step, an' the warts will vanish. Or if you can get to the woods, an' find a horse's bone, rub it with that. Some people say, if you count warts they will disappear, but you can't count, honey. An' John Jones made his warts leave by throwing three grains of white corn in a ditch, then wishin' that they would leave, an' walkin' away without lookin' at 'em. Your wish will come true, if you do that."

"Don't tell me so much, Miss Ann, I can' 'member all."

"All right, honey; you try the dish rag, but don't dig it up again."

Mrs. Ward then turned to Mrs. Purnell. "Did you hear," she said, "that Miss Dryden is dead? Jus' las' week I saw a buzzard settin' on her chimney, an' I sade then that she must be goin' to die. An' you know, that is the second death in that family this year; there will sure be another one soon. Then yesterday morning my old dommineck rooster crowed at daylight, which is a sure sign that your friend will die."

"I believe you have a sign for everything, don't you, Miss Ann?"

"No, not everything, but I believe that a right smart of our misfortunes are foretold by nature's signs and warnings. We never would've heard these things, if the Lord hadn't meant us to use them."

"I don't think they came from the Lord, Miss Ann."

"Then where'd they come from, I want to know."

"Oh from superstitious minds of certain people, who have associated certain events that seemed to happen near each other."

"An' you don't believe any of them? "

"No, I can't say that I do."

"Well, I do," Miss Ann said, with emphasis, as she started for her long neglected home and family.

CHAPTER XIV

AT THE COVINGTON MANSION

AFTER James had left the house on his way to the home of Colonel Riddle he decided to walk around by the hotel. As he entered he found that the chief topic of conversation was the closing of the factory. But while he listened, someone jokingly remarked that the governor had arrived, and perhaps he could tell them something about it. James informed them that he could tell them nothing; but to his sorrow he found that his casual remark to Whaley had been broadcasted. He had not seriously thought of it, yet he somehow felt that there was a great door of opportunity opened to him in this intricate field. He made no answer to the jest, however.

"Why don't you do it, boy?" said Dr. Price, who had heard the remark. "Show this worthless scum that there is at least one man among them."

This brought a laugh from the boys assembled, for they had been "working on" the venerable man of medicine. Their jests, as usual, had not been taken kindly by him. One thing that he was very particular about was his coffee. He always wanted it hot with his meals, and made a great complaint if it were not just right.

On this particular morning someone's thoughtlessness had caused him to burn his mouth severely; therefore, he was in an ill humor. When the lodgers sat down to their breakfast, one of the young men remarked, as he tasted his coffee, "Coffee cold as ice again, as usual." The old doctor immediately grabbed his, and gulped down a large mouthful, as the first step to the censure which he intended to give

the waiter. But this time it was scalding hot, and he was compelled to leave the table, amidst shouts of laughter, because of the severe burning he had received. That is why he applied the term "scum" to the loungers in the hotel.

Of course this was the signal for another tirade of abuse against the doctor. "What became of those biscuits that were left after dinner to-day?" someone inquired.

Then another added, "He didn't get any breakfast, so he ate all he could at dinner, then carried away what was left."

"What became of them pieces of candles that were on the table this morning?" said another.

"What was that you had wrapped up in your handkerchief this morning as you went out to your farm?"

Grabbing his cane, and forcefully whirling it above his head, the aged man drove the tormentors out of the hotel.

It is true that the old man was very stingy. He hated boys, and they hated him. Of course a man like this might as well try to be friendly with loose tigers as with a group of boys. Dr. Price took every baseball and bat that he could get, then burned them for wood in his small stove. Part of the bat would stick out through the half closed door, but would be pushed in as the inner end burned away. It was a known fact that he saved the ashes from this small fire, wrapped them in his large handkerchief, then took them to his farm, which was about five miles away. It is also a fact that after his death his trunk was found to contain many pieces of partly burned candles, moldy biscuits, ashes wrapped in rags and paper, decayed apples, partly eaten, and many other signs of the miser. In his efforts to atone for his miserable life he left several thousand dollars in trust with the Makemie church, with which to build the Price Memorial Church at Stockton, nine miles south.

After witnessing this scene James continued to the Covington Mansion, where Jane met him, and ushered him into the drawing room. She told him that her father was not

feeling well at all, but would soon be down. Within a short time, however, the two seemed to have forgotten the existence of the father, for they were deeply engaged in conversation. He told Jane of the meeting between him and Whaley in the cemetery, of his discovery, of his visit to Nellie, and even of his resolution to enter politics. As usual, she heard him with great earnestness and interest, but said very little. Even his announcement that he had been to see Nellie Bratten seemed to move her very little outwardly; yet her heart was sorely tried. "Why cannot a woman speak," she thought. Then the unkindest blow of all fell when he said that he intended to see Nellie again that night, for he had been spending a portion of his nights at home with her. She made no reply, however, for she could say nothing. An expression of disappointment flashed across her face, but only for a moment. It was caused by the thought that it meant nothing to him that she would spend sleepless hours that night.

As her father came down the steps to meet him, Jane said, "James, who do you think is going to be married next week?"

"Not you, I hope?"

Her heart thought, "Little you would care," but her voice spoke cheerfully, "Not I, but someone you greatly admire. Rose Buckingham and Howard Irvin. I am to be one of her bridesmaids, so she has told me."

She left the room as her father came in, leaving them alone to talk of their affairs.

"I am going to rest for some time now," said the Colonel. "Part of the time I will be here, but at other times I will be at our home in the city. I never intended to make Snow Hill my residence; but the girls like it so very well that I wish them to stay longer, if they wish it."

Later in the evening the Colonel said, "I have always had

your interest at heart, James, and would like to see you succeed. What will you do now?"

James had never spoken to his friend concerning his resolution, but he did so now, knowing that he would receive good advice.

"It may seem strange to you, Colonel Riddle, but for sometime I have thought that I could serve my country better than I am now doing by becoming a politician. It rests with the people, of course. If they have confidence in me, and will elect me, I believe that I can serve them well."

The Colonel thought in silence for sometime, then remarked, "You will find many temptations and more opportunities not to play fair in politics than in any other profession, or business; yet I believe you will do the right thing, James. What caused you to make such a decision?"

"There have been several contributing factors that have caused me much thought. I saw Mr. Mason thrown out of the saloon of his life-long friend; I saw Roy Gordy made a perjurer because of his love for drink; I have been witness to its complete power over Walter Whaley and a score of my schoolmates, who were formerly fine boys, but who now have no moral fibre whatever, and practically no moral restraint or principles. It is true that I have sometimes taken a drink, but I learned my greatest lesson while in Philadelphia for you.

"Feeling rather down-hearted because of the way I was being treated in this town I stepped into a saloon to have a drink, believing that it would brace me up a bit. There were several men standing in the place speaking of community matters, and of the recent elections in Kansas. Someone spoke of his belief in personal liberty in connection with the ticket discussed, which so aroused a quiet man of the group that he made this explanation.

"That's a catchy phrase, 'personal liberty.' It sounds all right. I used it a good deal in my earlier life. I was a

temperance man—by education and common sense, as I used to say—but I thought too much fuss was being made over the liquor traffic. Every man who is a drunkard deliberately chooses to be one. Then one day I was called away to a mountain region on business. It was an out-of-the-way place, and when my work was done I found that I had missed the single train that would have taken me away, and I was compelled to wait, at a shabby little hotel, until the next day. I heard that there was a murder case being tried at the old shabby court house, and I sauntered over there.

“‘A mere boy of about twenty was on trial. There was no mystery or complication about the case; he and four others had been somewhere one evening, and started home. The others wanted a drink on the way, but the boy objected; he wanted to go home. They insisted that he should stop, called him a coward and a baby, and force and ridicule drew him along and persuaded him to drink. At the trial it was proven that this was his first experience with intoxicants; its effects upon him was to turn a naturally good-natured, peaceable boy into a fighting maniac, who was unmanageable. His companions fought to get him home, but he finally made a savage lunge at the throat of one of them with an old pocket knife, inflicting a severe wound. They succeeded in getting him to his cabin where his mother alone awaited him, and knew nothing of what had happened. But the boy he had wounded died before morning. The jury filed out in a short time, and I returned to the hotel.

“‘Having nothing to do after supper, I returned to the court house to hear the verdict of that ignorant jury. The old mother was beside her boy in that scantily furnished room, lighted by one lamp and the moonbeams. The jury brought in the usual verdict of guilty, and the mother fell back on her seat, while the boy dropped to his knees on the floor beside her. She put her poor, work-worn hands and arms in faded sleeves around his neck, and began to pray.

I never heard a prayer like that. Earthly hope was gone; she was appealing in her agony to a higher power and cleaner justice. That prayer burned into my heart and brain; it changed for all time the views of one man on earth.

“‘Presently someone lifted, gently, her poor arms from the boy’s neck and led him away. I heard the sound of the mother’s feet as they pattered slowly down the bare hallway to her lonely cabin. The boy was sentenced to a term in the penitentiary. Whether that devoted mother lived to see her boy free again I do not know, but I do know that I made a vow that night that I’d fight against the liquor traffic by every means in my power. I don’t talk so much about personal liberty these days. No one has a right to curse the world, or to ruin himself.’

“While I heard that man speaking I made the same vow, although I had thought it out when I saw Mr. Mason kicked from the saloon in this town. The question is as old and as deep as sin itself. No man has the liberty to wrong another for gain, then to be protected by law when he does it. We cannot return to savagery, unless we become savages while every man becomes a law unto himself for his protection. The fine arguments of the rich in support of its claims to own human beings as chattels have been destroyed by blood. Let us now free our country of that belief that a man can sell his fellowmen that which will ruin their bodies and souls, and make them a menace to the communities where they live. Freedom does not mean license to wrong others for selfish gains. Honest men have been blinded by specious reasoning, and young men misled by pompous phrases, which the devil coins for his own purposes.”

“Do you expect to be elected as an advocate of these principles?” asked the Colonel.

“No, Sir. I know I would not be elected if I told the public this; but I shall wait for a favorable opportunity to deal a crushing blow. The people must be educated. It will

be harder for the North to give up whiskey than it was for the South to give up her slaves."

"James, I did not think it was in you. You have shrewdness and diplomacy; two leading requisites for a successful political career. Combine them with a desire to serve your fellowmen in righteousness, and you will succeed wonderfully."

Then James started for home. He looked for Jane to appear, as she always did, to dismiss him from the house; but this time she did not come. The Colonel looked as if he, too, expected her, but he closed the door, himself, after the departing caller. Such is the mystery of human nature, that he who has thoughtlessly wounded feels piqued at the non-appearance of the one to whom he has announced the success of a rival.

At this time Jane was in her room wondering at the blindness of men in such affairs, although very shrewd in other matters; who even show true greatness at other times.

The next day James found a letter at the post office for him, which confirmed what Jane had told him about Rose. It also invited him to be a witness to her marriage.

Because Rose was without a mother at the very period that a girl needs a mother the most, she planned the wedding to be at Makemie church, of Snow Hill, and spent the last few days of her girlhood at the home of the Riddles, where Katherine Riddle attempted to take the place of a mother to the bride.

This wedding proved to be a long remembered one in the old town, for it united two of the oldest families of the county; even of the Shore. The Buckingham had settled in the upper end of the county, near the place where the town of Berlin now stands, when the first settlers came to the state. The first member of the family who came to the region was reported to be very closely related to the Duke of Buckingham, who was famous in the reign of England's

virgin queen; while the Irvins claimed to be of a lineage as old and as famous, yet they did not have the same proof of being the descendants of a favorite of that queen. At any rate, it was to the founder of this name and family in Maryland that credit is given for naming the town. Two brothers came from the London suburb of the same name, the one settling in Maryland, and the other going farther West. A grandson of the western settler, a few decades later, became the fifth president of the Mormon Church of Utah. Now, at least these two families were to be united, the one rejoicing while the other submitted with much show of family pride; for, notwithstanding the fame and dignity of the Irvins, Mr. Buckingham felt that his daughter was stepping a little lower in the social scale than any other member of his family had done; but he was obliged to submit, for such was life in America, even for that element that would have liked to see grow in this country an old world social distinction.

The wedding day at last dawned, with rain in the morning, but with sunshine about the middle of the day, thus auguring, according to Mrs. Ward, a happy life for the bride. According to the old prophecy there must be a great many marriages performed on rainy days. The time appointed was high noon, and both bride and groom arrived several minutes early. The bride was dressed in white brocaded satin, full skirt, long and trailing, tight basque effect, with large puffed sleeves reaching to the elbows, with bodice cut square at the neck. The gown was trimmed in real pearls and old lace that had been used by her grandmother and her mother when they were married.

The Makemie church is one of the finest of the older styles on the Shore, for it is the second oldest of its denomination in America, the one at Rehoboth being the oldest, although the original building is not standing. The present building is built of red brick brought from England as ballast in

ships seeking a cargo from the colonies. It has two very high spires, one of which is several feet above the other. Its windows and doors are of the Gothic style, there being a triple stained-glass window in front and one on each side. These windows, which cover nearly the whole space between the ground and the eaves, and extend from one tower to the other, are enriched by cusps, arranged in trefoils and quarter-foils. A double door opens from each side, at the base of each tower, affording an ideal plan for a wedding procession.

The bride arrived at one of these doors, in the phaeton of Colonel Riddle, accompanied by Jane and Katherine Riddle. They found the groom and his attendants awaiting them at the other door. Laura Riddle played the wedding march upon a pipe organ—one of the very few on the Shore at that time—and each party marched up separate aisles, side by side. The bride and groom knelt beneath an arch of holly, running cedar and mistletoe clusters containing the green berries, while they were married by the venerable pastor of the church.

There was one humorous incident of the service, which made it almost impossible for the crowd assembled to maintain a gravity of demeanor suitable for the occasion. When the minister asked Howard to repeat the words, "I, Howard, take thee, Rose, to be my wedded wife," the groom proved to be so confused and nervous that he was unable, with three trials, to say anything but "I, thee Howard, take thy Rose, to be my wedded wife." After the third trial the minister seemed to give up in despair, for he proceeded without the proper form being repeated. But, although the words were not repeated correctly, the marriage was well solemnized, and continued a satisfactory union until death.

In those days of difficult travel very few weddings ended with a journey being taken. The Irvins did not take a journey, but drove off together to the home of the groom's father. They made their home with Mr. Irvin and his

daughter, Nan, until the death of the father a few years later. Nan never married, perhaps because the right man did not appear. Many men seem to overlook the human diamonds in their mad rush for those that glisten and sparkle in artificial complexions, yet later prove to be as worthless as paste.

As James stood on the stone steps of the church while he watched the party drive away, he heard a quiet familiar voice speaking to him. It was the voice of Nellie Bratten, and what she was saying was: "It was beautiful, wasn't it?"

James saw in a moment that she was unaccompanied, for her home was only a few yards away, at the northwest corner of Market and Church Streets, therefore he said to her, "I reckon you are walking."

"Yes, it is so near, and mother did not feel like coming."

"I am also walking; shall we go down together?"

"If you wish," she answered, as they started away together.

Mrs. Bratten met them at the door and extended a cordial invitation to him to stay to dinner. She had never shown such solicitation to him before, even in the days when he was a constant visitor at the house; at least he had never noticed it. At first he felt flattered, then he hesitated to stay, but the amicable voice of the mother, and the unfeigned welcome that shined from the eyes of the daughter, brought him to a speedy decision. He accepted the invitation.

Even the father, who had been one of his bitterest accusers, having spent his life in the bank where he had been intrusted with thousands of dollars belonging to other people, without using one penny for his own purposes, and naturally looking with hatred upon anyone whom he thought guilty of such misdemeanor, came in to dinner with all traces of distrust gone from his face, and in their place, the friendliest of smiles. In fact, every member of the family seemed to be endeavoring to make amends for their

former treatment, by appearing as if nothing had happened to mar the former friendship that had existed between Nellie and her old playmate. It was with a great deal of satisfaction that James reported the events of that dinner to Jane on his next visit to the Covington Mansion.

CHAPTER XV

THE OLD FLAME REKINDLED

IF JAMES had loved Nellie Bratten previous to that day, he now loved her more than ever before that evening had ended. He had no thoughts for anything or anybody else while with her. When such men fall in love with women of her type they forget the world; they forget everything but themselves and the girl whom they are with. They become moonstruck. If ever they act like fools, it is then; they forget that the women are human; they even scout any idea that they are, with contempt and indignation. They become saturated with the idea that never again will they be able to love another in the same manner; and this they declare to the object of their affections with incomparable force of argument, as if their very lives depended upon telling it; while the girl, who doesn't believe a word of it, allows them to proceed to their own satisfaction. That is the reason most men have talked themselves out after the first year of married life. Yet if the lady happens to change her mind, or if they marry and she "shuffles off this mortal coil," it is quite noticeable that the period of mourning is quickly ended when another lady shows a willingness to share their loneliness, or to fill the vacant chair. It is even becoming the fashion of the moment to have the chair filled before the lady has shuffled.

As the evening drew to a close James felt the same way toward Nellie; the way millions have felt before, yet it is always a new story, a different story each time that it is told. He expressed the great happiness which he felt at being with her after such a long period.

Her answer was: "You have not always seemed to desire that happiness again."

He decided that he must be careful how he steered the craft of conversation. Then she continued:

"You have not seemed to care in the least, although I admit that I acted thoughtlessly on the night of the party at Irvin's."

"How could you expect me to show interest while my place was taken by another?"

"You are wrong; your place was not taken. I hate to speak of it, but we were all misled."

"What do you mean?" James earnestly asked.

"I mean that I—that is—I—eh—have never changed, James. Father urged me to marry Walter. He used to admire you for your manliness until that unfortunate trouble; now he hates Walter, but he is so proud that he will not speak of it. I have pride too, but I will speak, for I want you as much as ever."

While she said this they were standing in the hall, for he had started to his home. He did not know how it happened, but it seemed an opportune moment. He had her in his arms in a moment, and her hands were upon his shoulders while he eloquently pleaded his cause, declaring his love, and setting forth the future plans of his life with her by his side. He pleaded with her to share them; that he would fail without her, and all the objection that she made was to hang her head upon his shoulder and tremble, while she said:

"If you had talked like this before I would have saved several people a great deal of trouble."

"I was not in a position to say it, and you seemed to be in a great hurry. I thought you understood."

"Men expect girls to understand too much, James."

After all is done that can be done, the blame must rest on the man.

That evening he left in a state of perfect delight and rap-

ture. They were engaged. When he left it was with his promise to speak to her father, to purchase the ring, and to return as soon as these details were attended to.

In this condition James failed to see her childishness, her want of character or spirit. He felt that he was happy; that he was the luckiest man in town. What a foolish time some men spend when they become engaged for the first time. There is none, who in the contemplation of the past, does not regretfully smile, when thinking of such times.

It is at this time that men desire to share their joys with their friends. Who is that cannot remember telling father, mother, or friend about his first engagement? No matter how many came afterward, the first stands out in bold relief as being the only one shared with others. James, being a man, did not tell his mother, he had no father or other close male friend to tell. Therefore, after spending the first night sleepless, but happy, he went to Jane Riddle, for he desired to have her approbation. He told her that his resolution and action had not been thoughtless; that he believed that no case of such profound love and earnestness of feeling had ever before existed.

Somehow, as he talked to her, there was drawn in his subconscious mind, a contrast between the two women. Why did he desire her confidence and commendation? He came to her in disappointment, sorrow, joy, hope, and now love. He had always found his friend sympathetic and quick to divine the truth; to share the burden; to offer help; or advance encouragement. She had always made him forget the bitterness and to see the brightness that shined from behind the darkest cloud.

Jane heard him apparently with the same calm interest; then wished him the most of happiness. "I am always glad when anything makes you happy," she said, "I hope this step is in the right direction. If all is as you say, I believe

that you cannot be otherwise than happy; only be very sure, James."

"I am very sure," he answered, as he left her.

After he had gone the contrast that had lingered in his mind for a moment became more vivid. How calm and capable Jane seemed. She was always like that, with one exception. The night she had left Whaley during the dance at Irvin's. And how different he felt when with her. What an influence she threw over him and over all with whom she came in contact. He tried not to think of it, but the thought kept forcing itself upon him. "Why was he able to recognize these qualities in Jane, and not in the woman of his choice?" It was evident to him that something was lacking in the personality of Nellie, which he found in that of Jane. However, love is so blind that these things are generally discovered too late.

His engagement was a short one; Nellie preferred it so. She said that she had made a mess of her first engagement; that many of her friends had sent her presents for her wedding. Now she preferred a quiet wedding at home, with no one present but the immediate relatives, if he did not object.

Of course he did not object to such plans; men never do. It is always the women that desire to make elaborate preparations and display. If the money generally spent for expensive clothing, invitations, cut glass, candlesticks, and numerous whatnots, that the babies use as playthings later, were left in the stores, and the value given in dollars and cents, after the example followed by many less civilized tribes of humanity, many a bride would be spared anxious moments, even years. She could feel more independent, and at times, would be spared much embarrassment.

Just two months after the Irvin wedding, James and Nellie were quietly married at her home. Mrs. Ward was the only lady present who was not a relative, a fact that she was very proud of, and about which she never failed to speak at

every opportunity. James had desired her to be present. Besides this, her services were in great demand, for she took charge of the kitchen and the entertainment. She arrived early in order to have the house "tidied up" before anyone arrived. She was given full charge of the pastry, for it was a well known fact that there existed nowhere anyone who was more handy with that line of culinary art. She often said that, at weddings and funerals alike, she "was the whole hog rootin' in the trough."

The first disagreement between James and Nellie took place while they were deciding who to invite to their wedding. James desired to have the Colonel and Jane Riddle present, but Nellie very strenuously objected to his asking Jane. Later she reluctantly consented, and they were asked. The Colonel came, but Jane begged to be excused. She was sorry, but she felt too ill. Indeed, this was the truth. The current that affairs had suddenly taken had greatly affected her; yet so careful and guarded was she that only two persons suspected the truth. The wise father had had his suspicions for sometime; and Aunt Cora, who still reigned supreme in the Irvin kitchen, had suddenly developed the habit of mumbling to herself. If her thought concerning James had been known to him he would not have thought them sweet, by any means, for Jane was a great favorite of the old servant.

"The ingrate," she would mumble, "the ninny, the nincom-poop; he 'lows a baby face to chahm all resen out'en him. A no 'count doll, with honey words an' aihs to 'swade him dat grass don' grow as sweet anywhar' 'cep' oner her lazy feet. Why that Miss Jane am a' angel Gabriel 'sides any Bratten I evah seen." Then with disparagement to herself, she would quickly add, "What for yo' all mumblin' about, niggah? 'Tain't yo' funeral. Yet it do pain dis ole brack heaht to see de worry in Miss Jane's eyes, it shuah do."

But her mumbling did her friend no good, for the wed-

ding took place without her consent. And now the young couple were living at Nellie's home. She had absolutely refused to go anywhere else, claiming that she could not leave her mother. But the next September an important incident occurred, that was destined to change the lives of several actors that were present that day. A great political meeting was held on the court-house lawn. Frank Collins, the political boss of Worcester County, was the principal speaker. He had held all of the offices in the power of the people of the state to grant, and was now at Washington as a senator, where he had represented the people for several years. His chief political slogan was, "Boys, if you vote for me this time I will never ask you to again." His speeches were merely a repetition of that phrase, followed as often as he repeated it, by jokes, some of which made the audience blush.

Like many other politicians of modern times, he had made many promises which he had not endeavored to keep; but his power lay in the fact that he hired the majority of his lieutenants from the ranks of the gentlemen behind the bars. He was a Democrat, of course, for no other need apply in southern Maryland. He pacified the better members of his party by giving them petty offices of his county or of the state, and the Republicans who lived in this community never saw the inside of an office, except that of jail warden. Mr. Collins always prided himself on being able to hold the attention of his audiences for one hour; yet the only thing that the hearers remembered after a few days was his oft-repeated slogan.

On this particular occasion the voters had listened in the usual manner for over an hour. All the bread that they received was the usual stale jokes that they might tell to their friends, if they remembered them long enough. But this day he made one statement that was long remembered by

James Purnell, who was listening on the outskirts of the crowd, while he studied the man and his methods.

"Some men call me a failure," he shouted, "but I can control the candidates of either political party, and I defy any of these young rascals, who are urging many reforms, to accomplish anything without my permission."

In those days a man, who desired office, needed only to declare his intention of becoming a candidate. If he could gain enough votes he could win the office. But only in few cases could a man do so unless he had the backing of the boss of the district. It required almost a miracle for a man to be successful against the powers that were. Possible men were often bought off by the gift of a small county office, yet miracles often happened, and still do.

As James listened to Mr. Collins his mind kept ahead of the speaker. His quick intelligence guessed ahead of what the politician said. He was talking to an audience of rural people; there was not much intelligence in it; men are not required or expected to think much in such places. They would be forever miserable if they did. Therefore, it is often better for a person if he is not a thinker. Nevertheless these audiences have character, and with that intuition characteristic of the American of Anglo-Saxon origin, they can fathom a man's heart and intentions, if it is not in their power to do anything. This audience was composed of both parties, and Mr. Collins decided to stimulate one and win the other.

Then to the surprise of the crowd the speaker branched out into one of the questions that were being discussed throughout the state. He began to outline his policy of education. It was the old money-saving policy; that system by which the tax-payers were saved money at the expense of their children's intellects. That method that gave the Maryland Experimental College more money for the development of better stock, than for the development of finer boys and

girls. Even to-day many fine horses and cattle have more comfortable boarding places and lodging houses than the children of those who groom and feed them enjoy, either at night or during the day while they are at school. There are scores of schoolhouses on the Eastern Shore that could not be given to men to be used as stables for their stock; yet children are sent there to spend every day during school hours. But the crowd cheered the speaker whenever he spoke of lowering the tax rate.

When he had finished James remarked to a by-stander, "He's on the wrong track; he is not up-to-date. It would be easy to defeat him by the right policy."

"Do it then," the stranger said, sulkily. "You'll have your hands full. His policy is the one that wins votes."

"I will," replied James, "you'll hear from me later." Then he left the gathering and walked toward home.

When James had gone to live with his father-in-law, Nellie and her parents had haltingly invited him to bring his mother there also, but that could not be thought of, for his mother was now living in the house to which she had gone as a bride; the house that had sheltered the Purnells since it had been built by the signer of Maryland's Declaration of Independence. She had decided to spend the remainder of her life there, even if her son lived elsewhere. Mrs. Gordy was still with her, and the two women had become fast friends. In this house, with its old fire-places and chimneys, its gable bed rooms, with their heavy, corded four-posters, three generations of Purnell's had been reared; but the truth is that this house was not fine enough for the artificial Brattens, and many other families that would have made excellent social climbers, if placed in New York. Whether they would have arrived anywhere in their ascent is not known; the town still numbers many of their ilk; imitators, rural substitutes. The true aristocrat would have felt honored by the chance to share with James Purnell the shelter of this famous house,

and to continue to extend its more famous hospitality to those who knocked at its doors.

That evening James reported the events of the meeting to his wife, who listened indifferently, then he added, "You don't seem interested in such things, my dear."

"Why should I? Women don't vote."

"Not now; but they are going to, some day. That is to be part of my platform."

"Your platform! What are you talking about?"

Every politician must have a platform, you know. From to-night I am going to be a politician, Nellie. I do not like the stand that Mr. Collins has taken concerning education. I have an idea that will defeat him, and I hope that the time will soon come when you and all women are permitted to vote."

"James Purnell, are you really serious?"

"As much so as the night I asked you to become my bride." He gently raised her from her chair, seated himself, then drew her down upon his lap.

"Why do you desire to enter politics? Aren't we happy enough here?"

"I have two reasons. I have got to do something to make a living, and in doing so, I want to serve my fellowmen."

"A living? I think we are doing very well."

"We can't always live like this. I haven't done anything since the factory was closed."

"But everyone said that you made lots and lots of money down there. Aren't we rich?"

"Yes, very, with each other and love."

"Stop being foolish, Jim, and answer me."

"Nellie, my darling, I am far from rich. I have a few thousand saved up; but that will go a very little ways. I really am poor, financially. Then when we have babies, we will want much more for them."

"But we don't want babies, and we won't have them. The

best families are not bothered with such things. I don't think we ought to talk about them."

"Why not, Nellie? Every man wants someone to live for; someone who will bear his name, and who will carry out his unfulfilled plans, perhaps."

"We could never do that, James. Very few of my married friends have them. And those who have even one stay at home and never enjoy any of the pleasures of life."

"They have their pleasures at home; pleasures that the rest know nothing about. Modern marriages are a failure just because babies are not wanted. Our race is disappearing for the same reason. The day will come when Virginia and Ohio cease to be the mother of our presidents, and of our public men. New York City, and other cities, will produce the leaders. Our ideals of government and religion and morality will be replaced by those of the civilizations of the Old World. The Anglo-Saxon race will be pushed into oblivion."

"Please don't say any more to me about it."

"I must say something more; it is true. Then if we ever moved from here, I could not hire a servant like your father does. You would be my cook and housekeeper as well as my wife."

"Don't talk that way; it sounds so dreadful. I wasn't meant for a common drudge."

"But it's the truth, honey, God knows. We can't live here forever, and you must help me. We must——"

"Oh, Mother," she cried, "take me to her, quick. I can't stand any more of this."

Her mother heard her cry and came to the door. At first she thought that they were quarreling; then James explained the situation while his wife clung to her mother. It was a difficult task for the young husband.

"She has never had any cares, James," said the mother, "you must be careful. You were too abrupt, James; you

will need to use more tact, for she knows nothing of life except the joyful side."

"James felt like asking why she had been reared in such a manner, but refrained. He answered, "I tried to be joyful, Mrs. Bratten. I simply said that I was poor; that I must work for a living."

"That's what did it, James. 'Poor and work.' She does not know what either term means. Don't speak to her of either of them for sometime, and all will be righted again."

This came from the woman who had been from one of the poorest of the families of the town, when she married the young teller of the bank. It had not been so very long since she had done her own washing and ironing, and much of her work. Many a marriage floats upon the rocks because girls are not taught the responsibilities of keeping a home; instead they are petted by their parents, who allow them to sleep until ten o'clock in the morning while their breakfast waits, then defend them by saying, "Let them enjoy themselves now; their time will come soon enough." The parents are the ones to blame. What kind of business men do the boys make whose fathers take the same attitude toward them? In thousands of homes where there are several grown girls, a servant does the work while the girls live in idleness. This unnecessary expense is paid by the hard-working but indulgent father.

The next morning James arose at seven as his custom had been for several years. "Why do you get up so early, James," his wife asked.

"My dear, I must work."

"But don't work; let someone else do it."

"How shall we live, if I do not, Nellie?"

"We are living, and it suits me," said Nellie from the depths of the bed clothes.

It was useless and he said no more. Some women just cannot understand. He leaned over the bed and kissed her,

then went down stairs. He left word with the servant that he would be back about ten o'clock, then he passed into Market Street and went up to his old home and his mother.

CHAPTER XVI

HEREDITY AND ENVIRONMENT

WHEN THE hordes from Asia overran Europe in the Dark Ages they attempted to frighten their enemies by the fearful faces which they made. Their faces had much to do with their conduct and characters. Our faces portray our conduct and characters; for character is formed by continuous action, yet when it is fully developed it controls our actions. When a task is to be performed attempt it with a grin. It may be difficult and distasteful, but anyone can grin while doing it. It gives power to do it. The way to become self-controlled, noble, true, and kind is to act in all things with all the power to be commanded. We cannot have goodness and character unless we build it, and we cannot build it unless we attack our work with a grin. Men see our faces through the years and recognize the growing character or the sardonic look of lost hope.

And, Watchman, tell us of the characters of tomorrow. Is it the present generation that determines the character of the next? If that is the case there is a burden which we are not taking upon ourselves. Parents are passing off their sons to the care of others. The modern expert is training or untraining them. They are not being educated, for the system that prevails does not check the unworthy; neither does it spur on the worthy. It rather checks the ambitious, and makes automatons of the unworthy. Some day we will be delivered from the hands of high salaried experts, and will return to that system that has made the Americans a distinctive people; a powerful nation of inventive geniuses.

And what the expert fails to do the modern business man

expects the mother to do. He refuses to answer the children's questions; he sends them to the mother. Then when the children go the wrong way he comes with his information and knowledge which he passes generously to the boy who pays not the slightest attention. Then when they come from school full of the modern teaching of life; the scientific origin, and happens to inquire about the future, or about God, or the Bible, the parents are annoyed at the daring questions which they are not capable to answer. God and religion have no place in the modern home, parents don't think much about it anyway. It is too easy to ship the boy off to bed disappointed and dissatisfied. He returns to the teacher, who teaches him more about the evolution of life from the water to the monkey, then to the man. We are fast slipping over the brink of eternity with no future to hold to.

We can make anything out of the children that we desire. We can make them devils or we can make them saints. But if we leave it to the outside world they will all be made devils. It all depends on the parents. And the God above is holding the parents responsible.

When a man is seen walking with his children, playing with them, or attending church with them, that man is doing his duty to the children. He sets them the example; he takes them to the right places; he points out to them the dangers and the contrasts of human life. People look at such a man's children and remark that he is certainly a fortunate man. He ought to be both happy and proud because of his children. They forget that he has made his children what they are; their dispositions, their manners, their behavior, their character, all are just what he has made them.

On the other hand, if the father is silent and grump; if he sets before the children bad examples; if he stays away from church; if he spends his Sundays rushing from place to place, quarreling, threatening, blaming, and feels a relief to

be rid of them, his children will be just the same. People feel no sympathy for him. His children are products of environment. He will have a rude awakening some day when it is too late, and then he will endeavor to cast the blame on society in general, or on the children who are his counterparts.

Mothers are upbraiding their sixteen-year-old daughters to-day and criticize them severely because they will not take advice. The girls answer that mothers are old fashioned, but that is not the reason that the girls disobey. The indulgent mothers and fathers, bent upon pleasure and money grabbing failed to take the girl or boy at six days old, the natural age when training should begin.

When James reached home that night he contrasted the training of his wife with that which he had received. His training has been the old-fashioned kind, yet the only kind that will save the race for the eternal kingdom of God. Hers had been an imitation of that which exists among the wealthy of our cities. An idle life of pleasure is their God. And poor simple families of a few thousand dollars have caught the idea that they are not smart unless they neglect church, family duties, Sabbath observance, the Ten Commandments, and children, for that is what the smart set of the cities is doing.

The age in which we live is one of imitation, excitement, extravagance and indifference to all things spiritual. Little attention is shown to old standards. Everybody is ready to ridicule the Sabbath and the Commandments of God; many are willing to live "Where there ain't no Ten Commandments," to check their natural longing. Old Anglo-Saxon ideas of our forefathers are being ridiculed because they are virtuous, modest and moral. Instead, they are introducing the cabaret, the girl who smokes cigarettes, a neglect of the home with its steadying influence upon the young. Parents are willing to turn over to State and school the moral training

of the young which can be done only by those of Christian home. And these homes must replace the cheap novel, the New Thought magazine, Unity, Progress and many other faith-destroying periodicals that are found on the tables of the modern home with the Bible, the Word of God, the bread of life. Some day the public will awake to the menace that is being courted, for when the Bible and the Sabbath go, our civilization goes. Rome was not built in a day; neither was it destroyed in a day. It had many days to repent in sackcloth and ashes. This is our period of repentance. We were built a Christian nation; we will be destroyed a heathen nation, if we do not repent.

James would have felt better, as he walked to his mother's home, if he could have had confidence in the girl who had become his wife a few days before. The scene which had been acted was trifling, perhaps, yet it was unfortunate. Such beginnings do not contribute favorably to happy endings in war, or love, or life. Like many others he began to think seriously after it was too late. Nellie had kept up the bars of her real self, so that he had seen nothing but imitation. Her idea, and that of her mother, was to marry a fine man. Now that she had done that she might let down the bars, but what he found was not pleasant pastures. He received a glimpse of what his future life would be.

With such thoughts surging through his brain he reached the home of his bachelor days. It was early in the morning, but he found Mrs. Ward there. "There must be important news," was his greeting, as he entered the door.

Mrs. Ward looked very wise. "Here comes the grinning groom, but where is the blushing bride?" she asked.

"Oh, it's too early for her," he answered, lightly.

"Well, there is news, haven't you heard it?"

"No, I have seen no one this morning."

"You are too much occupied with your own life this morn-

ing. Newlyweds never see or hear anything else. How do you like?"

"How do I like? I am very happy."

"I reckon so; but I must tell you the news. I taken some da'lea bulbs to Miss Jane yisterday, an' she tells me that her dad had planned to sell his house. They are going back to the city. The Cunnel asked me to send you to him if I saw you today. I knowed you would be here this morning so I come for you."

"Thank you, Miss Anne, I shall see him."

"There's somethin' else, too; there's a speakin' at Sandy Hill today, an' pray tell, who do you reckon'll speak? Walter Whaley!"

That was a great surprise to James, "What will happen next, Miss Anne?" Then, without waiting for her to answer, he added, "What's he a candidate for?"

"Nothin'. He says he's a lieutenant of Collins'. Goodness knows, the old man's had enough without droppin' his mantle on such a mouthpiece."

"Why, what's the matter with Walter?"

"There you go agin. You always defend him. Someday your eyes'll be opened, Jim Purnell; then you'll unnerstan' some things."

"Well, I believe I'll go to that meeting, myself; then I will hear what he says."

"I hope it don't rain. But I saw a bunch of buzzards flyin' in a circle. That's a sure sign of a No'theaster. An' last night the Milk Maid's Path pointed that way. That's a sure sign that the wind will blow in a storm. An' when I saw that, I looked at the moon, which was laying on its belly. An' listen to that rooster crowin'. Why, he's right at the doo'; your ma will see a stranger within twenty-four hours."

"What's a stranger got to do with a storm, Miss Anne," asked Mrs. Purnell.

"Why, a right smart sometimes. Mebbe a storm will send

the stranger to you. And there goes your dish rag." Mrs. Purnell had dropped it upon the floor. "But if you shake it, it will drive them away."

"Drive what away?"

"Why, the company. If you don't want them, shake that cloth out the doo'. An' I forgot to mention that there was a circle around the moon last night; that means rain or snow."

"Why didn't you count the number of stars in it, Miss Anne?" asked James, laughingly.

"It was too cloudy to see stars."

"And if you had looked at a certain star while you wished that it would not rain, then had not looked again that night, your wish would have come true."

"Now honey, you're laughing at me. I know many people don't believe in signs, but I believe the Almighty wanted us to know some things, an' he provided way for us to know by."

"If we followed all your signs, our lives would be miserable."

"My life ain't miserable. Now as I come up the street last spring I saw Cap'n Howard, who ought to know better, a plantin' beans an' potatoes while the moon was pointin' down. I told him the sprouts would go down, an' sure enough, he had to plant them all over again. It's just the same when you shingle a roof when the moon points up; the shingles will point up. 'Tain't no use to go contrary to signs."

"Would you advise me to go to Stockton to-day?" asked James.

"Yes, go; I reckon the storm won't hurt you any."

It was at Stockton that afternoon that the real politician was born. If Whaley could address a political meeting, so could he. If not as a lieutenant of Collins, he could speak in his own behalf.

After Whaley had finished his speech, James asked the crowd to remain. This they did, for it was not late. Whaley

stayed also. He was not a little disturbed by what he heard.

It was the first attempt that James had made to speak before a crowd; yet this effort was far from being a failure. He told how he disagreed with Mr. Collins; but his address was conspicuous for the absence of one word against Mr. Collins personally. The idea that the only way to win an election, is to hurl abuse and names at the opponent must be discarded. When a man can say no more, but begins to make the other man all bad, he shows his own weakness. James merely stated that he intended to be a candidate for the legislature of the State, then stated what he intended to do, if elected. No one at that time knew who would be the candidate favored by Mr. Collins, but all believed that he would be Whaley. And they were right. James closed his short address by saying, "Give me your votes, and I will promise you my most loyal support." He had openly defied the Collins ring, and all believed that he would not be heard from again.

As he finished speaking rain began to fall. An old oysterman stepped out upon the hotel steps, gazed for a few minutes at the sky, then remarked, "I reckon we're in for a bad spell. A Nor'easter is due."

"I hope I can make Snow Hill," James remarked.

"I reckon you cain't," the captain answered, "you better stay awhile."

In a very short time he was glad that he had stayed, for the rain came down in torrents. It was impossible to face the wind for a nine-mile drive in such a storm, for the road was already in a bad condition. He was very eager to get away; now that he had declared his intention of being a candidate he wanted to speak at the other towns, and the election was just three days off. Yet he was forced to spend that night and the next day at Stockton.

About three o'clock the next afternoon the rain ceased, but the wind continued. Many of the oystermen were anxious

about their boats that were tied to piles near the George's Island Landing; therefore they went to the Landing in order to see how they were faring. But they could not get near the Landing, for the waters of the Sinepuxent had come in over the marsh for half a mile, and many of the boats, which had broken loose, were many yards from their mooring places. It was necessary for them to get in small boats, row out to the larger ones, and get them back in deep water before the tide receded. Many of these boats were never gotten back, for the hulls and masts may be still seen on different parts of the marsh.

The intensity and fierceness of this storm are still remembered by the people of this community. There is a long projection of land from the main land that extends for some distance eastward, partly dividing Parker's bay from the Sinepuxent section. On this small peninsula there is a knob of land several feet higher than the surrounding marsh. This storm cut its way into this knob near Besson's landing, unearthing several skeletons, the remains of Indians who were buried on this high point when they had undisputed possession of these fine fishing grounds. Beneath each Indian there was found the skeleton of a dog, a tomahawk, and arrow heads, thus proving that the Chincoteague Indians used this high spot as a ground for burying.

At the time of this storm a great portion of this land had recently been in corn, but now the fodder was stacked in several places over the field, which extended to the road near the Joiner property. As one of the men who had left Stockton, in order to care for his boat, passed the corner of this field he noticed what appeared to him to be an overturned flatboat, or scow used by the men in towing oysters. This object was lodged against a stack of fodder which stood several feet from the road. Upon closer examination it was found not to be a boat, but a mattress which was floating upon the water. In the middle of this mattress he found

what he thought to be a large bundle of clothes, but when he picked it up he decided that it was too heavy for clothing. He unwrapped it, and to his surprise and consternation, he found it to be an infant about ten months old. She was dressed and wrapped warm enough to keep out the cold, and the bundle was lashed to the middle of the mattress in such a manner that it could not roll off into the water, unless the mattress overturned. The man returned to the hotel at Stockton with the child, where he was quickly surrounded by a curious crowd who listened eagerly to his mysterious story.

"What are you going to do with her?" asked a storm-stayed drummer.

"The Lord only knows," was the answer.

"Give her to me," James requested.

"How do you know it's a her?" someone asked.

"Well, whatever it is I will take it home with me. It may bring me good luck."

The man was glad to get rid of the bundle, so he handed it to James, saying as he did so, "Name her Kitty Fodders, for she was found in the corn field against a fodder stack. I hope she proves good luck to you."

The next morning a two-masted schooner was found grounded on the sand bar which projects from the small peninsula into Sinepuxent bay. The ship's cabin, which was above water, bore a foreign name. How it had drifted so near the land still remains a mystery, for it had to enter the inlet near Chincoteague Island in order to get in the waters of the Sinepuxent. Yet a few years later the dead carcass of a very large whale floated ashore near the spot where the boat was found.

When the cabin of the boat had been entered the body of an unconscious woman was found lying partly upon the floor and partly upon the wall, for the boat had listed about forty-five degrees. All of the other occupants had disappeared,

and were never heard of again. With great difficulty the men who found the woman were able to resuscitate her.

It was sometime before she spoke, however, then she asked, "Were you able to save anybody else yesterday?"

"Nobody knowed anything about the wreck yesterday, but late in the evening a baby was found floating on a mattress," she was told.

"Was it alive?"

"Yes'm."

"Thank God, thank God! Where is she?"

"James Purnell, of Snow Hill, has taken her to his home."

She said no more, except to say that the boat had drifted for several hours during the night and that the sailors had disappeared somewhere during that time, but her face seemed to light up with great joy to know that her baby was safe. After several hours rest at the hotel she was asked many questions, but all efforts seemed to fail when they tried to learn her history. She told them that when the boat struck the land and turned over she knew that there was only a mere chance of saving the child. She had wrapped it in the clothing, then fastened it to the mattress from the cabin, which she allowed to float in with the tide; then she had made several attempts to get off, but during one of these attempts the boat had heavily rocked, throwing her with her head against the side of the cabin. She supposed that one of these lurches had rendered her unconscious. That was all that she would say. Within three days she was able to leave the hotel, then she hired a farmer to drive her to Pocomoke City, where she bought a ticket for Philadelphia, leaving her benefactors no clue as to her identity.

When she arrived at the hotel James was gone. She seemed greatly relieved by this fact, although she asked several times concerning the condition of the child. James had taken the baby to his own home where he showed it to his wife. But that lady, being already provoked because he

had stayed away from her so long, went into a rage and suffered a fine attack of hysterics. It was necessary for James to remove the child quickly. This he did. He took it to his mother and Mrs. Gordy, who received it jointly with much happiness, promising him that they would take the best of care of it. He then returned to Nellie, who had calmed to a certain extent.

"Why in the world did you bring that brat here?" she stormed.

"I really can't say. I pitied it from the moment I saw it. Imagine a little thing like that being out in a storm such as we had, on nothing but a husk mattress. I suppose I acted on the impulse of the moment, but I certainly like the little thing."

"Why do you like somebody else's kid, I should like to know?"

"Because it has no home. If it were a stray dog as ugly as a mud puddle, and as dirty, you would not hesitate to give it a home."

"There's a heap of difference between a dog and a baby."

"Of course there is, and that's the reason I prefer the baby."

"Are you going to keep it? I never want to see it again."

"My mother will keep it. I hope it will bring me good luck tomorrow."

"It will do nothing of the kind; such trash never does."

"How do you know it is trash? And if it is it can't help being born. Certainly parents do not consult the babies' feeling about their desire to come into the world."

"You certainly have the most foolish notions for a sane man that I ever heard in my life. First, you mingle with the rabble about politics; then you go in for raising somebody else's babies for luck. You're as bad about such things as Miss Anne is about superstitions."

He feared that if he said anything she might be offended,

therefore he did not answer her. Married life was not proving so wonderful to him; although he loved his bride dearly.

After dinner, while he stood at the window, he saw his friend, Mrs. Ward, going up the street toward the courthouse. He was reminded that three days had almost passed since she gave him the message from Colonel Riddle. He had not intended to treat his friend thus; but it was no fault of his that he was detained by the Northeaster which had come upon him so suddenly. He decided to go immediately to the Covington House.

It was only a few minutes' walk up the street; yet as those minutes sped by he lived over again many of the events of his life that had taken place during the last few years. His friend, the Colonel, held a prominent place during that period. Then he reluctantly confessed to himself that Jane Riddle had meant much to him during that period; that he had greatly missed her, and her advice. He had also missed her warm companionship since his marriage. His wife might have been the means of his forgetting these things, if she had been the right person; the one whom he thought that he was marrying; but now he even looked forward to this visit as a means of enabling him to pass a few minutes with Jane. What would she think of his new plans, and of his keeping the baby which had been found. With this desire recognized he reached the house, knocked on the door, and was admitted by Aunt Cora.

"Bress de Lawd, if it ain't Mistah James. De Kunnel am 'specting yo' all, but he am out jes' now."

"All right, Auntie, I will await his return."

There was no one in the quaint old drawing room as he entered from the hall. He looked into the room where he had spent many hours with Jane, and saw her sitting by the fire, at a wonderful old-fashioned mahogany desk, writing a letter.

She looked up as he entered, and it was a pleasure to see the change that passed over her attentive features.

After seating himself near her, he said, "I have missed your company and advice recently; I cannot say how much."

"So soon?" she teasingly asked.

"I don't know what it is, Jane; there is something about my mental make-up that I don't understand. When I was able to come to you for council and advice I learned to depend upon you almost entirely."

"I am happy if I have helped you; I still stand ready to offer you my aid if you need it."

"I am glad that you have been a sister to me; I believe every man needs a sister, sometimes. Now I get miserable sometimes; especially today I need my sister's help. The men are voting and you know that I am a candidate. I am not as sure of the result as I was several days ago."

"Girls need a brother sometimes, too, James. You didn't ask my advice about that," she cheerfully said.

"No, I didn't, Jane; but I have not seen you since Mr. Collins spoke here. When I came in and saw you again today I felt that same influence that I have always experienced while with you, an increased hope or conviction that I will be successful. What is the secret of your power, Jane?"

At his question Jane looked up from considering the fire.

"Whenever I have come to you," he continued, "I have felt that I would receive help and that this house is another home for me. I must say it; I have always experienced a certain feeling of happiness and peace in your presence."

In her calm manner, and tender voice, she said, "If you are in trouble and I can help you, tell me of it and I will see what can be done."

"I am not in trouble, but I feel that your presence will aid me through this day, if I am defeated. They are saying all manner of evil against me in order to defeat me. If I am defeated I want to rely upon your encouragement."

"Not on me, James! on some one else now, surely."

"You know how I love her, for she is the best little woman; but she has relied upon her mother so much that she seems easily frightened and worried. She does not understand the world as you do. She has lived her whole life in and around Snow Hill, in imitation of what she thinks the outside world is like. If you will listen I will tell you what happened last night."

Then he told her about the foundling, and how she received it. He also told what attitude Nellie had taken when he announced his decision to become a politician.

A woman is put in a very embarrassing position when the man she loves tells her of the problems between himself and the woman he chose for his wife.

Jane listened to his story with much interest, then she said, "You must give her time, James. She is very young yet, and with your help she will improve greatly."

"But that seems to be the trouble. She always goes to her mother. My advice is not asked nor taken, and my help is refused."

"As you have come for advice, I believe I will give it. Take your bride to a home that she can call her own; not to your mother's home, either. The finest way for an inexperienced wife to learn is in her own home where she can do things for herself. This she does not feel like doing in somebody else's home."

"I'm afraid her mother will not consent to her leaving home."

"No mother, with her daughter's interest at heart, will stand in the way of her happiness."

"But she is happy where she is; I am the one who is not happy."

Then the footsteps of the Colonel were heard coming through the hall. James arose to meet him as he entered the room.

"How do you like the life of a politician, James? Exciting, isn't it?" the Colonel asked.

"It's fine so far, Colonel. I don't know how I'll feel tomorrow, though."

As James said this he turned, with a smile, to the place where Jane had sat. But her chair was empty; she had quietly left the room.

"Have you been down town today?"

"No Sir, not since I came home."

"Then you do not know what they are saying; they are telling monstrous lies."

"What are they saying?"

"The same old thing; that you are a thief, a jail bird, and that you are keeping a baby at your mother's house. I am telling you this merely to put you on your guard, and to warn you to what limits a politician will go to win, sometimes."

"They certainly know where I got that baby, Colonel."

"Of course they know, but it serves their purpose to say that it is impossible to find a live baby under such circumstances."

"Who is saying all this?" James angrily demanded.

"It seems to have started from Whaley, but it is being repeated wherever a group of men are to be found."

"It doesn't look much like I will win, then, does it?"

"I don't believe you stand much chance, James. Don't give up, however. Take lessons from them as the Romans did from Hannibal; in two years from now you can defeat them at their own game."

"I won't stoop to such methods, Colonel."

"Well, so much for that; I want to talk to you about my affairs. I am going to leave Snow Hill, and I want you to purchase my house."

James faced him with astonishment in his manner. "I can't do that, Colonel Riddle."

"Oh, yes you can, my boy. I know what your objection is; but you want the house, I can see that, and I want you to have it. Just leave the arrangements to me, and I will suit myself in the matter."

James said no more, for he knew that the Colonel would have his way. His hopes had suddenly jumped very high. "Was this what Jane referred to?" he thought. "If so, perhaps it was her scheme." Nevertheless, he liked her the more for it. When he left the Covington Mansion that night it was as its new owner, and a prouder one never looked upon it.

CHAPTER XVII

“ I LIED, I LIED ! ”

IT WAS to be expected that the politicians would repeat every old report that had been circulated about James, then invent many new ones. Many a good man has been defeated in this manner when all other means have failed ; yet the real man will never stoop to hurling calumnies even though defeated. The real man will begin anew, and will build up an unconquerable defense in the minds of his constituents by convincing them that he is going to do something ; not by persuading them that no good can be found in his opponent, or that he has failed to keep the faith. Trust the people to find that out quickly enough ; they are looking for the man who will keep the faith with them.

James soon learned the result of his first effort to become a public officer. He was defeated, but not hopelessly. His opponent was so hilarious over the victory which he had won that he stood in the doorway of the Whaley store on the day after the election, inviting every man that passed into the store. James passed that corner of Washington Street and Market Street that day, and was invited in with the rest. Mr. Collins himself came out to him and urged him to go in.

For some reason James allowed himself to be persuaded in, but it was an unlucky move for him. Collins had said to him, “Don’t take it to heart ; every dog has his day ; come on in, friend.” As James was still very young he did as he was bidden ; but he found the place packed and the peculiar mixture of the atmosphere of the place, caused by smoked meats, groceries, whiskey, tobacco, and the nauseating breaths of human drunkards was a repulsive experience to

him. But he found many of the town's leading citizens seemingly enjoying the situation, for they joked and laughed at the indecent stories of their popular representative. James was determined that he would not show the white feather, even when Collins came to him, and led him back into the store, where he recognized Walter surrounded by many of his friends.

"Walt, meet our worthy opponent; you had a close call, perhaps the next time he will be successful; but we will look after that. It seems that he succeeded in defeating you at the marriage game; but you carried off the honors in yesterday's game."

Whaley's answer was an insult; not intended for James directly, but for his wife. He poured out a tale of obscene language, in imitation of his chief, which he gave as his reason for ending his engagement to Nellie Bratten. He ended by saying, "I can do as I please with any girl that I ever saw." James realized that Walter was intoxicated; yet he could not let such an insult pass unnoticed, unless he was willing to be branded a coward. With incredible swiftness he jerked Whaley from his chair to his feet and demanded in a low, but determined voice: "Say that you have lied, you base, dirty pig. Say it, or by God, I'll brain you."

Whaley was taken by such surprise that he was somewhat sobered. Grasping a corn cutter from the counter he raised it above his opponent's head. But his movements were slow, causing him to be too late in his murderous intents. James raised a stool above his head, then with a paralyzing blow, he struck the arm which held the knife a terrific blow. The knife rang against the floor, where it lay.

More sobered than ever, Whaley started behind the counter; but the blows continued to fall in rapid succession upon the half-bent back, until he fairly yelled, "Hear me, I lied—I lied."

Many a man has acted in haste, and repented at his leisure.

Many a man, during that leisure, has felt like the long-eared ass. But the thing being done, nothing remains except vain regrets. Yet if a man is not sordid in such grief, or in his love, he will never hate or shun the one to whose level he may have stooped. Rather, he will become big-hearted enough to resolve never again to stoop except it be to lift the more unfortunate brother to a higher level.

It was with a great grief within his heart that Purnell walked toward his mother's home. The Colonel had not been in the store, but he had been down town where he had been told of the fight by an eye-witness. He saw James a few paces away, and called to him. Knowing James' disposition the Colonel realized what must be the condition of his young friend's mind at that time. Therefore, he did not permit James to go to his mother, but led him to the Covington Mansion, where James made several efforts to explain; but he was unable to express his feelings over the unfortunate experience.

After they had sat in silence for a short time the Colonel said, "You need not attempt an explanation, James. No full-blooded American could have acted otherwise; I heard what that fellow said, and know what led you to act as you did. It is an unfortunate fact that such fellows are yielding to foreign influences, which are debasing the position of womanhood until we see men remain motionless when a woman is insulted by a filthy-mouthed libertine. I am afraid that the day is not far distant when the honor of woman will be an unknown quantity. We may never hitch them to our plows and wagons, but there are worse things than that. It was not so in our father's time; then common politeness was seen everywhere. To-day politeness is disappearing among the younger generation. Men are beginning to forget their hats in the presence of a lady. They no longer retire for a smoke or a drink; but invite their lady companions to join them. They remain seated while a woman stands, even seeming to

purposely neglect her. But the deference always shown by the true American to the weaker sex; that almost glorified position which she has held among us, has contributed greatly toward making us the greatest nation on earth. Woman is the crowning work of God's creation, and when we allow her to fall from that pedestal on which we have placed her; when she becomes as one of our mere possessions, to contribute to our happiness and pleasure; then we shall fall as a nation from the position that God intended that nation to hold which holds its women, not as chattels and white slaves, to be used as mere pawns of man's pleasure, but as the most noble work of God's hands."

James answered, "I did not intend to act the brute; yet that fellow has ruined my reputation already; I was determined he should not have such an easy time of it in ruining that of my wife. I became so incensed that I could no longer control myself. I made the mistake of allowing myself to be led into the hole in the first place. But I have determined to see him to-morrow. Perhaps we can get on better terms with one another."

The two friends talked for some time after this; then the Colonel remarked, "I think Jane wishes to see you." When he had said this he left the room.

In a few moments Jane entered. James arose, saying, "Well, sister, I am here again, and in trouble, as usual. I will be mighty sorry when you have gone to the city, for I seem to lack all those qualities which I find in you—goodness, determination, resolution,—and because I lack them I need a friend who will supply them. You will never know the inspiration that you have been to me."

"Whenever you talk like that, I know you want me to do something. What is it you wish now, James?"

"Some advice, that's all."

"I don't forget for what I am indebted to you, James; neither does my father. Whether in Philadelphia or else-

where I will not soon forget. But I wanted also to ask you a question concerning something that has worried me for some time; in fact, has worried all of us."

"Ask it Jane; I will do my best to answer it."

"I will probably not have the opportunity soon again." Then she lowered her voice almost to a whisper. "Have you noticed a great change in papa since the factory closed?"

"I will be plain with you; I have noticed it. Especially, he seems to stay around you girls and the house so much. He has always been so fond of the outdoors."

"Every day he goes out to the stable to his horse, but he never rides away as he used to do. It is not at all like him. Before this, he has seldom stayed with us at all."

"It may be because he has given up his business affairs. He now feels free to enjoy the comforts of his family and home."

"No," said Jane, "there is a physical change. He does not walk so erect. His eyes do not have that active fire in them that we are so used to seeing there. Remember that he is sixty-eight and has always worked hard. He knows that we must return to the city; but he continues to put it off as if he feared the city. I am really alarmed, and so are the other girls. I do not believe that we will ever get him there."

James had begun to answer her, but she pressed her finger to her lips for silence; then arose to meet her father as he returned to the room. That a change had taken place was very evident; it was now plain to James, who had been so engrossed in his own affairs that he failed to see the great difference in his old friend. His step was more slow; his voice, when he spoke was more low; and his unusually erect figure seemed to be bent considerably. He took more care as he sat down in his great arm-chair; his hands shook as he rested them on the arms of the chair.

All this the daughter seemed to watch as he seated himself. Then she went to him, raised one of his arms, sat upon

the arm of the chair, and put her arm caressingly around his bent shoulders. The contrast that she made was very vivid. James thought of the picture on his way home. The young girl in all her strength and health seemed to reveal the great change that had come over the father. He had forgotten the troubles of his friend in thinking of his own. Now he forgot his own when he thought of the Colonel and Jane's apprehension. But when he entered his wife's home the events of the day returned to his mind.

That she had heard of his trouble he felt sure. The sarcastic tone of Mrs. Bratten told him that much. When he had asked for Nellie, her mother answered, "She has been in bed all day; but little difference it seems to make to you."

"She did not seem sick when I left this morning. I had no idea that she was not feeling well. She generally is in bed when I leave."

The mother said no more, a fact for which James was glad. He attributed this to the fact that Mrs. Ward was in the kitchen with Mrs. Bratten.

He passed up to the room where Nellie was, but she refused to talk for sometime. Then he remarked, "Well, I am defeated, little girl."

"Just as I expected," she answered. "I reckon you'll be satisfied now."

James then related his troubles with Whaley; he wanted her to know the truth from him, but when she heard part of the cause—James would not repeat the whole remark—she seemed to change her attitude and voice. She even gave him one of her old glances that were filled with pride. "I am glad you did it," she said, with great force.

This was the first time that she had given him the slightest praise, either directly or indirectly, since he announced his determination to do something. And perhaps this came from her hatred of the man who had refused her because she was a weakling, without any depth of character or individu-

ality. It also gave James the opportunity of telling her that he had purchased the home of Colonel Riddle, and his plans for work. He had failed as a politician, not because of any inability or unworthiness, but because he was too honest. Barnum said, "The American people like to be humbugged." The majority of the public men of politics have wonderfully learned the showman's art.

His wife listened to the plans which James proposed for their future home without speaking. Perhaps she knew that she had a strong ally in her mother; but when he announced the second plan, his wife's gaze was one of indignant astonishment. James announced that he would enter the grocery firm of Powell, Hargis, and Company. According to Nellie's training and mode of thinking, it were far better to become a blacksmith than a groceryman, for grocerymen lived by dependence upon others. Of course Whaley's father was a groceryman, but what made the difference was, that he was wealthy. Was not her father a banker? She could never be the wife of a poor groceryman, who was one of a firm of several, perhaps the drudge of the Company. But times are changing rapidly; for to-day the merchant is held in the highest esteem, and the best families of such towns are, to a great extent, either connected with a merchant, or enjoying the fortunes made by merchants. It was a bitter day for Nellie and her mother when James came home sprinkled with flour, and smelling of coffee, smoked fish, and molasses.

It must be said to the credit of Powell, Hargis, and Company that they absolutely refused to sell intoxicating drinks of any kind. Because of this James did not hesitate to become a member of the firm. One of the reasons that it was impossible for a saloon to be dignified was because it robbed men who were the finest of gentlemen of all dignity; and the main reason that the merchant's calling has become dignified is the fact that the merchants have stopped carrying intoxicants as an article of trade. James' company soon realized

that they had gained a valuable member; he was quick and accurate; courteous, tireless, and possessed a wonderful executive ability. The old firm soon took on new life, and within a short time, it became the leading business house of Snow Hill.

This new work also gave James the opportunity to meet people, to talk with them. He made more friends in six months than he had made in all his life. When a lady drove to the store alone he was there to take care of her horse and baskets. When she left he went with her to the buggy or dearborn, unhitched the horse, turned it around, if necessary—for all women hate to turn a team around while others are looking—and started her on her homeward way, a sure disciple who would see that her husband, brothers, or father voted the right way at the next election. If one of the slower members approached them while in the store, the ladies almost invariably asked for James Purnell.

"What are we to do about this?" asked Mr. Powell on one occasion. "James can't be everywhere."

The customer smilingly, but frankly answered, "You will have to become as accommodating as he is."

These friends amply repaid their polite salesman at the next election. He was able to tell them many things to the mutual advantage of all. He persuaded them that the prevailing system of education was all wrong, and announced to them that he had a far better plan which he proposed to give the state if he were elected at the following election. He believed that if he centered all his efforts on one or two reforms at a time he would make better speed.

And so it proved to be. At the next election Walter Whaley was defeated by James, who represented his constituents at Annapolis. Here he became the father of the great educational bill of 1872 which gave every boy and girl in the state an equal chance. Around this law has been built the present system of education in Maryland.

But the first thing that he did when he had the opportunity was to attack the prevailing condition of morals in his own town. The mayor of the town was a puppet in the hands of Collins, whose education was very limited, having only reached the sixth grade in the grammar school. He cared nothing about the conditions of the town, having as his motto, "Make money in any way you can, nobody has anything to do with it as long as you do not interfere with others." He believed that all should have a good time in any way they wished. They might get drunk, they might gamble, they might be as hilarious as they pleased on the streets, it was nobody's business. He carried out these two principles, therefore he allowed all opportunities to act in any way that appealed to the animal in man.

He forgot, or did not know that the youth were a part of the town. The conditions of the houses were terrible. Dirt and disease were everywhere in the tenement section; the school was run by politics; the teachers were those who could not be placed anywhere else to advantage, and the children could go, or stay away, from school as they pleased. The parents even found it safer to keep the children away from such conditions. Men boasted that they were able to do anything with the law that they choose, for the mayor was their personal friend. They even caught the states-attorney, took him into a store, and forced whiskey down his throat, until he had to be taken home to his family, who never saw him intoxicated before in his life, for it was his first time. And the town's smart set was composed of men who were counted as the leaders of the town life, but in their imitation of New York they served champagne, egg-nog, cocktails, arranged dances where liquor was served, and practiced every kind of evil that they had heard of being done in the city.

Things had gone from bad to worse until an unseen calamity fell upon the town, taking the breath out of the

citizens for a short time at least. One of the chief citizens gave a dance to which he had invited several of the boys and girls of his set. He served a great deal of wine with the following dinner, which was drunk by the older guests as well as the younger. His wife noticed that their son was not drinking like the rest, therefore she took the opportunity that presented itself as she went to the kitchen in response to a call from the servants, to say to her son, "A gentleman is supposed to drink as much as his guests." When he had received, in addition to this, several meaning looks from her, he yielded to her wishes and drank as much as any of the rest. One of the young girls did the same, and after the dance she proposed that he take her for a drive. The Negro servant who hitched up the horse stated that he had to help the two of them into the buggy. When he returned he entered the room, which still contained several of the guests, all of which he drove out at the point of a pistol. He acted like a demoniac; he smashed things right and left; he inquired for his mother, who had taken fright and had locked herself in her room. Not being able to get to her he threw himself upon the divan in the drawing room, where he at last fell into a troubled sleep from sheer exhaustion. The search for the girl lasted all night. She was found the next day about a mile from town where she had been murdered by her drunken escort. The boy's meeting with his mother the next day was a heart-rending scene. Pointing his finger at his mother, he exclaimed:

"You made me a drunkard and a murderer. I don't want to see you again. You told me that a gentleman must drink as much as his guests. I've killed one of them. She was your kind. Now I'm a murderer and so are you. Go away from me and let me die."

Even the hands of the church people were tied so that they were helpless. Nearly all the members of the party in power were members of one church; those belonging to the other

party were members of the other. They could have joined together for righteousness, but that was out of the question, for they would have been opposing the men of their party. They would have been called turncoats, mollicoddles, and other worse things. Better to let the young people be ruined; better to see them go to the dogs, than anything like that. It is much easier to blame the young people for being godless, wild, of no account, hopeless, but the day will come in such communities when the parents and older people will find out that they are the wild, lazy, indifferent, godless bearers of these crimes against Christian civilization.

There seemed to be only one thing that James could do to remedy this condition. He would have to break up the power of Collins and his supporters. To do this he found that he would have to work from the inside. Therefore he enlisted the support of Whaley, thus proving that he had a great ability as an organizer. For this he was much criticised by many, who believed that Whaley had been a supporter of the conditions which James wanted to remove. But James saw that he was killing two birds with the same stone. He would be destroying the sting of his greatest enemy, and he would be breaking the force of his opponent at home. In this way he was able to accuse the Mayor of embezzlement of public money, and dismissed, or forced him to resign on condition that James did not mention the crime to the public. This James readily promised on another condition: that the Mayor never enter politics again.

During his experiences at Annapolis, James knew that to accomplish his greatest desire he must be elected in the place of Collins who was at Washington as senator. He also knew that there were many a step between him and that goal; yet there lay his crowning chance to serve the people of Maryland and the Nation. By receiving the support of Whaley and his friends he knew that he had effectively closed the mouth through which much of that which was

false concerning him had issued. He also trusted in his ability to explain the motive, on this ground, to his staunch supporters who seemed to oppose this part of his plan.

In this he had judged and acted rightly. The support of Whaley gave him the power that he needed and his next step was to the Governor's chair. Those who remember that exciting campaign—and there are many still living who took part in it—will be able to recall that Purnell swept the State by proclaiming that all school books would be free if he were elected. Now if a man believes that he will get something free he will do almost anything that is asked of him; for he does not always see that the thing is impossible without increased cost to him through taxes. The common people get nothing but what they pay for, yet the more they pay, the more advantages they will have. Because this plan worked, Purnell became Maryland's Executive, thereby enabling him to give his State a wonderful administration, although he was the youngest governor who had ever been elected. All public schools were made free, with free books and supplies. Besides this he laid the foundation for Maryland's system of good roads by building many miles of them while in office. This enabled Maryland to lead all the other states in the development of fine roads.

This new position also required James to move his family to the old town of Annapolis. Here he lived in the Executive Mansion, with his wife and his adopted daughter. His wife seemed to be reconciled to her life as the wife of a politician, for it was more than she ever expected to be. It even surpassed anything that her mother had planned for her. Even then she objected strenuously to this plan of his to take Kitty with them; but when she found that at Annapolis the girl would be known not as Kitty Fodders, the foundling, but Katherine, the Governor's daughter, she made no further objections.

Indeed it was a fine thing that he was able to do this. He

had not been Governor for more than three years, when a very grievous blow fell upon him. In the midst of his busy planning and executing his duties the hand of death fell upon his family, removing his wife from him. It was a hard blow, for he was devoted to her in spite of her nature. His wife was indebted to his character, and to Mrs. Ward, for this devotion. James was one of those men, who, having once set their affections upon the woman of their choice, never change; therefore his character would not permit him to become discouraged or dissatisfied for very long. Then his friendship with Mrs. Ward permitted her to smooth over many rough, unpleasant places in his married life.

On one occasion, when Nellie had been severely critical and James had gone to his mother, he found Mrs. Ward in her usual place by the fireplace. He had told his mother part of the trouble—there were some things he could not tell even to his mother—while Mrs. Ward continued to hold her head cocked to one side, while she nodded assent from time to time. When he had finished she said, "James, do not misunderstand your wife, nor allow her to misunderstand you. Some say different, but I know that she is not well. Trivial mistakes sometimes blight the blossoms of love before they are half grown; love dies because a young husband is determined, or because a young wife is selfish and stubborn, when she does not understand her condition. Give her time to grow. She has been petted too much; but not by the right people. A husband must never fail to pet his wife if he wishes to overcome her caprices and foolish notions. But he must be firm in his own convictions at the same time; it is the only way. A woman hates a man whose opinions are like the pendulum of the clock. She likes to know what to expect of her husband, even if it is not what she might like. Determined persuasion will not work; the same methods that were used before marriage must be continued after marriage. Then like results will be accomplished."

James replied, "Miss Anne, I never heard such philosophy from you before. I was expecting some more of your cures or superstitions, but you have spoken what I believe to be wisdom."

"Ain't my superstitions wisdom? I don't know what you would call them if they ain't."

"But what you have been saying is so much more practical."

"It was learned in the school of experience; that school what costs more than any other, honey."

James realized the value of this advice. Knowing the nature of his wife as he did, he felt that what Mrs. Ward had said was true. He returned to Nellie, asked her forgiveness and resolved to be more patient with her in the future. He never regretted that resolution, nor the efforts it took to keep it. After that day he never mentioned economy, he never talked of work or wages; he never spoke to her of Kitty Fodders until after he was elected Governor, and was planning to remove to Annapolis, for he knew that if he did his wife would call her mother, and his resolution would go to destruction. She always stopped him from talking of practical things by losing her breath, and by calling her mother. She never permitted him to reason with her or to be serious about business affairs.

Since becoming the mistress of the Governor's Mansion at Annapolis, Nellie had seemed more happy. She had no cares whatever, for they were successfully administered by the housekeeper. She did have many social duties, however; and it must be admitted that, with her mother's help, which she had nearly always, for her mother spent the most of her time at Annapolis now, she became noted as an entertainer of entertainers, a hostess of noted hostesses.

It was after one of the many social affairs had been held at the Governor's Mansion that she demonstrated to James the happiness that she seemed to enjoy as the first lady of the

State. The Governor had waited until the last guest had retired; then he entered his private office in order to attend to some very important matters of state. A bill had been passed by the State legislature to permit a railroad company to build a branch line of tracks from Harrington, Delaware, to a new terminal at Franklin City, in Virginia. It was necessary for him to sign the bill that night or it would not become official. He especially favored the bill because it would permit the railroad to pass through his county and home town. It would give an outlet over land to the people along the coast in Delaware and Maryland. As the Governor seated himself at his desk he heard the soft rustle of satin; then the voice of his wife, who very seldom entered that office. She stepped up behind his chair, placed her arms around his neck, and said: "Governor James, I am very happy tonight; are you?"

"I am glad to hear that, Nellie; I hope you will always be."

"There is one thing that will make me the happiest woman in the State of Maryland."

"What is that, honey?"

"Just let me sign my name and yours to that bill giving our county a railroad."

"There it is, honey; sign it," he said jokingly, as he handed her the newly passed bill.

She reached for the pen, but he stayed her arm gently. "You can't do that, Nellie; the bill would not be accepted. They would believe it to be a forgery," he explained.

But her resolution seemed as iron. She was desperately determined to do it. When he would not permit it she accused him of being unfair, dishonest because he had told her that she could sign it. She accused him of not loving her, of neglecting her, and of desiring to make her unhappy. He thought she was about to lapse into one of those breathless states again; but he was thankful that for once her mother was out of range of her calls. Nellie actually called for her mother, perhaps out of habit, but that lady happened

to be spending the night at Baltimore. Then he said, "I'll tell you what we'll do; you dip the pen in the ink, then place your hand upon mine, and we'll sign it together. This she did, and it seemed to satisfy her. At the time he thought that the absence of her mother contributed greatly to her quiet acquiescence. But that proved to be her last official act; she became so sick that night that James sent for her mother to return from Baltimore, and for Mrs. Ward to hurry from Snow Hill. Although there were many good nurses nearer that he could have engaged, he felt that their old nurse would be more acceptable than a stranger.

She lingered upon her bed very quietly for several days; then the State was greatly bereaved by the death of the young wife of its Governor. Mrs. Ward felt that she had not been of much use, but was very well pleased that they had sent for her. She was able to aid James in many ways that a stranger would not have thought of, and the whole of the arrangements that could be attended to only by a woman devolved upon her. Nellie's mother resigned all of these into her hands. Although the occasion of her visit was a most sad one the old friend never tired of talking of the time that she had stayed at the Governor's Mansion at "Annapalas" with "Guverner Jim."

CHAPTER XVIII

THE GOVERNOR'S BEREAVEMENT

THE death of his wife was a great bereavement to the Governor. As he bent beneath his sorrow no amount of energy that he might put into his work seemed to efface, in the least, his memory of the last few days spent with her; those days that seemed for such suffering; that they were the first of their married life during which she relied entirely upon his strength. While he sat upon the edge of her bed, with her hand in his, and her pleading eyes looking up in his, she said, "My Governor, have you ever been sorry that you married me?"

"It is foolish for you to ask that," he answered, tenderly, "why such a question?"

"Because I know that I have failed to help you; while another seemed always to be able to aid you at all times."

"Of whom are you speaking now, Nellie?"

"Of Jane Riddle, of course. If I only had her nature. If I could have known her as you have, perhaps I could have learned from her."

"Jane has always been a sister to me. Ever since I saved her life from the river she has taken a deep interest in my affairs. She always made me feel that I was welcome; that she loved me as a brother; but I loved you many years before I knew her, you know, and she knew it too."

"Yet, James, I cannot help but feel that we should have forgotten each other after you saved her. I did not deserve your love, anyhow. If you had turned your love toward her I believe our lives would both have been more satisfactory."

"How can you say that, Nellie dearest? You are sick now,

and naturally despondent. Wait until you are well; then we will talk this over."

"No, James, I will have no other chance to say what I have wanted to say for a long time. I never desired you to act differently toward me, although I have felt many times that it would have been better. I always loved you, even when I censured myself of not having the strength to act differently toward you."

"Do you think, Nellie, that I desired things to be different? What is that to me, when I had my choice and chose you?"

"Sometimes you called me little silly, James, and I know I was; even though I did not want to believe it. I knew, too, that you were not in earnest; yet I knew you might have been. Now I am going to be silly again." A quiet smile spread over her countenance.

"Be as silly as you please, Nellie, I will never think you are."

"Then don't think me unreasonable when I say that I want to see Jane. I have often wished to see her, but I envied her every minute she was with you. I did not want her near you. Now I know that she could have become a great friend to me as well as you. I want to see her now; I want to tell her so, myself."

"Then I will send for her."

"Please do, as soon as possible."

"I shall do so this night; now if you wish."

"I do wish it James; I am so anxious to see her. I believe I did both of you a great wrong by marrying you. I should have stayed single. Then I could have always been your sister."

"Don't say that Nellie. We have always been happy. Don't tell her that, for she would not like to hear you talk so."

"God knows that I have been happy, James, too happy.

Now you go to your office, Governor, and I will try to sleep awhile; but I hope Jane comes very soon."

"As soon as we can get her here," he said, as he went out to send the message.

He retired to his office feeling that her words had been a mild reproach; although he knew that his wife did not mean them to be. He also felt that she was very sick. He tried to convince her mother that she was sick, but that lady continued her social activities, feeling that it was more important to return visits than to spend the time by the bedside of her sick daughter, who had sent for another in order that she might have a sympathetic woman with her. Mrs. Bratten was having the time of her life. James lost no time in despatching a message to Jane.

When he returned to his wife's room she seemed to be sleeping restlessly; but as he bent over her she opened her eyes and inquired, "Have you sent the message?"

"Yes, I have sent it; and I hope that her coming might speed your recovery."

"I am afraid nothing can do that. Oh, James, I do not want to leave you; yet I may leave a better memory by going now than if many more years were spared me, for then I might undo what I have attempted to do."

James could stand it no longer. Feeling that she would rest better without him, he went to the next room; but not to sleep. He heard every move that she made and was often at her bedside during the night. Mrs. Ward remained with Nellie with orders from James not to say a word to his wife. Toward morning she seemed to sleep more peacefully, and Mrs. Ward retired for her rest. During the following days James continued near her throughout the day and night.

On the third day from the time James sent the message Jane arrived. As it was late when she reached the Mansion she thought it the best policy not to see Nellie until the next

day. She was also very tired from her journey, for a railroad trip at that time was not as pleasant as one of the same distance to-day. Travelers of to-day do not appreciate the comforts that are theirs unless they are acquainted with the discomforts and inconveniences of thirty years ago.

The next morning James told his wife that Jane had arrived. She was very anxious to see her. She hardly gave her time to get anything to eat before she was calling for her. When Jane came in Nellie clung to her as to a long lost friend, for she was not satisfied to permit her to leave the room during the entire day. Mrs. Bratten came and went as usual; but Jane remained by the invalid's bedside.

That night, however, all became much alarmed at the change that seemed to take place in the demeanor of Nellie. Even her mother now became worried. Jane's arrival seemed to be the one event for which Nellie had waited. About ten o'clock that night Nellie asked all to leave the room except Jane. "I want to talk to her alone," she stated. The rest went below leaving the two alone for nearly an hour.

At the expiration of that time Jane entered the room, her face full of speechless grief, while the tears seemed to force their way from her eyes. James realized the meaning of her sympathetic appeal. "Oh, Jane," he cried, and with a few bounds he was up the stairs.

It was as he had feared. His wife was peacefully breathing her last breaths. He fell upon her bed and wept as a man weeps but once or twice in his life. Misunderstood by all, perhaps even by her husband sometimes, she had found quiet rest while the presence of Jane, who seemed able to aid everyone, was with her. And her quiet ways and demeanor, her wise counsel, seemed to guide all within that Mansion during the days that followed. The mother, who had reigned supreme when she was there, was prostrated with grief and unable to attend to anything. Mrs. Ward volunteered to look after the household affairs, and Jane ef-

fectively and quietly despatched the social duties. She answered many letters and messages; she received numerous callers; she cared for Katherine, who was now old enough to know what had happened, and who had learned to love Nellie. But the child would not allow Mrs. Bratten to touch her. The Mother seemed to turn toward Katherine as a second daughter; but her harsh treatment and words had alienated the affections of the child. Now when she wanted her she could not appeal to Katherine in any way. When Jane sat down the child clung to her; when she moved about the house Katherine followed closely, begging to be led or carried. Thus kindness and unkindness often reap their rewards.

After the Governor had returned to Annapolis from the funeral, which was held at Snow Hill, he found great consolation in the presence of his adopted daughter. She kept him from many heavy political duties for hours at a time, but he seemed never to care. He told her many stories, drew pictures for her, and listened, with great pleasure to childish prattle. Many a man's deepest sorrows have been bridged by the presence of a child. James was then very glad that he had adopted her; she had proved the God send that he wished. In his hours of loneliness, when he remembered his trials, he would go to the sleeping child; and while he bent over the bed he would say, with religious fervor, "Surely God is in this place, and I am not alone." On one of these occasions, he thought of the time Christ experienced great sorrow; when He took up the little child in His divine arms, and when he had blessed it he said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." He, once the country boy, now the Governor of his State; once the accused thief, now the respected chief executive, asked in all earnestness, "Why cannot the world accept the kingdom as little children?" In that acceptance alone lies our eternal safety.

Have you ever thought why it is that people like company? Work or play is not enjoyed unless there is someone near who talks; and men dislike to be left alone for very long at a time. Men have been made alike; made human, and they are fond of company. Men like to be with people; to-day we seldom hear of hermits. Men are all children to each other; grown up children. Because this is so, men are influenced by each other's company. The other may still be a child, but the fact remains even then.

There is an immense amount of sympathy that we unconsciously ask others to give us. The child who is hurt is quickly satisfied by a few words of sympathy and a kiss or two; and so is the grown-up child. When in trouble man wants to talk over it to someone; he expects sympathy; he generally gets it. But the danger lies in the fact that we may become burden givers, rather than burden bearers, if we very often seek the precious gift of sympathy; it ought not to be bought or asked at the cost of another's peace. When we go to the child in sympathy this danger does not exist.

The burdens of a governor must be borne by him. The burdens that James bore were many and heavy. He often said that the presence of the child, Katherine, enabled him to face the hardest tasks with a lighter heart and a clearer brain. Especially at his meals did he enjoy her company.

On one of these occasions the Rev. Mr. McMaster was dining with him and Katherine. The child was installed in the place of honor at the table, from which she executed her will like a little queen. During the course of the meal the child looked at the minister and said, "Why don't you dwess like Gidinon?"

"Who," asked the minister.

"Gidinon," the child persisted.

"Who, who?"

"That's what the owl says," she laughed. "Your feet won't stay on a limb; you're no owl."

The minister laughed heartily, but James was much embarrassed, until his old friend remarked, "Don't mind that, I want to get to the bottom of this." Then he spoke again to the child.

"Katherine, where did you hear of Gidion, honey?"

"Gidion, the man of the Bible."

"Oh, you mean Gideon, don't you; why, how does he dress?"

"Why he wears a towel wrapped around his head, and an old rag for a dress."

The minister was much amused at her description. "Men don't dress like that to-day; it's not the fashion. Does Daddy Jim ever talk to you about the fashions?"

"Daddy says men don't care for fashions like the women do, but I believe you do. I'm not going to worry either, I'm going to be governor when I get big."

Sometime after this James and his little daughter were enjoying an old-fashioned Southern dinner of corn bread and molasses, when she said, "My, this 'lasses is 'liscious." Then she looked through the window for a few moments while she watched the heavy rain storm in silence. Turning suddenly to the Governor she solemnly asked, "Daddy, who sends the rain?"

"God does, honey."

"The whole expanse is covered with God's tears; he must be very sad at the ways of men."

"Who told you that, Kitty?" Sometimes James called her Kitty as a pet name, but he did not permit others to do so.

"God told me while I was looking out the window."

Sometimes the Governor had to devise means of punishment for the mischievous elf. Although he controlled the State police and the Militia he could hardly turn her over to them. On one occasion he threatened to put her in a

closet; but she pleaded, "The devil is in that closet; don't put me in there; the devil is in there." He laughed at this, but dismissed that mode of punishment from his mind for all time.

The Governor very seldom permitted Katherine in his private office, but one day the little son of his private secretary was playing with Katherine. They came into the office while James was very busy. After a short time he turned to ask them to play somewhere else when he was struck at what he heard her saying. They were looking at a picture of a group of chickens in a small story book.

Her little companion said, "Them chickens is ripe."

"No they're not ripe, else they'd be growing on bushes," she answered.

The Governor stopped his work to listen for a while. Then he heard her say:

"You're vewy wicked an' bad. Mr. Master preaches to bad people. I'm going to preach to you." She climbed upon a chair, and began. "When you're good, you go to Heaven where your Father is, God you know." She then suddenly turned to the boy, and said, "Old man, stick your shirt tail in." When she said that, James burst into a loud laugh, thus breaking up the service. He had begun to think that in taking Mrs. Ward's advice about the baby when he received her, that he had done her a favor. The next morning after he took the baby home, Mrs. Ward came to see it.

"Now honey," she said, "You take this baby upstairs to the garret, before you take it out of the house again. That will make it high-minded. Then as soon as the weather is good, take her out to the fields, find a running brier that is fastened to the ground by both ends, put the child under it, and she will never have diphtheria. Don't cut her hair until she is a year old; never put her dresses on over her head, or you will be shrouding her; never measure her, or you will

be measuring the length of her coffin; and never let her see in a looking glass, or she will die."

"Well, Miss Anne," he had answered, "I will try to do as you say."

During the term of Governor Purnell he succeeded in having built many of the roads of Maryland. A few years later his state led all the rest in building hard roads. Two railroads were also constructed: one from Harrington, Delaware, to Franklin City, Virginia; the other from Claiborne, on the Chesapeake Bay, to Ocean City on the Atlantic Ocean. These roads opened an era of great prosperity for the people of the sea-side of the Eastern Shore Peninsula, and Purnell's further usefulness as a public servant was fully assured.

The Virginia branch, beginning at Harrington, was a single track road, which created much discussion on Chincoteague Island. There are, to this day, many old people who have not seen any other land except that of the island, for they have never been off the place. All that they knew or saw were fish and boats and oysters. Some of these older people, at the time of the beginning of this railroad, were very anxious to know how two trains passed each other on one track. They had been told many tales about it that they did not believe even in their ignorance. The discussion continued until, finally, an old citizen, about seventy-five, volunteered to cross to the main-land, and find out for them.

"Boys," said he, "I have never been off this island; and I have often said that I never would go; but I'm a goin' t' see how them blamed trains pass each other." And he did. He crossed to Franklin City, where he watched in great astonishment, as the huge iron monster crept to the very edge of the water, unloaded its human freight, and slowly backed on the "Y."

While that train stood there, a freight train pulled up to the station, thus obstructing the old man's view of the pas-

senger train. In a few minutes he saw that train speeding up the track on its return journey to Philadelphia. A trainman explained the operation to the satisfaction of the amazed islander.

"Well, if that don't beat me all holler," he said. "I never seen anything like that in all my life. I couldn't tell to save my life how it was done." He then boarded the boat for the island home, where he would be the hero of his companions who were anxious to know the truth about "Them darned things."

It is on this island that there lives a notable character by the name of Captain Jack Truitt. He has been the captain of an oyster smack for many years, and is noted, not for any especial service that he has done for humanity, but for the enormous amount that he can eat. A story of this community would not be considered well written unless there was some mention of the great eater of Chincoteague Island. But my readers will doubt what I tell them, until they come to this place in order to see this man, for he is still living and working.

There were several salesmen stopping at the hotel at Franklin City who had heard that this captain had eaten a barrel of oysters. These men did not believe it, but were told that it was the truth. Truitt had placed a barrel of oysters on the freight platform on which he had piled three hundred clams. Into this barrel he put a hose after connecting it to a freight engine, then got the engineer to turn on the steam. In this way he steamed the oysters and clams by one operation. Then he poured the contents of the barrel upon the platform, took his knife, and proceeded to eat everyone of them. These salesmen were not inclined to believe this story; but in the morning they had proof sufficient to convince them. When they came down to breakfast they found on the table a meal prepared for the eight salesmen and the captain, who had decided to stay at the hotel that

night. When they had sat down to the table the captain remarked that there was only enough there for one good man and dared them to touch any of it. Being strangers, these men did not eat anything, but waited until the captain got enough. They were disappointed, however, for he never got enough. He ate the entire breakfast, walked into the kitchen, and finished all that there was there. The hungry salesmen went without breakfast until they reached Stockton where they related what had happened.

During one of the captain's trips after oysters his crew brought with them provisions for several days, as they thought. Among these supplies they had brought eight fried chickens, expecting to fare well on that trip at least. But to their astonishment, when they awakened in the morning, they found that Truitt had eaten every piece of chicken during the night, and their hopes were ended. When the captain returned from this trip, which lasted about three days, he told his wife that he had not gotten enough to eat, and was very hungry. The truth of the matter was that his men refused to cook for him, and he was too lazy to do it for himself. He asked his wife if there was anything in the house to eat. Not waiting for her answer, he went to the pantry where he found a pan of eggs. His wife told him that she had gotten two dozen and a half of eggs from a neighbor that day in order to set under two hens that were upon the nests.

"Don't take my setting eggs," she begged.

"I'm hungry, and I want a omelet," answered the captain.

"You will get it yourself, then," was his wife's answer.

The captain was undaunted by this reply. Hastily breaking the eggs into a large pan, he soon had an omelet made of the whole lot. It was a very short time until her "two settings" of eggs had disappeared.

He has been known to devour fifteen pounds of drum fish, twelve pounds of roast beef, and other meats in the same

proportion. He eats the smaller species of fish by the dozen, never stopping to remove any of the bones, except the head and back-bone. His wife, getting tired of cooking for him, forced him to eat at the hotel, where he pays double the amount of board that is charged an ordinary boarder. Besides this peculiar trait of character Captain Truitt has another. He will never enter a door except his own and the door of the hotel. When he visits his neighbors he calls them out of the house while he talks to them. When he goes to church, which is very seldom, he stands at the window in order to hear the sermon. He attends many funerals, but never has been known to enter the houses. Even on occasions when he has been selected as pall-bearer, he never touches the casket until it is brought out of the house.

The opening of the Shore railroad was celebrated by an excursion, which was advertised extensively throughout the region south of Philadelphia, and Baltimore. In this advertisement there was a description of Captain Truitt as one of the characters to be seen. The Captain did not think much of this, and stayed out of sight until some of the railroad officials persuaded him to appear. This he did after being given permission by the officials to run his boat as an excursion boat to Chincoteague Island. In this way he was well paid for his appearance as the famous eater. Franklin City was called the "New Summer Resort" on the Chincoteague Bay that had just been opened, and about nine hundred excursionists came from the near-by cities in order to spend a sultry day of Summer at the seashore. When they arrived they were a group of disgruntled, disappointed, hot men and women, for there was nothing to see but water and marsh. Besides this the tide had come in, making it impossible to walk anywhere without walking in black, slimy, oyster mud. They could buy nothing to eat but cheese and crackers, which were sold at the one small store in the place, and to add to their pleasures they became the prey of myri-

ads of mosquitoes that infest the vast marshes and tide-water flats of this region. The only thing that remained to do was to take a boat ride to Chincoteague on the boat of Captain Truitt. Many of them took advantage of this diversion to spend the day until the train left for the cities.

It happened that there was a "pony penning" on the island that day. Such an event was held once every year, at which time the beach ponies were rounded up, in the same manner that westerners round up their cattle or horses in the Spring. The small, hardy, beach pony is allowed to graze and become fat upon the thick marsh grass that grows in abundance in this region, during the Fall and Winter. Every man brands his stock before they are turned out to pasture; then in the Spring a large pen is placed near the town of Chincoteague. The boys, some on horses, some on foot, form a line around the marshes of the island, from which they drive the horses and cattle that have escaped the many quagmires and bottomless pits of the marsh, into this pen, where the largest and finest beasts are separated from the rest, for immediate sale and use. The rest are allowed to go free for another year. These "pennings" would appear tame as compared by a westerner to the round-up of the plains; but they afford great fun for the inhabitants of the island, and for many other people who go there to see the penning. A great many of these ponies find homes in the neighboring states where they are used for riding and driving horses. Of course a great many of the visitors from a distance go there in order to buy the ponies.

These pennings are generally held on the first Wednesday in August of each year. On this day thousands of the farmers, and many residents of the towns, gather at a red bank of sand, on which there are many pine trees, which is called Red Hills. This pleasant place is just across the Chincoteague Bay from the island, and affords a fine place to bathe, as there is a long, sloping beach of sand, although cut

off from the strong breakers of the ocean by the island. From early in the morning until the evening teams might be seen on their way to Red Hills, where friends and relatives spread a bountiful meal of many different foods, the most important of which is fried spring chicken. Everybody is given a cordial invitation to join, for there is always a great quantity left, which these good housekeepers do not like to "carry" home, if there is anyone to eat it. Many of these people also cross the Bay in order to see the ponies caught.

Mrs. Ward never failed to attend this gathering of people at Red Hills. For several days before she made her plans to take the whole family with her, and the rest of the family looked forward to the first Wednesday in August with great anticipation. The children especially enjoyed it, for it meant that they could put on an old lot of clothing, and spend the entire day in the water. One year Mrs. Ward had planned to go with a neighbor, who came past her house a little earlier than she expected. Of course her children were ready, but Mrs. Ward had not fried her indispensable chicken. The neighbor was in a hurry, and she did not want to miss the trip, therefore she heated several bricks in the oven while she changed her dress, placed the partly cooked chicken, with the hot bricks, in the back of the carriage, and went on her way rejoicing.

After she arrived at Red Hills she took out her dinner, during which process the excited children pointed out to her several of her friends. "I hain't time t' look now, children. Waver at them and tell them to come here."

The children "wavered" as they were bid, and in a short time there were several women talking excitedly to their old friend, who told them all about her new fireless cooker.

"I was in a hurry, so I put these bricks and chicken in the back of the carriage together, and it sputtered and crackled all the way to Red Hills, and when I got here it was fried as brown as a berry." No one seemed to dispute her word, for

it was not long disappearing into the mouths of several hungry children who had made the trip for that express purpose.

CHAPTER XIX

AN EASTERN SHORE "ROUND-UP"

IT WAS to one of these gatherings that Katherine went with her father for the first time when she was fourteen years old. James had spent two hard but happy terms as Governor of his State, but was then living a quiet life at the Covington House in Snow Hill, before he began his campaign the United States Senator from Maryland. Katherine was a great lover of horses and could always be found where they were. When she heard of the penning at Chincoteague she expressed a desire to cross to the island in order to see it. James readily agreed to go with her, for it had been some time since he had seen a penning. During the sale that followed, Katherine expressed a wish to have one of these ponies. Her father was talking to a friend at the time, but Walter Whaley, who was talking to Katherine at the time, said, "If you want one, you shall have it."

There was a very fine one being sold at that time. Walter stepped closer to the auctioneer, joined the bidding, and soon became the owner of the pony, which he presented to Katherine on the spot. Her father objected, but Whaley pressed the gift upon the girl "For old time's sake." James could see no good reason for not allowing her to accept, therefore she became the owner of a fine riding horse.

After Whaley had left them James said to her, "You should not have allowed him to buy the horse; you know that I would have been glad to have done so."

But the gift had been accepted, and was sent to the stables at Snow Hill. It was not long until she had learned to ride very well, for the pony proved to be comparatively gentle

and tractable. She often took long rides through these southern counties, and even into Accomac. On many of these rides she was accompanied by Whaley, who seemed to have very little else to do, although he still was given work of a political nature by James, who desired to have his friendship in order to aid his own cause. Then, too, James thought that it was safer for Katherine to have some man along who could be her protector. As Whaley was many years her senior he was treated by her as another father, therefore proving a good protector. But many times some of the younger men would be seen with her.

One of these young men who had become one of her favorite companions was the son of Howard and Rose Irvin, who still lived at the old Irvin home adjoining that of the Purnells. He had been born a few months after Katherine was found floating upon the mattress, therefore he was very nearly as old as Katherine. He was named for his grandfather, Clifton Irvin, Junior. Still another companion of her age, who accompanied her often, was John Mason, of Stockton. This young man was the grandson of R. E. Mason who had died at the home of Mrs. Purnell several years before the boy's birth. These two younger men were rivals for the affections of Katherine; they were both much provoked on those many occasions when she rode away with her older cavalier and protector.

Before coming to Snow Hill to live again, this time in the Covington mansion, James had proved to the citizens of Maryland that they could place their trust in him; yet he came back somewhat disappointed, for he had not had an opportunity to fulfill his resolution concerning the important question that led him into politics; the question that was becoming the leading issue in many of the southern and western states of the Union. He saw that he must wait a better opportunity than he had ever had if he wished to deal a decisive blow to the liquor traffic which was enslaving

the brains of many more men than any other evil ever had. This opportunity, he felt, lay in the Senate of the United States. He therefore declared his intention of becoming a candidate for that high office. He knew that he would be defeated for governor that year, not because he had lost many of his adherents, but because his rival at the primaries, who lived in the western part of the state, and who had been defeated, had declared that he would not submit to the results of the primaries, but would become an independent. This would split the Democratic vote, resulting in a Republican victory for the governorship. This foresightedness on the part of Purnell proved true, for that year a Republican was elected in Maryland for the first time in twenty years. Therefore he decided long before the election that it would be safer for him to take this opportunity of being elected a senator.

A few days after James and his daughter arrived at Snow Hill a strange woman called to see him. She was ushered into the large drawing room to await the arrival of James, who was out in the town somewhere. When he returned he said that he had driven several miles out into the country in order to see one of his farms that was situated in that part of Nassawadox Forest where the Old Furnace stood. This property formerly belonged to the Princess Anne company which operated the Iron Furnace. The old furnace has an interesting history because it was one of the first industries of Worcester County. Some iron ore had been discovered there, the furnace had been built, but it never proved a success on account of the poor quality of the ore. The huge brick furnace is still standing. It remains one of the interesting spots of this romantic region.

When Governor Purnell returned he entered the drawing room where the strange woman awaited him. She unsteadily arose to her feet and remained standing until he spoke to her. She seemed to have lost all power of speech. Her frail form

and her emaciated face showed that she had been a sufferer; but her features clearly indicated that she had once been a beautiful woman.

"What mission has brought you to me this day? If I can help you, do not hesitate to speak," the Governor said.

After a long hesitation, and several attempts at swallowing, she answered, "My mission is peculiar and may sound so unreasonable that you may not believe me. But whatever your decision hear me until I have finished my story."

"I assure you of that; speak without any fear."

"You will be surprised then, when I say that today I have seen my long lost daughter."

Her voice was low, soft, and distinct. He was surprised at the mode of language that he heard from such a poorly dressed woman.

"Where do you mean that you saw her? I do not understand."

The Governor was becoming alarmed.

"Sir, she is in this house; she met me at the door."

"Do you mean Katherine? Surely you are mistaken; I have had her for over fourteen years. She is a daughter to me."

"I know it, Governor Purnell; over fourteen years ago I was ship-wrecked in Sinepuxent Bay. The sailors abandoned the ship during the night, they disappeared, I do not know where. I loved my baby, and feared for its life; so I stayed in the cabin, hoping and praying that we would be saved. Then the sea seemed to become calmer for a short time, and the idea came to me to save the baby by tying my darling to the captain's mattress and letting her drift to land on the waves. After I let it float away I became so desperate that I was going to jump after it; but God saved me from doing that by sending a great wave that struck the boat, and threw my head against the side of the cabin with such force that I became unconscious. The next thing I knew several men

were taking me to the hotel at Stockton, where I learned that my bady had been saved, and that you had taken it. I had nothing for her but sorrow and a hard life of toil, therefore I decided that you would give her a better home than I ever could, although it tore my heart to leave her and to disappear. I determined never to see her again; but several days ago I read in a Baltimore paper that you had come here to Snow Hill, and I just had to see my child again. It was the hunger of fourteen years that I had to satisfy. But she does not know me; I do not intend to make her unhappy in that way. Oh, Sir, forgive a mother for coming to see her daughter after such a long absence."

The Governor was much moved by her story. "I do forgive you; but what do you intend to do now that you have seen her? Will you take her from me?"

"No—Oh no, Sir—but you have a large house and much work to be done to keep it in order. Let me stay where I can see her every day; I will work for you as I have been working for others; then I can try to repay you for all that you have done for her. I promise that I will never tell a thing if you, in your turn will hire me and never ask to know more of my story."

"Woman, the day will come when you must tell if you live here; the day when she demands to know her origin I shall send her to you. She has already asked questions; I cannot always put her off with answers for children."

"When the time comes, Sir, I will tell you and her; but give me time; only allow me to stay where I can see her sometimes; where I can look after her if she learns to permit it. So help me God, I will never tell her anything until I have your permission."

The woman's pleading seemed so sincere that he could not oppose her suggestion.

"I believe you, woman, and I can keep my own counsel as well as any other. There is a good room in the western end

of the third story; you may take that. You can aid in keeping the house clean; but never a word about your relationship to the girl. Perhaps you can keep a motherly eye upon her; maybe you can give her some of that advice that only one woman may give another. Are you a Christian?"

"I was once, and I have always tried to live as one."

"All right; she seems to be inclined to lean the other way; try to change her mind, but don't alienate her from your affections."

"Try to trust me, Governor Purnell, to do the right thing, even though I do not look very capable of doing it now."

The woman could hold back her tears no longer; she seemed to have spent all the energy she possessed during the interview, for she now cried unrestrainedly. After a few moments the Governor begged her to be calm. "Katherine may appear at any moment," he said.

He had hardly finished speaking when Katherine's voice was heard. When she came in James said, "Katherine, honey, this woman will live with us for the future as housekeeper. She is to have the western room of the third story. I hope you two will become good friends in a short time, for every home needs a white woman to look after things."

After saying this he left them alone, for he wished to be where he could think over her story. He did not doubt her story, for so much of it corresponded with what he already knew; but who was she? And why did she desire to remain unknown?

These two questions occupied the mind of James for many days. No matter how closely he watched the woman as she moved about the house, he never seemed able to get any nearer the answer. There was something about her that seemed familiar; but he could find nothing that revealed any resemblance to anyone that he knew, or had known. He had never spoken to her again, since the day she came to the house, concerning her life except once. He had asked her what she

wished them to call her. She had answered, "Call me Marah, for my life has been very bitter. Yes, it is a Bible name, but it suits me just the same." This answer revealed to James that she knew more about the Bible than many who were older than she. Many times after that James noticed how closely she watched him, and thought that she wished to speak. When he would look at her she would slowly shift her gaze and continue her work. He never gave her an opening to speak even had she desired it, either by reference or hint of any kind. He wished her to speak when she felt so inclined. To her face he and Katherine called her Marah; to others they spoke of her as Mrs. Marah.

Mrs. Marah kept closely to the house, never leaving the place for any reason. It was inevitable that she would form a friendship with Mrs. Ward but she never went to her house; Mrs. Ward had to be satisfied to come to her. "I never go anywhere," was her excuse whenever taken to task by her friend. When she wished anything down town she sent for it by Katherine or Israel Crippen, who now attended to the outside work for James. Israel and the other servants had no difficulty to remain on good terms with Mrs. Marah, but her manner toward them clearly proved to them that the new housekeeper did not belong to the servant class; therefore they never asked her embarrassing questions, or took liberties with her.

She had been at the Mansion only a few days when Mrs. Ward called to see her. During the visit, that lady, inquisitive as usual, tried to "draw her out," but failed completely. When telling a friend about the experience afterwards Mrs. Ward said, "I taken my sewing and pumped for over an hour, but it wahn't no use; narry a word would she tell. Its a heap easier to do a whole day's wash, an' a right smart pleasanter, than to talk to a body like that. But you have to be sociable, you know, an' I like her right smart, if she wouldn't talk."

After Mrs. Ward had failed to get Mrs. Marah to tell her anything, she did the most of the talking without interruption. She was always capable of doing that, for she had learned the town by heart. She could memorize what she heard very quickly, especially if it was about any of her neighbors. And when once memorized, she never failed to tell the whole story, adding a little here and there, until it was not much like the original. She always found out how a stranger considered "signs and wonders" as she called them. Therefore, she asked Mrs. Marah what her opinion of these things happened to be.

"Do you believe in signs an' wonders?" she asked Mrs. Marah.

"What kind of signs and wonders?"

"Why, the kind we see all around us."

"I don't know much about such things."

"Well, I knew that I was goin' to see a stranger the day you come for I had two signs of it. I saw a spider drop down from the wall, then go back ag'in; and I dropped my scissors, which stuck up in the floor. They are signs that a stranger is comin'. I can always tell when I am going to have company, for my nose itches that mornin'. Then this mornin' my right palm itched, so I knew that I would shake hands with a stranger. Now I have shook hands with you.

"Then I knowed jest as well that Nellie Bratten was goin' t' die, for fore I turned the corner at the pos'office jes as a hearse passed me. I didn't see it in time to go back, so I knowed that someone that I knowed would die. Then I listened for the bells in my ears, an' every time my ear was turned Annapalas way that ear's bells 'ud ring. I thought of Nellie right away. An' the day I got Jim's message to come quick, my foot itched all that mornin' so I knowed that I would walk on strange ground. And it seemed that every piece of bread I picked up that day broke either in my hands, or a broken piece fell from my mouth, which is both sure

signs of death. I think there is lots of signs of what is goin' to happen. Don't you?"

"Well, I never had much time to think about it."

"Now ain't that queer. Why I could not get along without my cures. Yisterday Miss Richardson come to me to see if I could stop nose bleed. Her boy had nose bleed an' she couldn't stop it. I told her several ways to stop it, but she won't remember any of them 'cause she don't try to remember them."

"Did the boy's nose stop bleeding?"

"Course it did. I told her to tie a string of red corn around his neck, an' if that didn't stop it put a bunch of keys down his back. Of course, if your nose bleeds on Monday you will have bad luck that week whether you stop it or not."

"Sometimes I have nightmare, or something like that, for I can't sleep. How would you cure that?"

"Well, to stop night sweats, just put a bucket of water under your bed, and to cure nightmare just get up and smell the heels of your stocking, or put your shoes up against the opposite wall of the room, and you can go to sleep."

"Do you really believe that a stocking will do that?"

"I know it will, and a stocking will cure sore throat, too. If you tie a stocking, that has been worn, around your neck, and leave it there until it works itself off, the sore throat will disappear."

The visitor then got up to leave, but spied a pin lying on the floor. She picked it up because the point was toward her. She said, "It is good luck to pick up pins pointing toward you, but bad luck to pick them up if they point away from you."

"I never could think of all those things," remarked Mrs. Marah.

"Oh, yes you could," the visitor said as she reached the door. "There, I forgot my thimble. I will have to set down awhile or I will cause you to have bad luck. If you start to

leave a house, and have to return, always set down awhile longer."

She got outside the house this time, but Mrs. Marah noticed something on a string around her visitor's neck, therefore she asked, "Is that a cure you have around your neck?"

"Yes, I am troubled with the rooma-tizm, and I carry a nutmeg around my neck to keep it away. If it happens to be neuralgia, jest carry a potato in your inside pocket, and it will be cured."

"Come back again, Mrs. Ward," her hostess invited.

"I'll do that, but you better put that hairpin in your hair tight. If you lose it and are married, some one is telling a lie about you; but if you are single it is a sign that you will lose your sweetheart."

With that Mrs. Ward was gone. As she went down the street she was stopped by a friend who asked her if she would help her "kill hogs" that week. Mrs. Ward thought awhile, then answered, "Miss Joyce, I don't mind helping you, but the signs ain't right this week. The moon is decreasing an' your meat will shrink. You better wait 'till nex' month. It will be only a few days."

As Mrs. Ward passed the drug store old Dr. Price, who was very fond of teasing her, remarked, "Well, friend, what kind of a winter will we have this year?"

"A very bad one," she snapped.

"How do you know that?"

"In many ways. If you watch you can see too. Yesterday I saw a hawg carrying straw in her mouth to make a bed; the corn has very thick shucks on them; there are plenty of persimmons on the trees; the animals have thick coats of fur; yesterday I saw a sun-dog around the sun; geese are flying near the land; squirrels are gathering plenty of nuts, and if you don't watch out they will find you."

The old physician thought that was a great joke, for he

laughed heartily about it. But he never told it, because he knew that he would never hear the end of it.

CHAPTER XX

A MISSION OF SORROW

WHILE Mrs. Ward was telling Dr. Price the signs of bad weather they saw Walter Whaley ride by on his way to the Covington Mansion. He had promised to accompany Katherine on a canter to a near-by farm house where she had promised to call that day to see one of her friends who was sick. It was getting late, therefore Whaley, in his haste, nearly ran over Mrs. Ward who was standing in the street, while she talked to the doctor. Mrs. Ward quickly stepped out of the way, but refrained with difficulty from saying what she thought. She greatly resented the fact that Whaley was Katherine's guardian on so many rides. She had even gone so far as to remonstrate with James, but without effect.

This was also the one thing about the daily life at the Covington Mansion which Mrs. Marah seemed to resent. Whenever Katherine would start for a ride with either young Mason, of Stockton, or Irvin Jr., the older woman seemed not to worry, but whenever she would ride away with her older cavalier and protector the woman would go to her room, where she would remain until the girl returned. Upon one occasion, when Mrs. Marah had been there about two years, Katherine had planned to visit her friend Marjery Bundick, who lived at the famous old Wharton Mansion in Accomac county, Virginia. The two had ridden off alone, but unknown to Mrs. Marah, they had met several friends on the outskirts of the town. The party then started to the Wharton Mansion where they intended to spend the night.

As they rode away Mrs. Marah went to her room,

where she remained the remainder of the day, and her lamp, which burned during the entire night, showed that she kept an unsatisfied vigil during the dark hours, while she listened in vain for the canter of the horses on the graveled drive below her window. Katherine was always very kind to the woman, who seemed to desire to reward her by meeting her in the hall or at the door whenever she came from a ride into the country; then they would go to Katherine's room where they would talk over the events of the day, just as any mother and daughter should. But this day Katherine had done her an injustice by not telling her that she would be gone all night. Imagine what must have been the thoughts of the mother concerning her child during that time. Several times she was on the point of going to James for information, but hesitated because she feared his displeasure.

That visit proved to be a memorable one for Katherine, as other visits had proven to many who had been there before her. She had often heard of the Wharton Mansion with its romantic associations and ghostly compartments; now she was glad that she had the opportunity of seeing it.

This Mansion is several miles from Parksley, near a small village called Modest Town. It stands on a small knoll overlooking the waters of the lower Chincoteague Bay, and the town of Chincoteague. It is an ideal spot for a home. The house was built during the Revolutionary war, of red brick brought from England as ballast. The type of architecture is like that of several other houses in this region, but it has been remodeled recently. It is two stories high, about three times as long as wide, having a porch across its entire length on the sea side. Visitors who approach the home come in from the back of the house, unless they come by water. They ascend several steps to a portico where they see a huge brass knocker, composed of a lion's head and a heavy ring held in the grinning mouth of the lion. This knocker is closely guarded, for the majority of visitors from a distance have

tried to purchase it for large sums, but have failed to induce the owner to part with it.

Upon entering the house a very wide hall is seen extending the entire width of the house. Several doors open from this hall which enter rooms for various purposes. There is also an alcove at one end of this hall where a magnificent stairway and balustrade lead to the rooms above.

One of these rooms on the second floor is noteworthy. On one side of this room there is a looking glass which extends from the floor to the ceiling and reaches from one corner to the other. There is also a long table in this room which is said to be the table around which Captain Wharton, who built the house, and his guests played cards. The Captain always sat in the same chair facing the looking glass, in which he was able to see the cards of his opponent, without being suspected by the visitor. On the floor of this room may still be seen large stains of blood, which are believed to be from slaves which he punished or murdered, or from some victims of his rage caused by reverses at gambling games. Perhaps the latter is the true explanation for the spots. Some victim at cards, who discovered his cause of ill-luck to be the looking glass, was thoughtless enough to complain, and surrendered his life for the mistake which he made.

But the one thing that made the mansion famous is its secret passage which leads from the cellar to the banks of the nearby creek. This passage was used by the blockade runners during the Civil war. The small, unsuspecting craft sailed principally from Chincoteague and other nearby ports, as fishing vessels, but slowly and surely found their way up this creek to the mouth of the passage. Then the supplies were unloaded under cover of the darkness, were moved through this passage to the cellars of the house, from where they subsequently found their way to the Southern army. Other supplies were moved from southern Maryland

to this storehouse and were loaded on the boats at the mouth of this passage, from which they were taken to more southern points along the peninsula.

Some of the fortunes that are being used by residents of these towns along the Virginia line were made by men who continued to transport supplies across the border. There seemed to be only one dangerous place along this route; namely, Swan's Gut creek, about four miles south of Stockton. Although a few Union soldiers from this community kept the bridge that spans this creek, by destroying it as fast as it was rebuilt by the Virginians, they were not vigilant enough to stop wagons from fording the stream during the night. Many of these soldiers who lived along the border spent their nights at home, not caring what their neighbors were doing during the night. The war rested lightly upon their shoulders, anyhow.

The night that Marjery Bundick gave her party to the young people they decided that they wanted to explore this famous passage. They were led by a brother of Marjery, who carried a lantern in front of the party. This lantern gave a very insufficient light for the ones at the back of the line, a fact that greatly pleased the boys, and perhaps the girls too, for they seemed to find it necessary to cling very close to their sturdy companions. Young Mason, with premeditated foresight, had placed himself by the side of Katherine, who immediately grasped his arm. On the return trip John so managed affairs that he and Katherine were the last of the group. Regardless of the danger of being detected, John, who was twenty years old, silently but impulsively took Katherine in his arms, and declared his love for her.

Katherine liked John very much, but was not prepared for what had happened. In an undertone she reasoned with him, trying to persuade him to say no more. But he would not listen; he begged her to promise to marry him. She was

saved from having to make a refusal by their reaching the house; but she had had a thrill that the horrors of the passage did not cause; a thrill that she did not forget. She had received her first kiss from a boy; she had also listened to her first proposal from the same boy.

John Mason was not the kind that surrenders easily. During the coming months he often renewed that proposal, but was always put off by Katherine on the plea that she was too young. She was old enough, and wise enough, however, to keep her own counsel. Perhaps, if she had had a mother with whom she could have talked, she would have received advice that might have saved her many future troubles. But she did not know that that mother was in the same house with her; a mother who was slowly dying because of an unsatisfied desire to take her daughter to her heart, while they talked of the things that interest women to an especial degree. Katherine never mentioned her proposal to a soul. Some girls of our day seem to have a mania for leading boys to propose, in order to boast of the number of scalps that they have collected, while they laugh at and ridicule the victims to others. They seem not to be able to see the sacredness of a sincere proposal. It is little wonder that our courts are crowded by divorce proceedings.

The next week after Katherine arrived home from Virginia she surprised James Purnell by asking him the long expected question concerning her mother. While she had lived at Annapolis no one doubted that James was her father; but often after they returned to Snow Hill a thoughtless friend would speak of her parentage, thus wounding her greatly by stating that the Governor was not her father.

"Why do you wish to know, daughter?" was James' answer.

"Because," said she, "I want to know my right name. I don't mind bearing your name, in fact I hold it an honor after what you have done for me, daddy, but who was my

mother. That still remains a mystery that I believe you know about. Somebody must know about it."

"I have expected this for some time, Katherine, yet I believed that we would be happier if you never sought to know. Someone has been too busy, yet it is what happens in all such cases. I did not think that you would demand to know so soon, however."

He then told the story that Mrs. Marah told him, to which she listened with much attention and interest, then with her eyes moist with tears she seated herself upon his knee, and stroked his hair as she had done many times before. As he drew her to him in a parental embrace she said, "You will always be a daddy to me, no matter who is my father; but I would like to know where my mother is." He had not told her that Mrs. Marah was the woman of the wrecked boat.

As Katherine said this Mrs. Marah came into the room. Hearing what the girl said she stood speechless for a moment before them; then she quickly rushed out of the room. "What happened to Mrs. Marah?" Katherine inquired of James.

"She seemed to realize that she was intruding where she had no business. I promise you that I will do my best to find out who your parents are. I have tried sometimes, but politics and service to others have deterred me from my search." James decided to consult Mrs. Marah before he told more of the story.

"Do you think they are still living?" she asked. She waited, but he did not answer; he seemed to be thinking of something very far away. She did not insist farther, but kissed him, and went to her room where she remained for some time in deep thought and wonder. But the cares and problems of the world do not rest very heavily upon the young; therefore she was soon at the stable demanding of Uncle Israel her pony. After taking a short ride she seemed

to forget entirely the question that she had referred to that day.

After Katherine left the young statesman he sat with bowed head thinking what could now be done with the girl. She had grown so rapidly during the few years since his wife died that she had seemed to jump from the child age to that of the young woman. He now felt his loss more than ever. If Nellie had lived the two might have become wonderful friends, although Nellie never liked her. They might have become of mutual aid to each other. He also felt like every father feels when left alone with the care of a grown daughter, a young woman, upon his hands. He had no thoughts but for her happiness, yet he feared greatly that the life she was leading with him, and the time that he could give her was entirely inadequate to her needs; she might grow away from him in the next four or five years, much quicker than she had grown during the past few years.

Moreover, he intended to become the candidate for the U. S. Senate that fall; then he would have no time to devote to her happiness until after the election; perhaps not for many years. If elected, they would move to Washington, where she would enter the social affairs of the Capital of the Nation. She was already a society belle, even the most beautiful of the town, for the other maidens enviously surrendered first honors to her, not because of the success of her father, but because of her accomplishments socially and her great beauty. The young men did not hesitate to speak of her as the most beautiful, with the exception of the few on whom she had not looked with favor, and that faction of them who were already pledged by ties of affection to other maidens.

And now that James had stopped to think he realized how beautiful she had become. It has often been said that the father is the last man to discover that he had a charming daughter. Katherine was tall, slender, and perfect physi-

cally; her lovely blonde hair reached to her knees when she stood, and her eyes had the deep blue of the sea, but the calm of an inland lake. Every feature of her face was well moulded and symmetrically placed, yet the knowledge of her wonderful beauty had not become so conscious to her that her poses had ceased to be natural. Every turn of her head, every turn of her eyes, revealed her earnest, disinterested pleasure in seeing and making others happy. James himself had unconsciously likened these characteristics to Jane Riddle; but the demeanor of Katherine was very different from that of Jane. No woman could be just like Jane in that, not even a daughter. In spite of these good characteristics of Katherine there appeared to be about her a stubborn will, not harmful in itself if well cultivated, but which threatened to burst forth in fury, exerting itself at the wrong moment in the wrong way, if not properly trained. However, no one had become responsible for the training of this dangerous faculty.

All these things James realized that day after the girl had gone to her room. But what could he do? Manlike, he sat there helpless and alone. It is at such moments in life that vain regrets are pictured before the mind. It is at such times that the mind becomes a silver screen on which the motion pictures of our lives are flashed in truth and accuracy. There is no sham, nor acting; no rehearsals or preparation before hand, that produce good or bad effects; for we see things as they have been. They come to haunt men; to teach him how he has failed to learn; how he has permitted his passions to overrule his reason. It is also at such times that man makes new resolutions; new plans that will bear better fruit, if his life is not too far spent before the harvest is ready. It never pays to sow wild oats, and although James could not be accused of such sowing, he sat self-condemned, because his reason had been blinded by the fires of his youth. The words of Mrs. Ward were distinctly

hurled again through his brain as if a painless dart had struck him: "Oh, these young men! Will they never learn?"

James arose, went to his desk, and hastily examined his mail. One envelope was edged with a narrow strip of black. This letter, which bore the Philadelphia postmark, proved to be from Jane Riddle. The letter contained in a few words, the very sad news that Colonel Riddle had died suddenly, but that he had spoken of James a few minutes before his fatal attack. She did not know what he had said; all that she had heard distinctly was "James."

Again his thoughts rushed back over the years. Why had Colonel Riddle taken notice of him? What had he, James, done, to merit the Colonel's attention? Yet his friend had made it possible for him to succeed; he had saved his faith in mankind when all seemed to be going. This man had made it possible for him to win again, to a certain extent, the confidence of his fellow-men. Some of them still did not believe that he was innocent. Before retiring he determined to go to Philadelphia in the morning where he hoped to be of some help and comfort to his friends, who had always aided him in his work and pleasures. He especially felt that he might be of some service again to his old friend and sister, Jane Riddle.

The next morning found James on his way to the city of Brotherly Love. Colonel Riddle certainly had practiced that precept on which his city had been founded in so far as James was concerned, at least. He was sure that he was not the only man favored by the Colonel. He soon found this to be so for, judging by the number of visitors to the bereaved home, there must have been many scores that had been helped by the Philadelphian. But as James traveled that day his thoughts took a very peculiar circuit; Nellie, politics, and Katherine; Jane, politics, Katherine, Nellie. As he reached the city, however, politics and Katherine had

practically been eliminated. He was being taken to the bedside of another good friend that had disappeared. This reminded him very vividly of that loss that he had sustained when Jane came to be with him. There was, therefore, one equation still unsolved—Jane. He wondered if she had a lover; several of them, perhaps. However, it would not be long until he knew the truth from her. She had always been a sister to him; one to whom he had confided all; now she would confide in him. Then, too, he had many questions to ask her concerning his future course relative to Katherine and Mrs. Marah. The whole story must be retold. Katherine must be introduced as a young woman now; one of great promise, he thought; advice must be asked, as in the early days of his friendship with Jane. She would be able to tell him much about girls, and what they liked and disliked. She could give him a code of action that might be of great service to him in his future plans for Katherine, who now needed a code by which she might be guided in her multiplying affairs.

Feeling that he would like to walk from the station to the home on Walnut Street he leisurely covered one block after another until he arrived at the familiar house of the Colonel. A maid, whom he had not seen on his former trips, admitted him to the hall. He requested her to tell Miss Jane that an old friend desired to see her, then he was ushered up the stairway into the now familiar drawing room.

It was sometime before anyone appeared; and in spite of the fact that he knew that his old friend lay in death somewhere near, he now examined the drawing room of a comparatively wealthy man. Its fine qualities drew his eyes from one wonder to the other until he had taken in the whole room. Few houses in the United States of that day were more beautiful and interesting. It was a perfect example of the exquisite, old-fashioned homes of the earlier generations of well-to-do Americans. The room in which

James stood contained heirlooms of the Riddle family; objects of art assembled from England and other parts of Europe. The ceiling was high; the walls were paneled in dark walnut, gilded and wonderfully carved. On the cornices and around the edges the artist's skill had carved many elaborate and intricate designs.

There was one long panel that extended across one side of the room composed of a huge tapestry, containing two adult figures, partly draped, and several naked childish figures. Several trees and many flowers, which seemed almost lifelike, were distributed in excellent proportion. At the end of the room there was a fireplace of richly veined marble, over which there was hung a huge painting of Colonel Riddle, almost lifesize, of very striking resemblance; so striking, in fact, that as James turned toward it he seemed to hear the familiar voice of his late friend welcome him by friendly greeting.

On the wide mantel were several rare vases, and on the huge table, which was supported by four carved figures and panels resembling coats-of-arms, there was another costly vase, flanked by two Chinese porcelain lamps and two bronze figures.

The pieces of furniture were of the Louis XIV and Louis XV period, perhaps bought and imported for this room. On a sofa there were several gay pillows and on two of the arm-chairs there were other pillows that seemed to save the room from having a gloomy appearance. A Persian rug almost completely covered the floor, and rendered it impossible for a footstep to be heard. Red with a gold background, was the prevailing color of this drawing room.

As James stood contemplating these comforts, he felt, rather than heard the presence of another person within the room. He started and turned toward the entrance. Jane's beautiful and quiet eyes met his as she crossed the room to him. As she drew near she stopped and laid her hand upon

her bosom, but he approached her and took her tenderly in his arms.

"Dear Sister, you were not expecting me so soon."

"No, but I am very glad that you have come. I am very lonely, for something which I have always had seems to be lost, gone forever."

"I already miss your father too; he was a great friend to me."

As he held her to him she did not seem to object, although it was the first time that he had been so intimate with her. Presently they sat down, side by side, and her face showed the signs of great grief that she seemed to have suffered during the last few hours.

He attempted to say many things that he thought might comfort her, but they seemed so inadequate that he left them unsaid. Nothing he could say would be of any help to her in her trial. Finally he said, "You helped me wonderfully in my trouble and loss, I hope that I may be able to aid you in return."

As she sat by him in her tranquil manner he seemed to be more agitated than she; then she spoke of their last parting and of Nellie. It was safer for her to speak of Nellie than of her father. She seemed so good and true that even her grief failed to embitter her as it often does those who are not used to goodness. Then she told him of her father and sisters, who were all married and living in Philadelphia. She said, as she stopped, "Now that you know all, you see that I am left alone."

"Not alone, Sister."

"No, not now, of course; but I will be when you are gone."

She seemed not able to grasp his whole meaning, and he felt that he had spoken too hastily, so he said no more.

"I have always been happy with papa," she added more cheerfully, "and we have spoken often of the days at Snow

Hill when you were a frequent visitor at our house. We were children then. Daddy always loved children; he has often said that those were his happiest days since our mother left us. But they are together now, and perhaps more happy than ever during their lives. That seems many years ago—how old are you now, James?”

“I am nearly forty; almost an old man, don’t you think?”

“No I don’t. I am almost thirty-two. A man is not fully developed until he is thirty-five. You are just at the proper age to do things. We have been hearing, with pleasure, of some things which you have done. But tell me about the old Mansion, and the factory, and Katherine.”

“One thing at a time, Sister. The Mansion is almost as you left it; the factory has been bought and moved to Snow Hill by the Irvin’s who have made it into a whip factory. They are doing a fine business, too. I am glad of it, for Howard is a fine young man, and his son, Clifton Jr., promises to be another.

“As for Katherine, the story is a little longer. She is developing into a wonderful woman. That is one thing which I wanted your help and advice. A man is lost when he tries to guide a young woman, especially a wilful one. It seems that directing the affairs of State or Nation is an easier task than directing successfully a daughter who is bent on having her own way.”

He continued by telling her of Mrs. Marah and her story, ending by stating that he did not know what was the best thing for him to do about telling her of the relation that existed between the two. “Would you advise me to tell Katherine that her mother is with her; that she has been with her for some time in the same house?” he asked.

Jane thought for some time, then answered, “I don’t believe I would just now; some time she may demand to know all that you do, then be ready with the story. You have suc-

ceeded in fathering her so long; it might spoil all by revealing the relationship at present."

At this point they were called to the evening meal. They arose and passed across the room; but stopped before the portrait of Colonel Riddle. Her eyes filled with tears as she said, "When you met him, he was a lonely man; you say you are in difficulty with one girl to care for; my mother left him heartbroken with four of us to rear. He has certainly fulfilled his duty, and he was very thankful that he lived to see us old enough to care for ourselves. You remember that Sunday evening that you came to him discouraged and he talked to you; pointing out that the road to success was upward; hard to climb; but crowned with the best life had to offer."

While she said this she rested her head against his shoulder. "I do remember it," he said, "and I remember that you always attempted to lead me to do something better."

"My only brother," she continued, "he was so fine; so patient; so gentle to us."

"And I am glad that I knew him, and you. I feel tied to you by my relations and my associations with your father. He inspired me to live down bitterness against my fellow-men, and to reach that period when I could forgive them. You, too, did no small part of that; I shall always be ready to be guided by your advice. Whatever new relationships you may form, I shall always love you as I do now, and have always done. Your advice and life, my sister, shall continue to guide me and influence me to exert all that is good, and noble, and honorable within my nature. You had a good father, whom you have lost; I have a good mother whom I shall lose soon. But I have always felt that you were the better off, because you had one who could always protect your good name. Yet the fact that you were never bitter or sorrowful; but always were faithfully affectionate against all discouragement, strengthened me, and led me out to

despondency and enabled me to attack my problems with a determination to win."

They then passed down to the dining room; each cherishing memories that were dear to each; each feeling that the strife within, which had been renewed by these memories, was greatly allayed by the presence of the other.

As James had been strengthened by her presence at the time Nellie was buried, so she seemed to be more reconciled to that ordeal that would take place the next day. The most difficult time to face in case of the death of a relative is that at the side of the grave, when the casket is fast disappearing by being covered by earth. Yet we who have advanced very far in civilization, seem still to be unable to lead from the grave those who are bereaved before the sexton begins that last service for the dead. Many loved ones would be spared much pain if they were led from the scene before they have witnessed that last service.

CHAPTER XXI

MEN ARE LIKE BABIES

WHEN THEY reached the dining room James found that several other members of the family had already assembled, although he believed that they were alone. These others had arrived while the memories of the earlier days were being recalled and discussed. Directly James found himself being introduced to the brothers-in-law of his friend. When he arrived Jane summoned them to join her at dinner, for she explained, "I did not feel able to entertain alone the friend of my father under the circumstances; therefore I sent for the others."

Her brothers-in-law were fine men who were members of some of the oldest families in the city. They all were typical business men, who recognized a fellowman and accepted him for his true worth. When James was presented to Katherine's husband he said to Jane, "The man who saved you from the waters of the Pocomoke; then saved his state from the waves of unfair politics. Two fine achievements, I call that." Turning to James he said, "Allow me to shake the hand of a man who knows his duty and does it."

The people of Pennsylvania have always found much fault with the politics of their neighbor to the south; but they live in glass houses and should be careful.

The words of the Philadelphian were not spoken in a bombastic voice, or as flattery; but with great earnestness and seriousness. James liked him at once; not for what he had said, but for what he seemed to be. In fact, he liked them all, for they were all men who did things.

After several other remarks the conversation turned to

the missing father, but without any demonstration except serious contenances. The Colonel had been a good man and an excellent father. He was missed, but he had been sick for some time, therefore his death had been expected. He was mourned, but not as by those who have no hopes. One of the men quoted the famous lines of Bryant, “‘So live,’ like Colonel Riddle, ‘that when thy summons come to join the innumerable caravan,—thou go—like one who wraps the mantle of his couch about him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.’”

That night they spoke to James about his plans for the coming election. He told them that he intended to be the candidate of his party for senator, because he saw a greater opportunity than he had ever had of serving his State and Nation, in that great law-making body. When the other members had retired, in order to keep Jane’s attention from her sorrow, he asked her aid in several parts of the speech which he intended to make throughout his State. After reading parts of it to which he referred Jane was able to make several suggestions that they both felt were improvements. The voice of a woman, as well as her hand, very often softens the hard spots, and smoothes out the rugged places that might hurt, rather than cure.

When James returned home the day after the funeral it was with renewed energy, and a greater determination to throw himself in the fight that was approaching, with an indomitable will to succeed. But that would not be easy; already his opponent was at work traveling throughout the State while he spoke against the principles for which Purnell stood. He was a noted speaker, full of wit and humor, and could sway an audience at will. But like many public speakers, his audiences remembered that it was a great speech much longer than they remembered what the speech was. James had always made few promises, but labored to fulfill them with the result that he invariably did so.

Then, too, there was another trouble confronting James. While he held other offices certain unscrupulous fellows about the country had lost his favor by their actions, because of their seeming determination to break all laws. Although these had not gone over to the enemies' camp, they threatened to do so by forming a new party in Worcester county. But James was adamant. "I stand for law and order;" he had shouted to a delegation of these former supporters, "if you do not want to keep the law; if you do not want me to see that it is enforced when you break it, I don't care how soon you get out of my party. I desire support from honorable citizens alone." He wanted and asked for the support of only those who were reliable; the rest might do what they wished. These things he renewed as he returned to his home; but he firmly resolved to stand his ground and be elected by fair means or not at all.

After remaining at home for a few days he toured the State while he set forth his principles and plans. Good roads and better schools were the promises that he made. He had already made the reputation of keeping his promises, therefore the people were confident that he would do it again. The result was, that he was elected in one of the most bitterly contested political battles that had been waged in Maryland. He was at Baltimore when he heard the news. He wrote a letter to his daughter stating that he would be home within a few days; then he started for Philadelphia, as in the old days, in order to share his triumph with Jane Riddle. He wanted to hear her words of praise, for men are all like babies; when they are hurt they want sympathy; when they are successful they want to be petted and patted on the back by their loved ones. He did not exactly know what his duty to Jane was. He was greatly changed, but she seemed to be the same unchanged, unaltered woman that she had ever been. If she had changed as he had, his duty would have seemed clearer. If she had announced to him

that she had formed a close attachment with some one else, then he would have known how to conduct himself. That he still loved her as ever was a settled conclusion; but how could he discover what she felt. It was not so easy as it had seemed when he was a young man. He resolved to break through any barrier that seemed to exist, and to take any action which he felt he ought to have taken years before.

This resolution he had formed before he reached Philadelphia. He would not leave the city without having his doubts settled. He arrived at the home of Jane with this determination having complete possession of himself, and was again admitted into her presence.

They went into the drawing-room where Jane seated herself upon the old Louis XIV divan and supported herself by its gay pillows. He sat down beside her while they talked of what happened since his last visit. He spoke especially of Baltimore, that old metropolis of Dixie, stating that it was fast becoming a foreign city instead of continuing an Anglo-Saxon one. He stated that it was a matter of great regret to him that the signboards of the business places bore innumerable foreign names; that the old American names were disappearing and giving place to the immigrant. Nearly the whole Eastern coast above Baltimore was being changed by these new-comers, except his dearly beloved Peninsula, which still remained unchanged because practically untouched by Southern Europe and its ignorant hordes.

Then he spoke of the way the morals were being lowered, of the desecration of the Sabbath day by making an European play-day out of it. These people, with their European born representatives at Annapolis were clamoring for increased representation; if they succeeded in getting it they would control the whole state of Maryland; that land where the Roman Catholics had established their first church in the United States; that land where the Presbyterian church of America was born; that land that was the cradle

of the Methodist Protestant church of America; and also had been favored by being the first place where the good Quakers had built their Meeting-house after coming to Maryland. But all of these old religious influences were fast disappearing in his State; they were changing for that which was lawless, irreligious, and criminal, and not one of these old bodies of religious force seemed to be able to meet this growing evil. He believed the time was near when these strangers would impose their standards upon an unwilling people who had better rights, because they could claim prior rights. The people of Maryland would be forced to do like the liberty-loving citizens of other eastern states had done. They could either submit, or they could move on; but where could they move now? They had waited too long.

When he paused for a moment, she remarked, "You are very serious today, James; we have been living in those conditions for some time."

"And what is the result? Your citizens of pure Anglo-Saxon blood and high ideals have left your city in great numbers. They have gone where they will build up another strong empire to be usurped again by men of lower morals, in the future. But there will come a halting time. This cannot go on forever. The Anglo-Saxon has settled the last place that is desirable for a home like he enjoys in this world. He cannot transport himself to new planets, therefore he will have to do something else for his protection. We cannot always remain the dumping ground of Europe with its rotten, putrified wars and political plottings, by which she cleanses herself of her undesirables. We will reach the limits of our country and will be swallowed up in this eastern filth and degradation, or we must organize against their power. We have tried to raise them, both religiously and intellectually, but we have failed because they do not want that; they are now pulling down our strong house upon our heads."

"I realize," she responded, "that this condition of affairs is hard to solve. In this city we have become reconciled to the inevitable. The foreigner is everywhere; he is not changing, but he is proud to remain a foreigner. We hear more foreign language than English. We see more foreigners than Americans; we see more foreign papers being sold at news stands than American; practically all our trades-people are foreigners, and will not speak English unless we refuse to buy from them until they have responded to us in English. Then they will turn to a clerk or assistant to whom they will give our order in a foreign tongue."

"We are being Europeanized, Jane. England and her colonies are saving themselves by profiting from our mistakes and near-sightedness. They demand that their immigrants leave their language and their papers behind; that they read and speak English; that they keep the laws of their adopted country; that they accept the customs as they find them in that land. If America does not awaken to her danger, she will lose her place, and England will be the only great nation using the English language. We cannot blame the many Americans that seek homes on English soil. It is the last recourse that is open to them. I believe that no foreign newspaper should be printed in America unless its editors print it in English; I believe that no boy or girl in any school or college, should be permitted to speak or read a text book in any language but the English. The day is coming and is not far off, when these citizens, who are still loyal to their home nation and language, will turn against our laws, and will claim allegiance to two nations; will support two flags; will desire to see their home nation victorious at the cost of the United States. Already it is a common thing to hear men say that the United States is far from being the most ideal of the governments of the world."

Jane had no answer for this. They sat for some time in silence; then their conversation turned to things of lighter

vein. Jane had been crocheting for some time, but now put away her work for the evening. She was much more cheerful than she had been on his previous visit.

"Sometimes you are too serious for me, James," she said.

"I have reason to be, Sister; on no one's shoulders rests the affairs of our government more heavily than on its law-makers."

"It is a fine thing that we have such law-makers."

"Thank you; but there is another problem that makes me serious. I will tell you about that if you will listen." He paused for her answer.

"You have always found me attentive and interested in anything that is of importance to you, have you not?"

"Always; yet this is different from anything else that I have ever spoken to you of. But I am very much interested, therefore I have your assurance that you will listen."

If she had any idea of the importance of this subject she did not show it. "You have spoken of many different subjects, to all of which I have listened," she said.

"Yes, I have confided all things to you; but you do not seem to tell me all. Do you think that my feelings toward you have changed?"

"No, but you have become famous, and I am still the same ordinary girl that you knew long ago."

"No matter how famous I become, I will always remember the debt of gratitude that I owe you. Don't you remember the first time I told you of it?"

She remembered everything that he had ever told her.

"Of course I do, very well," she calmly said.

"Then why don't you share all with me?"

She dropped her eyes, and her form seemed to shake slightly.

"If you have changed," he continued, "if there is someone else who holds your affections, why not let me share your happiness. I trust you, my dear sister; now if you can trust

me, as you have always said that you could, you can continue to allow me to be your brother, in this especially."

"There are some things that even a sister cannot trust a brother with, aren't there?"

The girl surprised him by arising, then stepping to the wide mantel beneath the painting of her father, where she dropped her head upon her arms, and burst into uncontrolled weeping.

The man was lost in the company of such tears. Nellie had often had fits of intense crying, but these seemed to be far from the nature of Jane. "My dear sister," he said, "I am sorry if I have offended you."

"James, forgive me for acting so. You have spoken at the wrong time. I promise to tell you all, but not now. At some other time I will explain all."

But he would not be put off. "My dear Jane," he continued, "if you are not happy, tell me. If you need any help, let me give it. If I can make life easier for you, give me the right. There are only two for whom I live now; Katherine and you."

"Not now," she insisted, "at some other time; I can't tell you what you ask now."

"Listen to me, Sister, do not send me away like this. Let's not have a misunderstanding now. All my desire is to see you happy; to make you so, if I have the power. All that I need is to hear you speak; to tell me what you want, and I will be content as I have always been."

"I am indebted to you already for a great deal of happiness," she said. "Sometimes I feel the need of some friend, who has always appeared. Sometimes I have felt lonely, but not for long. Sometimes I have had sorrow to bear, but it has passed with time. My secret, which you think I have, is not new to me, and you are mistaken in your belief concerning it. When my father lived he was the only one that shared it; since his death, I have had it alone. I have lived

with it, cherished it, for a long time; I cannot share it now with anyone, not even with you, my brother."

He was thinking rapidly. "It is not what you think; I have lived with it; cherished it, for a long time," was what she had said.

"My dear Jane, I came here today resolved not to say anything about my personal hopes and fears. Because I have found you in this condition I must, though. It might save us from another mistake. I will speak now, Jane, for a long time I have desired to be more to you than a brother. I hoped the time would come when I could tell you, but I feared. I believe that it has come now; there is not a better time, is there?"

She was crying again. This time he took her tenderly in his arms as he had done once before. He hesitated, feared that she might rebuke him and perhaps leave him. But her arms slowly went to his shoulders, and all his fears suddenly took flight, leaving him with a great desire; the desire to declare all to her.

"My own darling, if I had been more thoughtful we might have been thus long ago, yet I could never believe that you would ever think of me in this way. You were Colonel Riddle's daughter; I, a poor boy. But I always loved you, and was very thankful that I had your friendship and sympathy."

She still clung to him. Directly she said, "Many good men have caused girls to suffer many years because they have felt as you did. We can't speak and keep our dignity; if you men do not, we can only wait."

"You remember when I told you of Nellie. Your sympathy was what I needed and received. Then when I lost her, you were with me again. It seems to be your sympathy that has been with me always."

They talked long into the night and his joy was made complete just before they parted. She again placed her

hands upon his shoulders and said, "Now, James, I can tell you my secret. Then you will see that I could not tell it before."

"What is it dearest? I am anxious to hear it."

"So like men; they claim that only women die of curiosity. But here it is. I have loved you alone ever since you saved me from the Pocomoke."

The next day about noon he returned to Snow Hill, but not for long. That same month he paid another visit to Philadelphia where he and Jane were married in the drawing room while facing the painting of Colonel Riddle. The only guests present were her sisters and brothers and Katherine Purnell. Neither of them desired to have anyone else present as it was so near the death of Jane's father.

While they were returning to their home at Snow Hill, she said to him, "My husband, now I can tell you something that will please you greatly."

"What is it, Jane?"

"Have you ever wondered why Nellie sent for me?"

"Many, many times, but I did not care to interfere with the relations that seemed to exist between you two."

"She told me that she wished no other woman to take her place, except me. Now how do you think I ever kept that secret?"

"For you it was easy, but for anyone else it would have been a difficult thing to do."

"It was difficult for me, and I told Daddy too, that we could speak of it together."

"I wish Mrs. Ward had known it."

"Why?"

"She would have saved us both many anxious moments."

"But she would have told others who had no business with it."

"Never in this world. That woman can keep anything

except her signs and wonders. She would have sent me to you long ago."

"You came without her knowledge, therefore it is better, for only we two know the true worth of Nellie."

CHAPTER XXII

COVINGTON'S NEW MISTRESS

AFTER THE new mistress was established in the old Covington Mansion that home took on new life. She was not altogether new, either, for when she lived there as Miss Jane Riddle she had exercised nearly all of the prerogatives of a real mistress. Now she was mistress indeed, and all the people of the town were going to give her a reception in her own home. James had heard that they would be serenaded on the second night after their arrival. Knowing this he had planned to forestall them. The merchant who told him of the plans of the "boys" was for a long time afterwards accused of doing so in order to get the chance of supplying the house with the necessary refreshments.

James also felt that he owed the people of the town something for the hearty support that he had received from the majority of them at the polls. He therefore determined to kill two birds with one stone. He gave the order to the merchant, who had been his informant, who supplied him with the sundries that were necessary to entertain half of the population of the town, if they had come at the same time. Nevertheless the younger people determined that they should not lose their fun, therefore they arranged a large broad-tread wagon tire on a frame so that it could be carried with ease, then with sledge hammers they struck it repeatedly, thus creating a noise that might be heard for miles. This noisy group marched up Church street, then turned in at the gates of the Mansion to the tune of the wagon tire and the hammers. They made three rounds around the house, stopping at the front door. It was but a very short time

until James and his bride appeared, for they had had all of the music that they wanted. As this was what the young people wanted them to do they were perfectly satisfied to put away their instruments until the next wedding; but if the bride and groom had not appeared this same performance would have been repeated until they came out in order to get rid of the terrible noise.

When the young folks had assembled in the house they found that many of the other citizens were already there. Many of those present were from a distance, having ridden for several hours in some cases. Many more had come on the railroad earlier in the day, and were bound over for the night.

James had not had much time to prepare for this company, but with the aid of several dusky cooks he had made good provision for them. Behind the house there was an ox suspended upon a pole, while two of these Negro cooks kept a slow fire going under it continuously. They also kept the ox turning from side to side in order to have the whole well roasted.

When this was finished several men lifted it from the fire, carried it into a large room where it was placed on the table, and, aided by the town butcher, very soon had it cut into ample stakes, which were distributed to groups of those who could not or would not go into the house, but who stood in different parts of the yard. It did not take the roast long to disappear, for no matter how bashful they were about showing themselves, they were far from bashful about eating that which was brought to them. The select company were assembled on the second floor, for the first floor had been wholly turned over to the casual acquaintance and the stranger, of whom there seemed to be a great number. Yet this whole assemblage was as orderly as those gathered upstairs. An outburst was heard sometimes, but soon subsided as Jane and Katherine approached the noisy group. They seemed

to be everywhere, urging all to have a good time; praising some, shaking hands with some whom Jane remembered, and bowing or nodding to all alike. Sometimes they were accompanied by James, but as he had many duties to perform as host of the evening, they were more often accompanied by Walter Whaley.

There was one person, however, who could not be found anywhere among the crowd. She was staying quietly in her little room in the third story, where her dim lamp was noticed by many who were in the yard. She had her own reasons for staying there; but never divulged them to anyone. The day that Jane had arrived she met them in the hall; but seemed to avoid looking Jane straight in the face. A woman has a quicker intuition than a man, and Jane seemed sure that she had met Mrs. Marah before; yet she could not recall where or when. Then it suddenly dawned upon her that the same woman had been to their house in Philadelphia several months before, when she had applied for a position at the house. As the Riddles had a sufficient number of servants they could not offer her employment. This had seemed to be a great disappointment to her, for she had turned sorrowfully away.

When the barbecue was ended, and the greater number of the guests had departed the bride renewed her acquaintance with many of those who had remained upstairs. Mrs. Howard Irvin, as she shook her hand and bestowed a feminine peck upon her cheek, said, "I don't know whether I forgive you or not, Jane; you were my bridesmaid, but you did not even invite me to your wedding."

"Please forgive me, Rose; I desired your company very much, but under the circumstances I did not wish anyone present except the family."

"I am not hurt at all, but I want you to treat me very warmly from now on. We must be the best of neighbors, you know."

“Never fear, dear Rose; your home will be mine, and mine will be yours.”

After the guests had either gone home or retired for the night, James and his wife, accompanied by Katherine and Whaley, escorted James' mother to her home beyond the court house. They had insisted upon her staying at the Covington Mansion, but she desired to return to her home. She said that Mrs. Gordy was afraid to stay alone; that she believed that Roy might come back some night and do them some harm. As Mrs. Gordy had never left her alone, she thought it her duty to stay with the younger woman whenever she could.

Walter did not return to the house with them again. He bid them goodnight at his own door as they passed Washington and Market streets. The three returned to their home, which was now in darkness except for the dim light in the room at the west end of the third story, and one in the kitchen where the servants were trying to clean away some of the results of the feast. The light in the west end would continue to burn until Katherine was snugly wrapped away in her bed; then it would disappear.

The presence of the new mistress made no difference in this one thing. Every night Mrs. Marah would quietly descend the stairs to Katherine's room, where she would carefully tuck away the covers about the girl before she herself retired. Jane never interfered with the habit; she felt that the girl did not object and surely the mother had the right even though the daughter did not know the existing relationship. She would appreciate it the more when she discovered it.

That winter was a most happy one for the Purnell's. James realized more than ever the value of a good woman's love. He was very busy preparing for his new duties at Washington, and attempting to satisfy his many political friends. In this he had the great help and sympathy of both wife and

mother. The women had always been great friends; now they had become almost inseparable during the day.

This close friendship lasted until early in the Spring when they were preparing to go to Washington for a few months where James would be close to the Capitol. Then the inevitable happened. James had planned to take his mother and Mrs. Gordy with them. He intended to rent an apartment or house where Mrs. Gordy could act as housekeeper; but the winter was so severe that his mother contracted pneumonia from which she never recovered.

This was the greatest cause of grief that James had suffered. Not even the death of his wife had affected him as that of his mother. It was a fine thing for him that Jane was with him; the loss of his old loves seemed to increase his new love for her, and all three affections were now settled upon one. His mother is buried in the old cemetery of the Makemie church where her tomb is marked by a fine stone; a pedestal on which stands the figure of a woman almost life-size.

The sympathy and understanding shown by Jane during that winter were the lodestones that led James through it. Life is spent in search of these two precious assets to human character. Of the many needs that we have, the greatest is for someone who is a true companion of the soul; one who will receive confessions and confidences, and will give back encouragement, affection, and appreciation. It demands time to find such friendship; it demands trust and full appreciation of virtues as well as sensitiveness to defects, and an unfailing love that forgets the evils and treasures the good. Fortunate above most is the person who has such a friend for his companion, wife or husband.

Too many young people marry while they are boys and girls; before they have developed the desire for such a mate, or the wisdom to choose or recognize such when found. The divorce attorney profits, but the marriage relationship

degenerates to a state which is merely sensual. Most fortunate is the person who chooses for his life companion one with whom he can speak out freely; with whom he can walk in love and sympathy, without being false, without pretense, or hypocrisy, which spells ruined homes and civilization.

We do not want our civilization to become a ruin. We do not want the history of Babylon, Greece or Rome to be repeated in free America. Yet our very freedom may bring it to pass. When we permit a repudiation of the moral ideals of Christianity, on which our civilization has been built, to increase and exist in society, the Anglo-Saxon age will pass into oblivion, and the Moslem or Bolshevist empire will be established on our shores. The present tendency is to repudiate those morals for which our fathers fought and died in many cases. They are not to become antiquated; they are not to become the flotsam or jetsam of society, to be washed about by the winds of popular opinion, the opinion of the majority.

The mind of the majority is a weak vessel that may easily be destroyed. Let the majority choose their fiction, and what would it be? Mere trash and rubbish. Let them choose what they want in music. Their choice would be the degenerated harmony called "Jazz." Let them choose dramatics; their choice will be mobs, murder, rapes, suicides, the libertine, the law-breaker, and such types woven into a mass by which they get a thrill. Let them choose the films of the world; the choice will become the indecent, moral degrading type that seems to prevail everywhere. The choice of the majority will be destruction; not for themselves—oh no—but for their children. For what care the majority for the future? Sufficient unto the day is their motto.

The marriage relation is being repudiated; the church is being slandered; the thing for which she has stood is being attacked, especially from within, because it stands for the relations on which Christianity has been built. There are

certain libertines in the church who are undermining its high ideals; not from the standpoint of the pews, but from the pulpit. In the place of these ideals they are advocating impure sexual relations, a licentious Sabbath day, a discarding of the Christian principles, a suspension or rejection of the Christian morals, and are adopting beliefs and advocating morals opposed to Christianity. Because it seems to be the fashion for the social set to do these things, certain good elements of humanity, who live only to be fashionable, are practicing the modern fad of staying away from church, of desecrating the Sabbath, of polluting the laws of God and of man. They make Christ a Bolshevik or a Socialist at will; therefore our system of thought, and our system of life are at stake. The only way to save our civilization and stay this wave of immorality that threatens to submerge our nation and the modern world is to increase the number of those who believe in God and who keep the Commandments and the Constitution of our Nation; those who will fight for it and die for it against the foreigner in his own country, or the hyphenated monstrosity in our own country.

These were the principles of James Purnell, who was preparing to stand upon the floor of the world's greatest Capitol as the Gentleman from Maryland, where he could follow the precepts of Pilgrim, Puritan, Scotch-Irish Presbyterian, Huguenot, and Lord Baltimore Catholic. For the next six years he would have a chance to render this distinctive service; and he was well prepared for the task. He was of that race which has produced the greatest leaders of America, as well as the greatest of the world, pure Anglo-Saxon. His moral code was the Ten Commandments; his political code was the Constitution of the United States. On one occasion when a man reported to him that he had been robbed, Purnell said: "The thief broke the Ten Commandments, and the Constitution of the Nation."

"Yes, Sir," was the reply.

"Have you ever broken the law?"

After some hesitation, the man answered: "Yes, Sir, I reckon I have; I have shot game out of season."

James answered: "That might seem a small thing; but what would be the consequence if all men were as you in that matter? There is not a law made that is not repeatedly broken. But the man who knowingly breaks the law of his country has absolutely no right to redress when he becomes the victim when someone else breaks them. If judges would ask all men that question when they demand justice the eyes of a great many would be opened to the truth of that fact. A man who kills game out of season, or takes fish out of season, or makes illegal whiskey, or sells it, or prints money, or kills, or steals, or murders, or commits adultery, or bears false witness is equally guilty and has no just cause for protection by law from any man who commits such crimes. If you want the protection that the law affords keep the laws to the letter. If you do what you think is a petty wrong, because you claim the personal liberty for yourself, or because of your superior intelligence or strength, your son, who sees you do so, may claim the same personal liberty to kill you in order to enjoy your estate; yet he will be no more guilty than you are."

"If you hit a duck on the back, he will quack," remarked a by-stander.

"He hit me on the head, and you too," another added.

The man who came to James with the grievance dropped his head, then walked away, for his son, who had accompanied him on his illegal hunting trips, was then in jail for exercising the same liberty.

A few days after this James had another conflict with Walter Whaley. James had promised the office of county treasurer to Walter in return for his support. In those days the county treasurer was a very important person; he collected all the taxes, paid all bills, and administered the

affairs of the office to please himself. Among the many expenditures that he made was that for school teachers' salaries. For about three years each teacher had been receiving about one hundred dollars less than what was promised. After standing this condition as long as their patience and dignity would permit they appeared before James with their complaint. When the treasurer was called he was asked to explain.

He explained, "I consider that four hundred dollars is enough for any teacher. It is more than they earn; for when I taught school I never earned what I received during the whole time that I taught."

"It is theirs by law, and by rights; give it to them," shouted James.

There was nothing for the treasurer to do but to comply. It was later found that the extra one hundred dollars had been appropriated to the private use of Whaley.

This incident was the beginning of the conditions that later split the hitherto strong Democratic party of the Shore into two parts. The new party was led by Whaley, nominally, because of this difference—which seemed to appeal to the stingy tax payers who felt that Whaley had been saving them money by cutting down the teachers' pay—but chiefly because of the old antagonism that started in the office of Gambrill and Company. This, combined with Whaley's opposition on the whiskey question which was then pressing itself upon the whole Nation, was the reason for the division.

This new party was called the "Peoples' Party." It was really the Republican party; but its adherents did not claim that it was, because that name was hated on the Shore among these people of Southern extraction. If they had called it the Republican Party it would have had an instant death for want of adherents who would not have been misled by the name. Numerous white men voted for that party for several years before they learned that it was allied with the Repub-

licans. The party was composed primarily of sore-head Democrats who were denied an office when they wished it, or who were not satisfied to have the offices of Worcester county equally distributed. The majority of them lived in Snow Hill and they felt that all of the county offices should be held by residents of that county seat. What were they living there for, anyway? How were they to make a living if not as parasites of the county? Then there were a few white Republicans who joined them, but the bulk of the party were Negroes. It has never exerted a very strong influence, but has been successful at times in capturing several of the minor offices of the county by promising the Negro what they never intended him to have.

Notwithstanding this political difference that existed between Purnell and Whaley they remained friends, and after James had moved his family to Washington Whaley continued to be a frequent visitor at the home of the Gentleman from Maryland.

It was greatly hoped by at least two young men of the community that this difference would put an end to the friendship, or of the frequent visits, anyhow, but James was too broad-minded to permit political differences to enter into personal animosity, which had existed for some time. These two young men would have been greatly encouraged had they known that the Maryland senator, on several occasions, had attempted to persuade Katherine to put an end to this friendship; but she absolutely refused to do so, giving as her reason that she saw no cause to end relations that would never be construed to be anything but friendship such as might exist between a father and daughter.

"You are always busy, Daddy," she said, "and I simply must have someone to accompany me on my rides."

"Why not choose younger protectors; several would be glad of the privilege," James answered.

"The young men bore me, and I despise to be bored. They all think that they must make love to me."

"Then I will hire a servant to go with you."

"I had rather have a deaf and dumb one then, for I will talk to anyone who can hear."

James did not pursue the subject further, and the incident ended.

CHAPTER XXIII

HONORING THE MIGHTY

WHILE Whaley had belonged to the old party, James felt that his friendship for Katherine would enable him to hold his old enemy in check, and through him, would be able to control a large number of votes of that class of people who were Whaley's friends. But now that the break had come he had given up hopes along this line. It is by such stratagems that even the good politicians must hold together their supporters. But having said all that he felt that he could say, with propriety to her on the subject and having known for some time the real designs of the old beau who claimed to be merely a protector the Senator resolved to play the political game with the other lovers of his independent daughter.

After outlining his campaign it was a comparatively easy thing to solicit the aid of the young men. The Senator and his family returned to Snow Hill for the summer months, during which many social affairs were held at the Covington Mansion. Katherine found herself beset by suitors from far and near. She was greatly surprised at the number of proposals which she received. Many of the gallants of the neighboring towns had their wings singed at this altar of fickleness. James Rowley, who kept the hotel at Horntown in his large brick house which overlooked that sleepy town, where one man works while four lean over the fence to watch proceedings, was so discouraged by the rebuff received from Katherine that he hanged himself from the attic window of his hotel. The immense mansion has never been occupied since that day. It is now used as a storehouse

for barrels and potatoes. Robert Mapps, of the old town of Accomac, vowed that the cypress-stained waters of the Pocomoke would close over him if he did not hear her whisper that magic word of three letters that would give him happiness. John Mason, of Stockton, and Clifton Irvin, Jr., were devotion personified; Edward Blaine of Pocomoke City, who was known as the meanest man outside of Girdletree Hill, swore vengeance on all who interfered with his desires; Jackson Toadvine of Salisbury, and Elwood Stanford, the young judge of Princess Anne played many a game of "craps" for dances or evenings alone with her. Yet all of these seemed to be weighed and found wanting by the obstinate creature of their choice when the gallant Whaley was on the scene.

Of all this group the Senator favored Irvin, Jr., the son of his old friend Rose. But that young man, with other good qualities, had inherited pride from both sides of his family tree, and refused to submit to any bullying of the Senator's adopted daughter, although he admitted to his Aunt Nan that her equal could not be found. Katherine was attracted toward him to a greater degree than to any of her other young suitors, but she did not like his haughty bearing when in her company, and resolved to see him humbled somewhat before she yielded him any favors. When he urged his claims upon her she would answer him by saying, sarcastically, "You would never be satisfied with a wife who has no name; but Mr. Whaley does not object to that default." Then he would irritate her the more by dropping the subject, and by going on his way.

Notwithstanding her friendship for Whaley, there was another suitor that seemed to give him not a little anxiety. When the Purnells came from the Capital they were accompanied by a foreign gentleman who claimed to belong to an aristocratic house of Italy. He was known as the Count Dimarco, and he rented a suite of rooms at the Parker House

from where he emerged daily and nightly for his calls at the Covington Mansion. The residents of the old town were not a little surprised at the turn events seemed to be taking, and the young men made Whaley's life miserable by their jests about this princely rival. He at least gave the women another subject of conversation, besides their common subjects of neighbors, fashions, and Negroes. Although there were many conjectures about his relations with Katherine, all of the women were so well acquainted with her ways that they felt her capable of doing almost anything. And why be shocked? Many a fine, well-bred, wealthy American girl stands upon the auction block, ready to be knocked down to the foreign bidder who has the longest title.

Within a few weeks of the Count's arrival he seemed to become desperate. The proprietor of his hotel was getting anxious for a settlement. Count Dimarco arranged for a private conference with the Senator, at which he swore everlasting allegiance to him and to his charming daughter.

"What does she say?" asked the Senator, in his American manner.

"I have not spoken to the angel," was the Count's answer.

"You had better speak to her, Count. In America we allow the ladies the privilege of speaking for themselves, or at least they take it."

No one ever learned the details of that meeting between the Count and his lady, but it had dire results for the Count. He immediately left the suite of rooms in the hotel, went to Scarborough Switch, a few miles away, and there hired himself to a farmer, where he remained for some time, perhaps to be near his "angel." He must have easily forgotten, however, for when the farmer's wife refused to elope with him he killed her, her husband, another hired man, and a Negro boy, who did odd things about the place.

For these crimes the Count was taken to Snow Hill, where he was lodged in the county jail. He was soon tried here

for the murder of the farmer, convicted, and sentenced to hang. Judges Staton, of Snow Hill; Stanford, of Princess Anne; and Toadvine, of Salisbury concurred in passing the sentence which was read to the prisoner by Judge Staton.

While the prisoner was awaiting his death, Judge Staton received a communication from the Black Hand Society which read: "If you hang Dimarco we will blow up your town." It was signed with the figure of a hand and skull and cross-bones drawn in red. Such a thing had never been received or seen in this community, probably because this was the first time that it had been touched by the foot of the foreign criminal. But justice was not to be perverted by this foreign threat, probably because the officials were ignorant of its import. However, the pseudo Count was hanged at the Alms House without any harm to the community. In many places, executives, judges, lawyers, and policemen are in such fear of the foreigner that they tremble in their shoes and hold their peace when a crime is committed. It is a fact of general knowledge that in our great cities justice is more swift to fall upon the native criminal, than upon the foreigner, because of this fear. It is no wonder that we are fast becoming a land of gunmen and cut-throats, when every man's hand seems to be against his neighbor. The good Samaritan is needed to-day more than at any time, but he is also in more danger. Let us awake from this lethargy and throw off this yoke of the illiterate, ignorant, superstitious foreigner. Let him abide by our laws or return to his own country and king. We want him only when he is ready to abide by our laws, and to assimilate our ways. Whenever our government begins to deport every foreigner, who has been proven a criminal, we will be saved a great expense and justice will be known again.

No, Snow Hill was not blown up. But something else more mysterious happened. Within a few days after the gibbet had claimed another victim, Judge Staton was found

dead in his bed; Judge Stanford was found in his bath room, where he had gone to shave, with his throat cut; and Judge Toadvine was shot through the head while lying in his bed. The last two were said to be suicides; yet no cause was found to prove that two judges, living in neighboring towns, and the best of friends, should kill themselves within a few hours of each other. The physician reported that Staton had died of heart failure, but it was his first attack that proved so fatal, for he was young and very rugged. The foreigner still attempts to rule by instilling fear and terror into the natives of our glorious land. We sit back while we watch him, never raising our hands to check him, because we feel that he will not molest those who do not meddle with him. The great awakening is not far in the distance. It may be seen by the thoughtful as it arises in the East in the shape of a dark cloud "about the size of a man's hand."

During that same summer Senator Purnell was asked to be the principal speaker at a very important event in the history of the Eastern Shore. A monument had been built by the untiring efforts of a son of Rev. Robert McMaster, who was now dead, and Mr. Cook, of Philadelphia, to the memory of Rev. Francis Makemie, the father of the Presbyterian Church in America. These men, with the invaluable aid of Dr. Bowen, who lived at Buckingham, now Berlin, had found the grave of Makemie in a "pound" or inclosure where stock was kept, in Accomac County, near the place where that great missionary had landed in Virginia. His grave, neglected for years, had been the tramping ground of cattle, the mud wallow for hogs, until reclaimed and marked by the monument. Now the spot is known as Makemie Park. It is loved and revered by thousands of the descendants of the people to whom this noted servant of God ministered in a strange but glorious land, who gather annually at the monument to renew their faith in God while they pay honor to the man so long neglected.

On the day when the monument was to be unveiled several thousand people assembled to hear the speakers, and to honor that great "Pastor of the Evergreens," who had formulated the policies, religious, and political, of this region, by which its inhabitants are still guided, to a great extent. They especially had prepared themselves to hear a great oration from the Gentleman from Maryland, who had become their well-known statesman.

The Senator and his party from Snow Hill journeyed to Makemie Park by the way of Kingston, because the roads were more solid that way. They stopped at the old homestead of Samuel Chase, that ancient lion of democracy who did more than any other one Marylander to force his state to support General Washington. On this venerable estate the party encamped for lunch. Nearby stood the old Washington Academy, and the associations of these two sacred spots seemed to fire the orator's soul, for he felt a greater desire to speak upon this occasion than ever he had felt since the invitation had been extended to him.

This enthusiasm developed as he reached the old Rehoboth Church, with its neighboring Episcopal edifice almost as venerable. Makemie built the Rehoboth Church just a few years before the Episcopalians came to this spot.

Here it will be necessary to write a few words about these two old churches in order to make the story complete; for no story of this region is finished that does not tell fully of the history of these two ancient sanctuaries.

The Episcopal edifice had been standing for over one hundred and fifty years in a grove of sycamores, cedars, and apples. The main building, which is about eighty feet long and forty feet wide, is built of English brick. It stands about a quarter of a mile from the river landing at Rehoboth and about two hundred yards from the Rehoboth church. Seven years after it was constructed it was struck by lightning while services were being held. The east end was split from the

roof to the foundation. A young rector, Mr. Foster, was preaching at the time. He was instantly killed by the bolt, but it seems that no one else was hurt. His body was buried under the chancel where it lays until this day. The opening made by the lightning was repaired with bricks made near the place, but they were of much poorer workmanship. These later bricks have crumbled or fallen from the building, leaving the east end open again, but the rest of the walls are still standing intact, although the roof and all of the wood work has disappeared by the ravages of time, which respect not even that which is holy and sanctified. These walls of the venerable sanctuary are covered with Virginia ivy, except that portion that was rebuilt. It shows a fine example of the difference in quality between the early masonry and the modern.

The old Rehoboth church has been rebuilt about six times. It stands nearer the landing in the village of Rehoboth. Built by Francis Makemie nearly three hundred years ago, it is thought to be the first church erected on the Eastern Shore. At least it is the oldest Presbyterian Church in America. It was built while the Jamestown colony was still young, by the energetic, young Scotch-Irish exponent of religious liberty and freedom of conscience. This fact is easily proven by the existence of the neighboring church across the road. But this same man, with his broad-minded views, was arrested shortly after he arrived in America, while he was on a visit to New York. Here, during his trial, he made a very profound impression by his appeal for broad-minded views in religion and government. Even then the democracy of the South was contrasted with the hard, narrow arrogance of the Northern provinces. He was released after he had assured his audience that he would remain in the South. Then he returned to his church, where he named the place Rehoboth—"room for more." The people of Snow Hill have claimed for many years that the Makemie Memorial

Church is the older of the two, but they have utterly failed to establish their claim, because all important evidence is against them.

As Senator Purnell viewed these ancient landmarks, and reviewed the history of their pastors and leaders; their principles; their morals; their physical endurance; and their noble sacrifices, he felt that the least he could do would be to propound and urge the practice of pure laws and statutes for the guidance of his constituency. He thought of his early trouble, of his sacrifices in order to gain the respect of his neighbors, then decided that his life had been infinitesimal in comparison to the lives of such men. He thought of the monument that was about to be unveiled; he wondered if he would be able to do anything worthy of even such a small honor. Then he remembered the greater monument that the man had built while still living. "What was he building?" he asked himself. By untiring efforts; by unnumbered sacrifices, Makemie had built seven churches in the evergreens: Rehoboth, Makemie Memorial, Manoken at Princess Anne, Pitts Creek at Pocomoke City, Buckingham at Berlin, Wicomico at Salisbury, and the Church of the Forest, several miles east of Salisbury on the road to the Atlantic Ocean. It seems that that missionary took the great Paul of Tarsus as his example in theology and in constructing churches, for he built the seven churches of the evergreens, which stretched from Accomac to Salisbury, then across the entire peninsula to the Ocean. The Eastern Shore was a new Asia Minor to Makemie.

The old Episcopal church of Rehoboth also became the mother of a church in each one of the above-named towns, but there is no record whatever of any trouble that arose between the churches of these two denominations. This seems to be proof contributed to the excellence and fineness of the men who became the leaders in this vast forest of evergreens and sluggish streams. It appears that these two

great religious branches worked side by side to conquer for Christ this portion of the Peninsula.

After viewing these two edifices the party of the Senator resumed its journey to Makemie Park, where it arrived early in the afternoon. They found many people already assembled from Maryland, Virginia, Delaware, and Pennsylvania. The Senator soon renewed many old acquaintances and was ready for the chief oration of the day.

That oration was destined to be remembered long upon these shores. The Gentleman from Maryland seemed to think that the reputation of his native state was being weighed. Would it be found wanting? Not if his influence could aid it. As he took his place upon the speaker's stand, cheer upon cheer greeted his ears.

James had never been able to feel at ease in such positions. He always envied those speakers who seemed to be cock sure of themselves as they faced their audiences with self-abandonment and great confidence in their powers to please. Try as hard as he might he was never able to imitate them in this. He always felt his limitations and inability to say and do the things that he always planned before time. For that reason his endings were always better than his beginnings, for as he warmed to his subject he forgot himself to a certain extent. At the beginning of his efforts, his audiences felt that he would not be very interesting, but they invariably were agreeably surprised before he got very far. It was especially the case on this occasion, but their hearty cheers seemed to encourage him greatly. The audience is the better half of great orations. If they expect to hear something that will help them, they generally do.

"My dear fellow countrymen," he began, "we stand to-day upon very sacred ground; a spot made sacred because it covers the remains of a noble Prince of God and man. Although he is dead, his principles live on in this state and country. He stood for liberty in all activities in life, re-

ligion, speech, press, government, and conscience. He upheld the hands of our first statesmen, like Hur of old, who were instrumental in making a Washington, a Henry, a Jackson, a Lee, a Jefferson, a Monroe, a Madison, and many of like calibre; yet at the same time taking also the place of Aaron, for he was God's spiritual representative. Hur had the support of Aaron, but he was alone. What do we more than these? Let us watch that we equal their efforts, for our nation is in great danger. Our principles, which were theirs, are being destroyed. The morals that have developed us are giving place to low, base practices introduced from southern Europe. The teachings of the man whom we have gathered to honor are being trampled under foot by the foreigner and the native who is easily influenced, because he cannot see. He has eyes, but he is blind. We have eyes; let us see what the days are bringing forth. We, in this section, do not feel these things so much, because these things have not invaded our section, but our lovely Baltimore, the queen of the Chesapeake, is being taken by storm, as are many other cities. The holy Sabbath is being destroyed there; the Anglo-Saxon name is being replaced by the unpronounceable name of the foreigner; no longer are the immigrants of kindred blood and ideals; but many of them are illiterate, immoral, unclean, superstitious, and ignorant. They will become public charges or criminals.

"These foreigners have introduced a very dangerous institution. Although we have had it to a certain extent, in its present form it is truly foreign. Neither will it ever become naturalized. We don't want it to be naturalized, for it is an outlaw. It is controlled and financed by the foreign distiller and brewer. I speak of the foreign saloon. Ninety-nine out of every one hundred are owned or operated by men of strange or unpronounceable names, who seem to think that the others are gone astray, for they are out on the search for them. They want to control them all, not for the same mo-

tive that the shepherd wanted the stray sheep, but for their own profit. They are as thick as hops in the cities. This whole business is a foreign affair. Just a few years ago we got rid of the slavery of man's body, a foreign institution that attacked us; now his body is being enslaved by a worse foreign evil. Spain frightened little Iceland into submitting to become a drunkard nation or a starved nation; Europe is now endeavoring to enslave our souls by the same methods, and many Americans are concurring with her for profit and pleasure.

"And what, may I ask, is the cause of this? The answer can be stated in one word. Commercialism. Men are so anxious to gain the whole world at the expense of their souls that we are importing foreigners who know nothing faster than we can teach and naturalize them. Immigrants from northern Europe are educated and intelligent; they are quickly naturalized with little effort on our part, but the dangerous type are not being educated, for it is hard to teach old dogs new tricks. The home is in danger; trust in God is being destroyed, and the fundamental moralities, on which our civilization has been based, are being uprooted and cast aside.

"The wonderful American home will soon pass into history. The homes of the South that by discipline, honor, modesty, thrift, industry, and love of God, produced the men who have led our nation, are being discarded or called old-fashioned by the modern young wise-acres. Our girls are not guarded and kept spotless. Chivalry is passing, and with it honor of women. This folly is developing into a canker that will produce a plague.

"A few days ago, in the city of Baltimore, I saw for the first time a 'Ladies' entrance' sign upon the side of a foreign owned saloon. I said 'That means the death of this demon.' When we began to commercialize our race horses, we ended that sport. When we commercialize our fair women by ad-

vertising them as they drink, or tempt others to drink, we degenerate as a nation, or we must destroy the canker. Whenever we advertise a beautiful girl smoking a cigar or cigarette as they do in Europe, we must destroy the practice to save our race. Dancing is being ruined by commercializing it. Baseball is being destroyed, especially for the refined element, as a noble pastime, by commercializing it. It is fast becoming an institution of gambling. It is already spoken of as America's Monte Carlo. It will soon be outlawed like horse racing.

"And what is dancing, that agreeable and profitable pastime, becoming? It has been rightly defined as working our bodies against the bodies of our partners, in order to excite sexual desires, while we endeavor to do so to the rhythm of music. A good definition, but one that reveals the state into which our morals are falling. And the beautiful, young, innocent girl that dances into contact with the libertine who has invented the modern dance, soon ceases to be innocent or even beautiful.

"We need an intense vision. Our pleasures are sapping the very foundations of our homes and nation. If we are to remain the light and hope of a lost world we must go right, for the world will force us to go with it if we do not force it to respect and follow us.

"The male and female libertines are trying to destroy the home, the church, and the state by divorce, adultery, and disrespect for laws, both moral and physical. The nation will suffer greatly if the home and church cease to teach the moral retribution of the Bible. The church must not fail to keep before the people the principles of Christ, or the world will become the most pitiable bankrupt.

"The man whom we honor to-day called for the support of all men in teaching and observing these principles. His influence was built upon those teachings. He succeeded because he believed and practiced such doctrines and ideals;

otherwise we would not be honoring him. How ridiculous would appear a gathering like this whose object was to honor a libertine, a free-lance, or a criminal. Such madness has never entered into the heart of even men of this type. I call then to-day upon you to support the principles for which this man spent his life in this region. I call upon you to uphold and support me and all public servants in their demands for the enforcement of laws. Pledge yourselves here, as I do, here upon this sacred spot, that you will renew your allegiance to the principles of your fore-fathers; to the principles that have made us a great nation; the principles of the Reverend Francis Makemie, and determine to show the foreigner that he is welcome in our "Land of the Free" if he is willing to abide by our laws. If not, he is not or never will be welcome. If he then thinks his is a better country, or if he believes his customs or morals are superior to ours, quietly but forcefully invite him to withdraw his presence from our abominable land, and return to his home and king. If he is a foreign diplomat he may be treated the same. We do not hear of the diplomats at Washington keeping slaves, or harems, or zenanas; for they would be an insult to our nation. Why should they disregard other laws that are as important to us.

"I consider that you have done a most honorable and noteworthy service to our land by constructing this monument to a man whom all delight to honor. I wish all men and women of his mould might be so remembered."

When he sat down no one felt that he was a wizard or a prophet; they saw the common sense of his argument. They realized too, that he had spoken the truth. They had come to hear something good, and they had heard it.

CHAPTER XXIV

MISS ANNE AND MRS. MARAH

AMONG those present who heard his remarks was the Senator's old friend, Mrs. Ward. She returned home overflowing with praise for her friend. She soon called at his home, but was disappointed to find him away, although Katherine cordially invited her to enter and stay awhile. They entered the drawing room where they found Mrs. Marah seated by the window, with her sewing basket in her lap. Mrs. Ward had tried many times to become friendly with this person of mystery, and now seemed to be rewarded. She must be very careful, however, for even if Mrs. Marah was inclined to be talkative that day, it perhaps was because Katherine was present. Mrs. Ward decided to allow the other woman to do the talking, for on former visits she had been so thoughtless as to make some reference that seemed to seal the mouth of Mrs. Marah. Therefore she began the conversation on this occasion by addressing Katherine.

"What did you think of your dad's speech, honey?"

"Well, some parts I liked, and some parts I didn't," Katherine frankly confessed. "Like his generation, he seems unable to appreciate the difference between his youth and ours."

It was the same excuse that the young have always given, and will give until Gabriel blows his horn.

"Didn't he speak truth? Of course he did," replied Mrs. Ward.

"It was the truth from his standpoint, as he sees it; but even if he is my father, and a fine one, too, I must take

issue with him on some points. Now Mr. Whaley does not agree with him. He may be nearly as old in years, but he is as young as I am in ways, and he appreciates the pleasures of our time."

"You only mention him to rile me; you know I hate him."

"Why Miss Anne, I thought you liked everybody."

"Well, I must confess I have a right smart grudge against him for treating his mother like he does. A man who will not treat his mother well is a right poor specimen, I'm thinkin'."

During this time Mrs. Marah had not lifted her eyes from her sewing.

Katherine laughed. "What harm has he ever done you, Miss Anne? You are like Mrs. Marah. Even she does not like him, although she hardly ever sees him, and never speaks to him. He thinks it is strange that she will not remain in the room long enough to speak to him."

"He never done me any harm, an' he never done me any good, I reckon. A body needs to see him just once to know him. She's a wise woman."

Still Mrs. Marah worked away, never deigning to take part in the conversation.

Mrs. Ward then remarked to the older woman, "It's a shame that you all did not hear James yesterday."

"Katherine has been telling me some of the things her father said, and I fully agree with him. Therefore, Katherine has put me in a class with him and you, because she says we are so in love with him that we see things as he does."

"I agree with him, all right," said Mrs. Ward. "What are we to come to, anyhow? I could imagine Moses giving the Ten Commandments to the children of Israel on Mount Sin'i while he talked. I heard the idolater declarin' he would worship what he pleased; I heard the thief sayin' he would steal if he wanted to. The unbeliever said he didn't care for the Sabbath. The young upstart said he wouldn't honor

his old-fashioned parents. He said 'They don't know nothin'. The blasphemer swore at God and Moses. The libertine said 'I would like to see any old foggy control my desires, Moses can't do it.' The murderer said, 'I'll croak him if he interferes with me.' The liar said 'I'll lie as often as I please.' The selfish gent said he would wish for and take what he could get. And all these formed a society what they called the 'Commandment Breakers.' The original members never got out of the Wilderness, but the society still exists, an' it don't lack for members right here in Snow Hill. Some of them are so hard that they wouldn't die if the Lord led them for forty years through a wilderness."

"Do you think daddy was fair with dancers?" asked Katherine.

"I reckon he was. Women are queer creatures. They all say they don't dance to be near men, yet the man who has the nerve to hold them the tightest is the most popular dancer. Women go wild over the man who is known to be fast. No wonder nice boys are scarce. They see it don't pay to be nice; for the girls want the other kind, and a woman can get what she wants."

"That's not so, Miss Anne, we do like nice boys."

"You don't show it then. There's some around here, but they stand no chance. Not that I can see anyhow, and my eyes is pretty good yet. Girls say they hate the modern dances, but they all do it, you bet."

"They do it because everybody else does," defended Katherine. "They don't want to be wall flowers."

"I know what you all say. There must be somethin' else about it that is attractive. Girls of my day were modest. Why you seldom see a girl blush any more. There is nothin' that will cause blushes, for experience has destroyed that attraction. Don't you think so, Mrs. Marah?"

She had addressed Mrs. Marah several times before this;

but that lady refused to be drawn into the conversation. When Mrs. Ward had gone she said to Katherine, "Miss Anne certain is abrupt, but I like her."

"Everybody does, we don't take her seriously."

"No, Katherine, but you ought to. Young people are not like they should be, and I am afraid that men are losing their respect for girls and women. I believe we have no one to blame but ourselves. Men want women to be of two classes. When they are not serious they like to play with the class that will permit it; but when they become serious they want their life partner to be of the pure, modest, reserved type. Some women make the mistake that they must please all, and I am glad that there are some that are demanding of men the same standards that men demand of them."

This was the longest speech that Katherine had ever heard Mrs. Marah make. The woman herself seemed somewhat surprised that she had so freely expressed herself, especially as Jane and the Senator entered as she was concluding. She arose, looked in a peculiar manner at Katherine, threw a hasty glance at the Senator, and quickly left the room.

After watching her disappear so precipitately the Senator told Katherine that they must begin to make plans for their return to Washington. In a short time the county elections would be held; then they would leave for another winter.

The elections that fall were to be very important; they were to decide by vote whether Maryland would continue to tolerate the saloon. Until the hour for the opening of the voting places Senator Purnell had said nothing. Instead he believed that it would be more politic to allow the leaders to believe that he was opposed to voting out the saloon. That would throw the whiskey ring off their guard completely. He felt that by revealing his plan he might defeat his purpose. He therefore decided to rely upon the strength

of his influence. He was also somewhat afraid of the growing power of the People's Party.

From one end of the Shore to the other the women held rallies and parades during which they displayed banners by which they appealed to the voters to defeat the power of the whiskey people. They were aided by thousands of school-children and many men who professed to be Christians, but who generally voted to enrich their pocket-books or to increase their influence. The efforts put forth by the women were so sincere, however, that the People's Party, in order to gain adherents from the ranks of the righteous, had pledged themselves in favor of prohibition.

The excitement, therefore, was at its highest pitch just before the polls were opened. Many of the leading men consciously believed that the closing of the saloons on the Eastern Shore would spell ruin to that section by veering business to other quarters of the shore. But the Senator had studied the problem as it was presented in the states of Maine and Kansas. He knew better than to believe the propaganda that he read daily in the liquor soaked papers that issued from the presses of Baltimore. Less than an hour before the opening of the polls on the Eastern Shore of Maryland every county leader received a telegram from the Gentleman from Maryland instructing him to see that all Democrats voted for the amendment to close the saloons of that vast peninsula. It was a great surprise to these leaders, but they dared not disobey. The Senator had not given the enemy any time to institute forceful resistance, and the day's results proved that James had been right again. In taking a great chance he had closed thousands of saloons in his district. It also proved that he was a great student of human nature.

This measure gained for him many enemies who now joined the People's Party, in spite of the fact that they had pledged themselves to do just what he had done. In Balti-

more city the men who had been disappointed allied themselves with the Republicans. The hatred which Whaley already bore the Senator was greatly intensified because this new measure compelled him to close his saloon at least apparently. His stand at the corner of Market and Washington streets had long been the rendezvous of his friends who had succeeded in capturing several of the minor offices of the county through the success of the People's Party. His influence had been instrumental in destroying the Jim Crow law in that part of Maryland, which he had introduced in the State legislature. Therefore he had gained many Negro voters for the new party in spite of the fact that he had been the father of the law. To the Negroes he also promised offices. These promises were never kept, because not even the People's Party would have dared to take such action, although a Negro was made assistant superintendent of Negro schools, but he was so ignorant that he could not even fill out the charts that were required of him in his line of duty.

But Whaley determined to break his enemy's pride if he could not break his spirit. He waited a favorable opportunity; he laid out his plans of attack, with intricate detail, in order to safely strike a telling blow. His opportunity knocked at his door about one year later.

The next fall, when the Senator and his family returned to Snow Hill James found things in a very unsatisfactory condition. "Bootlegging" existed everywhere; drunkards seemed to be more numerous than ever; Whaley openly boasted that the Senator had failed and openly sold whiskey in his "rick" shop. Even the majority of the citizens were convinced that the old condition was the more desirable. They believed that the new condition was creating law breakers, but they forgot that every law that ever had been enacted for the control of the saloon had been absolutely disregarded by the saloon men. They were already law

breakers, but now they were more bold because they felt that they had the favor of the respectful element, who talked too much without knowing their subject. Yet Senator Purnell refused to be beaten. He knew, with many other thoughtful men, that extraordinary efforts were being made to evade the law. Even his own daughter took issue against him by continuing to debate the question with him. Of course he knew who it was that furnished her with her arguments, but he never mentioned his name.

A few days after his return several business men visited the home of Senator Purnell. They came from the mining sections of Pennsylvania in order to buy the pine timber of this region for mine props. That great mining state had exhausted its own supply of timber; it was now seeking everywhere for props to use in its vast coal mines. As the coal is mined out it is necessary for the miners to prop up the roof of the mine with these heavy timbers. Therefore the "woods of Birnam is being moved to Dunsinane" in a literal sense. The pine timbers of the "Land of the Evergreens" are being buried under hill, dale and town of Pennsylvania. These purchasing agents buy all trees, which are more than eight inches in diameter, which are then cut and shipped to the mines. This industry had become the leading source of revenue for the farmers, for there was an enormous quantity of pine in this region.

These merchants came to see Senator Purnell because they had been informed that he had a vast tract of timber in the Nassawadox forest. In this tract was situated the Nassawadox Iron Furnace, which had been one of the Shores' first industries. It had formerly been owned and operated by a company from Princess Anne, but owing to the fact that the ore found in the bogs of the region was of such a poor quality that it cost more than it was worth to separate it from the impurities, this furnace had not been operated for many years. The old brick stack may still be seen standing

in the forest surrounding by the ruins and debris of the old village. The scene has become one of great interest to visitors and travelers to this vicinity on account of the amount of romance that surrounds it. When this property was advertised for sale Senator Purnell, and a group of men from Snow Hill, bought it for the timber that grew there in abundance.

The Senator invited several of these owners to accompany the party on a tour of inspection before they bought the rights to the timber. In fact they made a sort of a picnic of the trip. But after they had arrived at their destination the Senator was surprised that these men from the neighboring state had brought whiskey with them, which they offered to share with him. He gracefully refused it, not because of any desire to be unsocial (he realized that they did not recognize the fact that they were breaking the law by bringing whiskey into dry territory) but because of the influence such an act would have upon the younger members of his party. Therefore he did not acquiesce to their wish, but Walter Whaley, who was not nearly so scrupulous, having taken advantage of the opportunity several times, was fast approaching a state of irresponsibility in spite of the fact that there were several ladies present with the group, one of these being Katherine Purnell, whom he had accompanied.

While Senator Purnell and his guests were examining the timber tract someone suggested that a fire be made in the old furnace stack. This was a thing easily accomplished with the vast quantity of seasoned wood from the ruins of the old houses, but when it was made the young men were not satisfied. They continued to pile on the wood until they had a terrific blaze in the ancient, but grand, fire-place. The day was somewhat cool and those who stood around in the damp atmosphere of the forest rode their horses as near as possible in order to feel the heat.

Suddenly there was a loud roar as a large portion of the inner part of the great stack of bricks collapsed. The terrific heat of the fire below was more than it could stand after so many years of disuse. This sudden roar and accompanying flash frightened the horse on which Whaley was sitting, and caused the frightened animal to flee from danger. It was impossible for Whaley, in his condition, to control the horse in its headlong dash, but he clung to the horn of his saddle as he reeled from side to side. He almost lost his position as the horse made the sharp turn into the road leading to Snow Hill.

Realizing the dangerous plight of Whaley in his condition Katherine asked the men who were near her if one of them would not follow the runaway, but they merely laughed. They felt that Whaley could take care of himself. When she saw that they did not intend to follow him she sprang into her saddle with the abandon of a rough-rider, and spurred her horse after the departing runaway at a break-neck speed. It seemed to the girl that she would never overtake the running horse, but finally the two horses were running neck and neck together. For the first time in her life Katherine was disgusted with her riding companion. She seized the reins of the frightened animal, threw all her weight against the bit, and, checking her own horse at the same time, she brought them to a stop. Her effort nearly unseated her, but she was saved by her knowledge and skill as an expert equestrienne.

The two riders had just emerged from the woods when she checked them. Whaley was without hat, but seemed somewhat sobered. As Katherine got control of her horse, she remarked in an icy tone, "Do you think you can ride him back to the others, or shall I lead him?"

"Let's not do either one; I've been a fool to act as I have today. If I return they will laugh at me. You return if you wish, but I would be more than pleased to have you continue with me. It is getting late, and they will soon be

returning, anyhow. You can stop to visit mother until the rest return; I have something to show you."

"But Daddy might be worried."

"Oh, no. He knows you better than that. It is not you who were in danger."

They rode along at a slow canter until they reached Whaley's home, where a Negro servant took charge of their horses. They immediately entered the house.

When they reached the second story, where the family lived, they were greeted by Mrs. Whaley, an elderly, feeble lady, who now came forward to lead the way to the parlor, which faced Market street and the Court House. Mrs. Whaley was a very quiet lady, kind and pleasant to everyone, a woman who had never done anything wrong in her life, except when she married Walter's father. This act she repented many times; but she loved her son, her only child, with an intense love, and, like all mothers, recognized no fault in him. He now jokingly told her about their wild dash through the forest; how Katherine aided him in stopping his horse, but he failed to mention the reason he had been unable to stop it or to manage it. He then turned to the safe which stood in the alcove of the room, covered by a portiere curtain, and returned with a beautifully engraved box. His mother seemed to know his intentions, for she immediately left the two young people together. Walter explained that the box was made of sandal-wood; that it was hand engraved, and that he had gotten it from a second-hand jeweler, who had a shop on Race street in Philadelphia.

"While I was walking up that street a few years ago," Whaley said, "I noticed an old sea-captain enter this shop. Knowing the life of the sailors, and that they often sell valuable things which they pick up on voyages, I reckoned that he had something to sell instead of desiring to buy anything. I stepped into the store just in time to hear his price for this box. He had picked it up on one of his trips

to Australia. He asked twenty-five dollars for it, but the Jewish merchant told him that it was not worth the price. To the surprise of the merchant the captain turned to leave the store. Then stepping up to him I offered to purchase the box for his price, which he immediately took. It is worth many times that price, for when the merchant saw me purchase it he followed me from his store as he offered me more than the captain had asked him for it."

"What are you going to do with it?" Katherine inquired.

"I'm going to keep my jewelry in it."

"I didn't know you liked to have jewelry."

"I believe you would like to have it."

"It would look better in my room than in yours. I have never seen such a beautiful piece of work."

The box truly was exquisite. It was of a yellow color, grained, and very highly polished. It was carved in many fantastic figures, and emitted a peculiarly pleasing odor that seemed to fill the whole room.

"You claim that I don't like jewelry; you ought to see what's inside of that box."

She tried to open it, but was unable, for it was locked with a very small lock. When he had opened it for her she was surprised at what it contained.

Seeing her amazement Whaley heightened it by saying, "That box and its contents are for the finest girl in old Worcester."

"You might make it more interesting by enlarging the territory to conform with the general statement."

"Well, in the whole world then."

"That is more like it; for it is just as hard to guess who she might be now as it was before."

"You might guess at least."

"I can't think, to save my life, who it might be."

"It seems to me you are not thinking very hard."

"I thought you hated women."

"I do, in general. There are just three that I do not hate. Mother is one of them, Mrs. Jane Purnell, and you are the third."

Katherine's face had turned almost scarlet. She very seldom permitted herself to be surprised into a blush, but she realized for the first time in her life that her former companion now looked upon her as no longer a child, but a woman. He was no longer interested in her as an inquisitive school girl; he was in love with her. She did not know whether to feel injury or honored. He had said nothing that might offend her; but somehow, she felt that if a younger man had said it, she might have felt differently about it. She felt that she must say something, but, for once, she lacked an answer.

"Am I one of the few exceptions?" she found herself saying.

"You are; I might say that I have trained you to my views. Girls are becoming so frivolous; they cannot appreciate quality in anything. I have often shown that box, but to all that have seen it, it appeared as nothing but a piece of wood. They seemed interested in it only as a box that might contain valuable gems or jewelry. The box was nothing. Their first question was, 'What is in it?' Why, I could tell as soon as you saw it that you knew the value of the box. And you wanted it without knowing that there was anything in it."

"How could they fail? Why, look at that diamond." She pointed to a glittering stone in the center of the lid. "That certainly is a diamond," she said. "And those stones surrounding it must be emeralds and sapphires. The clasp and the lock are of silver, and these bands that are inlaid around the ends are of gold. I don't see how they could miss its value."

"Nothing is of value to them that they can't wear. They saw nothing but a common box; they did not realize that a

precious stone might be set in this wood. They have lost the art of appreciating that which is artistic. They are rapidly losing all the finer qualities of womanhood. Their manners are abominable, and their dress is worse. Their styles are borrowed from the aborigines, and they had rather die than be caught out of style. Very seldom a woman appears who might be called stylish. They are in style, perhaps, but that is all they care for. They generally wear their clothes without any distinction whatever. They are not individual; they are conglomerated. When you have seen one, you have seen all. When you have heard one speak, you have heard all. They hope in terms of money, they think in terms of money, and they pray in terms of money. The fine spirit of sacrifice, that made your mother and my mother the women they are is altogether missing. And if they fail to marry money, they seek the man who has it and will spend it upon them after they are married to another. Of course the men are no better in this particular, for as long as a woman seeks she will find. Don't blame the boys and girls for being incorrigible, blame the parents. You can read a great deal about the evil young people written by adults that are afraid the parents will retaliate if these writers place the blame where it belongs. They do not fear the young, for they don't stop long enough to read the articles."

"You must remember, Mr. Whaley, that I have no mother."

"Well, you had one, and she must have been a fine one to leave you such a heritage."

"You know I often wonder who my parents were. I wonder if I am like my mother or father. Daddy Purnell has promised to tell me some day who my parents were. I can't imagine why he does not do so, unless he thinks it is to my advantage not to know. He has always thought of my happiness."

"He will tell you when you are ready to marry; you are rapidly approaching that period now."

"Do you think anybody would marry me without knowing who my mother is?"

"I would."

A deep flush again passed over her face, but it was gone in an instant. He now rang a bell and a servant entered carrying a tray, upon which were two glasses and a decanter of wine. There was also a plate containing cake. Katherine very seldom drank wine, but this was one of the times that she did not refuse. Had he not promised the box and its contents to her? They both drank some wine, then resumed the conversation while eating the cake. Whaley was the first to speak.

"Those who have seen this box before have never shown enough interest in it to warrant my opening it for their curiosity. Of course these pearls were not bought with the box. I have added them since. But, with the exception of my mother, you are the first woman who has seen them. Let me put them around your neck."

Katherine made no objection to this service. As he clasped it around her neck a small pendant glided down her white bosom. It was in the shape of a small star, in the center of which there was a brilliant diamond. The whole outer edge was set with small diamonds, which were very close together. As he clasped it he allowed his hand to leisurely rest upon her flesh, and he passed his fingers through her golden hair. Then he looked at the star as it raised and lowered upon her rapidly heaving breast.

He had drunk several glasses of wine before this. "You are my star; my precious pearl," he said, "permit me to touch with my lips the spot where this star first rested." He stooped and touched her flesh with his lips. Then he fell upon his knees before her.

"I know I am not worthy," he said, "I know many younger

men have asked for your favors, but I am wealthy, and I can love as strongly as any of them. All that I have is yours. These pearls, a small fortune in themselves, are yours. All that I have, or ever hope to have, is yours alone. And I shall be as kind to you, and ask no more of you than I have ever asked. Only become my bride, my darling, and all is yours. You will have to work with a young husband for many years to get what I have to give immediately. This all is yours for the taking; it is yours from this day."

"Won't the world say of me what you have just said of other women; that I think only of money?"

"They already say that; but it is not so of you. Anyhow, even if I am old, you will never be tempted from me by anyone who can give you more than I; they haven't it to give."

"Don't be too sure of that," she said, laughing.

"But I am sure of it. These others do wrong for nothing but money."

"That is true. I could have married long ago, but I had no name to offer a husband but Purnell. They all know that is not my name. I was afraid that they might some day reproach me for it. I am even afraid that you might."

"They may care, but I do not. I will give you a name just as old, and just as good as any that exists. I care nothing for what your name is or has been; I care for you, my star, my pearl, my priceless. I shall give all that I possess for you."

She was very quiet for some time, then she said, "I believe I will do it. You have always proven a gentleman and a very kind protector for me. But what will Daddy Purnell say? You know he is your political enemy."

"I know it, and I am sorry; but this will end our enmity. I believe he will cease to be my enemy when I have had a talk with him."

Whaley very wisely did not press her any further at that

time. He proved an experienced and tried lover, and left the pearls around her neck. He arose and started from the room, apparently in search of his mother; but in a moment he returned in a very excited mood.

"Someone is fighting downstairs; let's lock the door. We want no one to mar our happiness for this moment."

"Who can it be; I can't tell for the world of me!"

"Only some foolish boys, I reckon, who have drunk too much. I have kept some ever since prohibition came into effect here. But why should Marylanders stop selling while other states are doing so? Sometimes my clerk treats his friends to too much of it. I have told him it is a very foolish thing to do."

"I really must go, Mr. Whaley. Daddy will return home and will worry if I am not there."

"Don't go yet; we can see him as he passes down the street. They have not gone yet, for I told Alec to call me when he saw them returning."

"Maybe Alec has been scared away by the fight down stairs."

"It is more likely that he is in the fight; he likes nothing better."

CHAPTER XXV

THE SENATOR AND THE RAIDERS

WHEN the Senator and his guests returned to the Furnace he found great excitement there. After they had told of the runaway he immediately started for home. But the men had been out in the forest for over two hours, consequently they saw no trace of the two riders until he reached Washington and Market Streets. There he saw Katherine's horse tied to a post, and on the steps, the Negro hostler.

"Are Miss Purnell and Mr. Whaley here?" he asked the boy, Alec.

"Yas, Suh. Day's done ben heah ovah two hours. An' de boss say he return in a few minutes. He ain't back yit."

"Was he brought here hurt?"

"Naw, Suh, ah reckon he wahn't; least ways he didn't seem like it."

"Where is he now, Alec."

"In dare. De agents hab him, I reckon."

"What agents?"

"Dem probation agents. Day's in dar now."

The Senator opened the door, but met one of the officers, who had raided Whaley's store. Even though the saloons had been closed many of the stores sold whiskey and rick very freely. The agent recognized Purnell and admitted him without question. Then he told the Senator that several men had been caught drinking, but they had fought them and several had escaped. "The rest," he said, "are in a back room, but the officers are in the cellar searching for more. I am guarding this door to see that no one leaves the place. We think that Whaley, himself, is here somewhere."

"Thank God," thought the Senator, "they have not suspicioned anyone upstairs. Perhaps I can get Katherine out of here without anyone seeing her."

In the hall he met the chief raider. "Can't you call this off, Onley?" he asked.

"Why?" the officer asked suspiciously.

"Because my daughter is visiting Mrs. Whaley, and she might become involved." The Senator was frank with him.

"No, Senator, I can't. The boys wouldn't stand for it; they're after Whaley."

"Now, look here, you might lose your job; but I have better ones for you. Whaley is my enemy too, Onley. But to-day he was riding with my daughter. His horse ran away and she followed him here. I do not know which one is hurt, and perhaps lying somewhere in this house."

"If it wasn't your daughter, would you reward me for neglecting my duty?"

"No, I reckon not. Go ahead with your work."

"Go upstairs and look for her. My men are in the cellar. I will let you out if you find her in time."

The Senator bounded up the stairs. While he stood on the landing getting his bearings he heard his daughter's voice in the room to his left.

"Don't come near me," she said, half in jest.

The Senator stood transfixed in horror. He recognized some threat, some fright, in the voice, but what chilled his soul was the unmistakable element of jest which the tone indicated.

The deeper voice of Whaley answered, full of assurance and possession now, "Oh, you don't mean that, after what you have promised me."

Purnell tried to push open the door, but it was locked. Then he thought of the agents. He looked down the stairs and saw Onley watching him. The officer rushed up the steps, grabbed a chair, and hurled it through the panel of

the door ; then he unlocked the door by reaching through to the key inside.

When they entered the room they found the decanter half empty, and the two empty glasses which had been used. Whaley, now intoxicated, stood in one corner of the room from which he looked arrogantly at the men. In another corner Katherine crouched, the flush of wine upon her fine face and in her beautiful eyes. The string of pearls, with their pendant, still glittered from her breast and neck.

The Gentleman from Maryland was in a greater rage than he had ever suffered before. He plunged toward Whaley, but the officer caught him by the arm. With great difficulty he restrained him while he demanded of Whaley :

“Have you taught her to drink, too? ”

“She already knew the art ; you keep it at your home, don’t you? ”

“Certainly I do ; but for my guests. We never use it ourselves.”

“Why should your guests fare better or worse than your daughter? ”

“Even if she did drink sometimes at home is no reason for your bringing her here to drink in this hole.”

“Don’t throw insults at your daughter’s future home.”

“Future home ! What do you mean? ” With a curse he lunged at Whaley once more, but Onley again hindered him. “Don’t tell me you have degraded her so that there is nothing for her to do but to become your wife. You claimed to be protecting. I might have known you were up to some of your infernal rascality. I could kill you with my own hands.”

“Don’t misunderstand me, Purnell. I have protected her ; so well, in fact, that she still desires my protection. She has just promised to be my wife, and we were celebrating when you all interrupted.”

"You mean that you have bought her and her honor with riches gained by breaking the law; you D——"

He could get no farther. He looked helplessly at his child, a child no longer. She dropped her eyes to the pearls which she was fondling. Then he found his voice again. With a few tender words he aided her to get into her coat and hat, and helped her down the stairs.

When they reached the street he ordered the hostler to send the horses around to the house; he then led Katherine home to the mansion that had been her home for so long. As they neared the entrance he spoke to her for the first time since they left Whaley's: "Would to God that woman waiting for us had been my wife when I found you; then you would have had a mother who would have saved you from this day's experience."

As Katherine entered the door, the tears streaming down her cheeks, Mrs. Marah met her, and conducted her upstairs. James met his wife at the entrance to the drawing room. When they had entered he told her all that had happened. Then he added, as if to himself: "Would she have submitted? Has she done so before? What will be the fate of our young people? Writers say that the girl who is being criticised to-day will be the mother of the generation of to-morrow. But what will be the condition of that generation? If they see their parents breaking the laws of the nation and of God, how will they know that they should keep any laws?"

His wife quietly answered, "Don't forget, James, that you have done the best you could. She is not your own flesh and blood; therefore she might lack the governing influence of a good heredity. If that is lacking the moral fight is very difficult. But you are not to blame."

"My dear Jane, you are always right, but to-day I can't agree with you. Everywhere I go I see the best people letting down the bars of morality. Things that would not have been tolerated in the privacy of the parlor a few years ago

are openly indulged in before the public by girls, without blush or shame. Men are losing all honor for girls. As women gain power and position in business and politics they lose power over men normally, and their greatest of charms is disappearing. The disasters of Rome, and Greece, and Babylon, and France and Spain will be repeated in America, unless the power of God again grips the hearts of men and women."

His wife was speaking; it seemed to him like a prophecy, "You are discouraged because you think you have not seen your efforts reap the rewards expected. You see your pet law fail in your own town; even in your own family. Prohibition has not, and cannot bring lasting benefit while it exists locally. It must be nation-wide."

"I have been told that often; yet I have felt that each community has the right to decide that for itself."

"Is that the way slavery was ended? Was that not the very thing that proved to the nation that communities could never end the evil? It is the same with prohibition. When a community does decide, what can the people do? We are hopeless, because that portion of us who love their whiskey and wine will always keep it. They must not get it. It must be destroyed absolutely by an amendment to the constitution. Then if it is bought, made, or sold the man who does it will become a traitor."

"Don't be so extreme, Jane. We can never rid this vast nation of this course. We can only hope to rid those sections where a great Christian element exists. My friend from Minnesota has attempted to convince some of us that we can do just such a thing, but we have persuaded him that the time is not right for such a measure."

"My dear, we can do it. The same charge was made concerning the conditions before the Civil War. Compromise after compromise was made, allowing slavery to exist in spots and sections. But Lincoln foresaw what this would

engender. Therefore he said, 'This nation cannot exist part slave and part free.' We cannot exist part wet and part dry."

"Honey, you talk just like my friend from Minnesota. He spoke almost the same words. He will attempt to have the constitution amended this fall, and I have been wondering how I shall vote."

"Vote like you have always voted; for that which is right."

"I foresee trouble; New England will oppose it."

"New England is only a spot; they have opposed every good movement of our nation except slavery. The reason that they did not oppose that was because they were not profiting by the system. They still blame us severely for opposing the movement to end it. That section was in favor of England enforcing the Writs of Assistance before the Revolution, and while England was protecting us from France the New Englander provided the French in Canada and the West Indies with supplies. Again during the Revolution they supplied the English army in that region, and threatened to withdraw support from Washington because their commerce was being destroyed. Then in 1812 they actually held a convention at which they threatened to set up a separate government, because their ships were halted and money ceased to flow into their pockets from the British. In 1860 they helped to destroy the doctrine of State's Rights. They cannot appeal to that principle now. If they secede, we will force them back as they forced the South back sometime ago."

"You would not advocate war again, would you?"

"If it were necessary to save the constitution, for we stand or fall by that great document. It may come to that. As a woman, I hate war; but also as a woman I love the souls of my fellow-men. We have freed their bodies by war; we may have to free their souls by war."

"My friend from Minnesota has stated that we may de-

pend upon the West and the South. I hope that is so; still I have not fully decided to take such desperate measures."

"Do not fail your old State, James. Maryland has been the key that locked or unlocked the door of our Nation on many occasions. Maryland refused to sign the Articles of Confederation until all claim to the western territories was given up by the other colonies that desired to hold it. That vast region became new states. The West owes us that. Maryland boys fired the first shot in the two of our wars; they saved the Capitol on two occasions. You have seen the monument that marks the spot where two brave boys defied the British army as it was marching through Baltimore. Maryland took the lead in electing judges by electoral votes, giving rise to the precedent for electing presidents in the same way. No one would have that condition changed. Maryland was the first state that gave religious freedom to all bodies, even though the Catholics, who have been maligned for unfairness, were supreme here without showing any tendency whatever to force others to worship contrary to their convictions. Now let Maryland stand firm for no halfway measures in this all-important movement that will be launched from the Northwest. You can control Maryland's voters."

"I may be able to control those of the state, but I can do nothing with those of Baltimore City. Even if I could, do you think I ought?"

"Yes, you must. This peninsula is a land of widows and orphans. There are more widows from Wilmington to Cape Charles than in any other section with equal population. The reasons for this lie in the facts that we are surrounded by water on which a great portion of the inhabitants make their livings. These waters take a great toll of lives of those who venture upon them in an intoxicated condition. The fishermen and the oystermen are the chief sufferers in this. Then the railroad passes from one end of the land to the

other. There is a branch line that follows the Atlantic side for a great distance, running parallel to the main line. Besides these there are several branches that cross the land from the Chesapeake Bay to the ocean, with many connecting lines to the different cities. These all are operated by men who live on the peninsula. We will continue to make widows at an increasing rate if we do not have sober crews on the trains and the boats, steamers, fishing smacks, and oyster dredgers."

"Your arguments are strong, but you have failed to solve one problem. What will we do with Baltimore?"

"You politicians will have to solve that problem, and I believe you can do it."

"I will attempt it; but it may cost me my office."

"Knowing you as I do, Senator James, I know you will quickly sacrifice your office for the advancement of the best interests of your State and Nation."

"If only the sacrifice will bring good I will not hesitate, but the power of control of this 'Land of the Evergreens' might pass to the city of Baltimore, and that means the foreigner in Maryland will control the rest of us. However, in a few weeks, we shall see what can be done. But we have talked long, and must retire now, for to-morrow is a holiday, you know, and we must be prepared to go to the swamp."

"I think I will go up to Katherine's room; you were not severe with her, were you James?"

"I couldn't be; she is a woman, you know. But sometimes I feel that a good shake would dislodge some of her wilful determination to have her own way."

"I think you are somewhat of that nature yourself, but I reckon your wilfulness is mostly spent in the proper direction."

Jane then went to Katherine's room, but the girl was apparently asleep. She returned without disturbing her.

A trip to the great river swamp was made every year on

the thirtieth day of October. The inhabitants of the nearby towns assembled early in the day in order to look for "tea" berries which grow here in great abundance along the banks of the Pocomoke River. No one started to look for the berries until the crowd had assembled and the different parties grouped under leaders, who agreed upon the conditions and the rules that were to govern the search. The morning was well advanced when those from a distance arrived. Yet it took some time to arrange spreads and blankets over the forest's natural carpet of pine shatters on which was then placed the food for the great picnic. Sometimes the woods appeared to be a great county fair, for often over three thousand people would meet. Of course only the younger people joined in the search and the other more active pleasures of the day. The older ones prepared the things that satisfy the craving of the sweet tooth, and the palate, especially after strenuous exercise under the Southern sun of a day in Autumn. It was the one day in the year that everybody sat or reclined at a common table, and this tended to increase the hospitality of these already hospitable people. Every family took more than it could consume in two days, therefore, there was always enough for the stranger or the visitor who brought nothing, and no one was permitted to pass without being urged to join the picnickers. It is unnecessary to add that there were very few who rejected the invitation.

Early in the morning, before the sun arose, all of the maidens of the community went in search for snails, which they intrusted to tell their fortunes. No one could speak during the search under the penalty of failing to find the coveted snail. If they went together, of course there was much giggling, but they religiously adhered to the old custom of keeping the tongue bridled until they returned.

When a girl was successful in finding a snail she returned to her home, where she placed the snail in a barrel of corn

meal. In its efforts to get out it was bound to form the initial of her future husband (according to the belief of the girls) but generally the imagination of the finder was the chief element in reading the letter. Then sometimes someone aided the snail by the aid of a stick with which it was guided, while the finder was not looking.

In the afternoon, when the company of young people started for the berry patches, the girls carried glass cans or bottles, in which they placed their berries. After the hunt through the swamp had exhausted the supply of tea and rabbit berries they all returned to the starting point. Then the boys guessed the number of berries in each girl's glass. The one who made the closest guess was sure to be her future husband, and for the remainder of the day, he became her partner. He was especially destined to become her life's partner if he happened to be the one whose initial had been formed in the barrel of meal by the snail. It was double evidence that the fates were weaving their net of destiny.

The day was always broken up by the old Virginia Reel in which the two predestined lovers were partners. Sometimes the two lines that faced each other were several hundred feet long. Trees and stumps must be dodged as the couples went from one end of the lines to the other. As this dance often required two hours or more the dancers were thoroughly tired and ready for home when it was ended. It was this parting that the beaux looked forward to with great pleasure; for then they were permitted by the girls, and the laws of the day, to receive the prize for the good guessing which they had done. They kissed their future wife and departed hugely satisfied. Of course, many of the numbers guessed were predestined, because they were foreknown; otherwise, the ignorant country swain might have been paired with the elite of the town. It was surprising to hear how accurately some of them guessed, and how careful the snail had been that morning in tracing the initials. There

must have been an agreement between the souls of the two animals in some past spiritual existence.

But there was one exception to this rule. John Mason, of Stockton, guessed the exact number of berries contained in Katherine's glass, and became her partner. When he received his prize a pair of eyes that were rapidly losing the light of youth, glared furiously at him; but he seemed to be ignorant of their presence, for the gallant whispered to Katherine, "I want to see you before you return to Washington."

The coquette answered pleasantly, "All right; I am home to my old friends almost every day."

She then returned to her older escort with whom she had come to the scene, for the laws of the day never permitted a girl to return to her home with any other than the one with whom she had come.

CHAPTER XXVI

“WOULD YOU HAVE ME BREAK MY PROMISE?”

TRUE to his promise John Mason called upon Katherine just before the family started for Washington. He was determined to receive a final answer from her to the question that he had asked her upon so many occasions. They were seated alone in the Covington Mansion, when John, after several moments of silence, began the conversation on the subject which had become common to both of them. “Faint heart never won fair lady,” may be a good proverb; but it is one that has misguided many a young lover, who has ruined his chances by his ceaseless persistence. A little of the lady’s own medicine, administered in moderate doses, would do more to bring her to the right way of thinking than so much “tagging at her heels.”

“You seem to have driven off all of your numerous admirers except old Whaley, Katherine,” began the faithful John, “but I am going to stick to the last.”

“That’s the quality that I have always admired in you, John.”

“Thank you for that word of encouragement. I am glad you admire something in me.”

“Please don’t take anything that I say in this manner as encouragement. I have never led you to be encouraged in the least, have I?”

“Only by listening to me each time that I have declared my love for you.”

“But I have always said that I would never marry any man until I have learned who I am, haven’t I?”

“Yes, and I could wait if only you would make it more definite.”

"What might I say to satisfy you?"

"That you will marry me as soon as you find out who you are, if that is what you must know. But understand that I am satisfied not to know any more about you."

"I know that, John, and I want you to know that I admire you for it. There are some who are not as good as you whom I would marry for spite if I got the chance. They think they are so much better than I am, because they happen to have a name. I know that one of them loves me, but he is afraid of his people; afraid that he will disgrace them, if he speaks to me as his equal. Although I almost despise him for it, I would marry him tomorrow just to show his mother that I consider that I am as good as she claims to be."

"Don't give him a chance; marry me now, and bring happiness to both of us."

"I can't do it, John, although I love you better than all the rest. I am going to tell you something that I have not, nor will not tell any other man, although you will despise me for telling you. But I think I owe you that much. I have promised to marry Mr. Whaley."

The blow had fallen at last. It was a severe one, but John did not flinch. He dropped his head for a few minutes, then with resignation he said, "I don't see, to save my life, why girls are so foolish as to marry such old men, when they can have their choice of the younger ones. Why are you doing it?"

"I will tell you, John. Mr. Whaley is old in years, but much younger than many of the younger men of whom you speak, who—"

"He keeps young by not doing anything," John interrupted.

"I was coming to that, dear friend. If I married a young man, I would be perfectly willing to help him make an honest living, and become prosperous. But it would take us years to do it. My relations to Daddy Purnell would be somewhat

broken, and many of my friends and enemies, who envy me my position, would reap great satisfaction by saying that at last I did not have a borrowed name as my great asset. If my nature were different I wouldn't care; but we can't help our natures. I might win the place that I now hold, but it would be after many years; after many of these old cats are dead. When I marry Mr. Whaley all that he has will be mine; pleasure, clothes, jewels, motor cars; the things that make women hate each other. They will feel like flying at my throat, and snatching off my furs and jewels. He has already given me pearls worth thousands." She handed him the antique box and its contents. "They may say what they please when I wear them, but no one of them can wear such jewels as they are. Why even Daddy Purnell could not purchase such jewels for me."

"And you know the reason he can't. Because he is true to his Country. He will not become wealthy by breaking its laws. You are going to sell yourself for jewels and envy. I pity you, Katherine, because I love you. Don't do this, for God's sake."

"I won't be the first one that has done so. Many of the matches in this one-horse town were made without any love whatever. The women got money, but they will have much less than I. And besides, would you have me break my promise?"

"I would have you break your neck rather than to see you submit to such a nature. I can save you from yourself if you will let me."

"I can't do it, John; I have made myself plain. Although I love you better than any of the rest, I don't love you enough to give up this for you." She placed her hand upon the pearls. "Then, John, just think that we will be separated for a few years only. Whaley cannot live long, then you can share all that I have, for all that he has will be given to me before we are married. He has promised to give me a

deed for all but a few thousand dollars on the morning of our wedding day."

Mason did not answer her. He had thought that he had understood her, but he never dreamed that she would make such a proposal. He sorrowfully took his leave of her, as he thought, for the last time. As he went through the hall, holding his hat in both hands, head bowed, and frame stooped, he passed the Senator to whom he bowed, but did not stop for a few words as he usually did. The Senator well knew what the young man had just learned from his daughter, therefore he said, as he entered the drawing room, "You have just driven from you a fine young man, Katherine. If you were going to marry a better one I would say nothing; but as your father, I must attempt once more to influence you in the matter. When you were brought to me that day many years ago, I was discouraged because I feared that I would be defeated by Whaley. I felt that you might turn my luck, and I believe you did. When Nellie died you were my only comfort, although she hated you, because I shared my love between you two, for I felt the need of your play, your voice, and your little arms as you put them around my neck, when I came home in the evening. I believe that Nellie would have been a different woman if I had given you up. But I couldn't do that, for I believed that God sent you to me. We played together, and I watched you develop into the beautiful woman you are now, and you did not know what pride I felt for you when I introduced you as my daughter."

"Daddy Purnell," she answered, "I sometimes think what would have become of me if you had not taken me. Perhaps I would have been raised up the road on the Alms house farm. I owe you a great debt, and I am willing to do anything for you that I can."

"Then listen, honey, while I tell you something that you do not know." Just then Jane came into the room, but was

about to leave when her husband said, "Come on, Jane, we are having a family talk, and you may join us." He turned again to Katherine as his wife seated herself, and said, "It seems that Whaley has always been against me, although I have never tried to incur his displeasure. When we were boys we worked together in the lumber yard of Gambrill and Co. Some money was lost in some way, but he accused me of taking it. I spent a night in jail for it, but was saved from more of it by my good wife's father. I lost many friends and my good reputation, which was the worst loss of all. Then he attacked me in another way; he persuaded Nellie Bratten to lose faith, for a time, in me. Finally, I lost all hope of again gaining my former place among the people here, when you came into my life as a lonely babe. I felt then that you and I were in the same boat, but that I was the better off. New hope and encouragement seemed to be born with you. Colonel Riddle persuaded me to remain here and prove that I was not a coward, at least. Now I thank God many times for that advice. Then he opposed me politically, because I was gaining the confidence of the people again, who have almost forgotten the lost money. I have paid Gambrill the amount with interest, and he is perfectly satisfied, but it caused him to be the more convinced that I took it in the first place."

"Daddy, I heard all about that long ago when I was at school. The spiteful girls used to tell me about it just to see how I would act. Sometimes they got hurt, but oftener I paid no attention to them."

"But the hardest and final blow is that I am going to lose you to him; you who have meant more to me than anything or anybody except my dear wife here. You say you will do anything that you can for me. Spare me this, and send back those jewels to him. Marry Irwin, or Mason; I will make no complaint or objection, but I will never consent to this marriage with Whaley."

"Daddy, why did you not tell me this before? You have made a refusal imposible for me by not speaking long ago."

"Because I trusted Whaley, child. I had no idea that he would betray a trust in that way. He has never said one word to me about his having such a plan concerning you. I know that old men marry young girls sometimes; but I could never seem to associate you with such a scheme. Fathers can see what other children might do; but they never seem capable of thinking that their own daughters or sons might do the same thing."

Katherine turned very pale. She arose, came over to her father, stroked his gray hair, as she had often done, and said, "Daddy, dear, I believe that if I marry Mr. Whaley I will be able to bring an end to this long opposition that he has shown toward you. He will then be a member of your family, and will respect and love you as I do. I may be able to do a great service for you in return for all that you have done for me."

"But he is a law-breaker, Katherine, and I can never respect him. If I cannot do that, I will never be able to command his respect for me."

"Daddy, I will change all that. He will do anything for me. He has said so."

"So have many before him; both young and old, but he has one chance in a hundred of keeping his word."

After a few moments of silence he added, "You are still determined to carry out your plans?"

"I wish I could say no, Daddy. Things have gone too far now."

"All right," he answered, as he took his wife's arm, and left the room, almost broken hearted, but still determined to stop the marriage. If no other way could be found he would enlist the help of Mrs. Marah. Perhaps they would have to tell all that they knew in order to stop it.

When they were in their room they heard the door that led

to the room in the third story open softly, and Mrs. Marah went below to see where Katherine was. She found Katherine alone on the divan in the drawing room. The girl was silently crying, for her only great friend had left her for the first time without kissing her good-night. She did not know that he had forgotten, but she attributed the apparent neglect to the fact that she had displeased him, and "she was greatly worried to think that she had opposed him so stubbornly." She continued to cry until the two had gone to Katherine's room. Then she confessed to Mrs. Marah that a girl without a father and mother had no place in this world.

"You have a good father and mother, haven't you?" Mrs. Marah asked.

"Yes, as far as kindness is concerned. I would not want better; but there is something lacking; I feel that I am an intruder; that they would be happier without me. I am always causing them to worry. I don't seem able to please them and to please myself at the same time."

"A real daughter or son can't do that. We must all live our own lives," the woman of mystery answered.

"But so many mistakes are made. So many choose the wrong course in life in spite of the fact that friends and relatives of experience have warned and advised them against the action."

"I have never meddled in the business of others, Katherine, but maybe I could help you. I'm not asking to be curious—don't tell me if you think that—but I feel a great interest in you."

"I know that, and I will tell you. I believe you will understand better than any of the rest. Daddy Purnell does not wish me to marry Mr. Whaley."

A spontaneous, terrific scream reverberated through the house as Katherine made this statement, and Mrs. Marah fell upon the floor of the girl's room. It brought the Senator

and his wife and Aunt Cora, who was so frightened that she was almost as pale as the face of the helpless woman upon the floor. But she seemed to retain her senses to a greater degree than any of the others, for she said, "De po' lady has fainted. Dis ole Niggah will fetch her to in a few minutes. Mullein is good fo' dat." Then she hobbled down to her own end of the house, and brought back some freshly pulled mullein, that weed which somewhat resembles tobacco, and began to rub the mouth and temples of Mrs. Marah with the thick, green leaves, while she mumbled to herself, "Dis am nature's remedy. I thinks a heap of dis weed. It'll cure r'umatiz, lumbago, warts, burns, and cramps; it am good for faints too."

Whether this weed has any healing qualities or not is a question not yet settled. It may be, like its near relative, the tobacco, that it has virtues as well as vices. Anyhow, the Negroes think it has, and as the doctor will tell you, 'Half the cure is your faith in the power of the medicine,' the Negroes may be right. However, Mrs. Marah soon gained consciousness, and was helped to her feet by the Senator.

The woman said, "I am not well, Mr. Purnell; take me to my room." When she had been taken there she added, almost hysterically, "I must see Roy Gordy; I must see Roy Gordy."

"But no one knows where he is, Mrs. Marah. He has been gone for years," said the Senator.

"I must see him. Where is Uncle Israel?"

"I don't know, but I'll ask Cora."

"Tell her to send him here, please."

The Senator went immediately to Cora. "Cora," he said, "for some reason Mrs. Marah wants Uncle Israel. Will you find him and send him to her?"

"Yas, Suh, 'deed ah will, honey chile," answered the old darkey, as she went in search of him.

Then the Senator returned to his daughter's room, where

he found his wife. The girl had become quiet, but seemed worried about Mrs. Marah. She placed the blame for the woman's condition upon herself; but the Senator tried to excuse it by saying that Mrs. Marah was not well.

After they had returned to their own room Jane asked, "Don't you think we ought now to tell Katherine who Mrs. Marah is?"

"Not yet, Jane. I have to keep faith with Mrs. Marah, for she has kept it with me. She has set her own time. There is something else that worries me more than that."

"What is it, James?"

"Why does she want Roy Gordy? He has never been heard of since I was a young man, yet she seems to know where he is. Is it possible that he is—"

"Don't think that, James" his wife interrupted.

"Why not? She has sent Israel for him. Is it possible that the old Negro has been carrying communications between the two?"

"I don't know, but it seems that we will soon learn."

"Jane, why does Katherine insist upon marrying Whaley?"

"It's the tendency of the age. The whole young generation is crazy about money. They value nothing except in terms of money. They talk in terms of money; think in terms of money; love in terms of money. Everything that they do is done to attract money as a magnet attracts steel. Women believe that they cannot exist without it; men think that nothing will take its place, and the heights reached and kept by great men who have gone will never even be seen by the younger generation."

"You remind me of a story that I once heard. 'A woman was one of a number of climbers who started to the top of a high mountain. She carried a valise, which was filled with a great many valuables that a woman always has about her. These she was afraid to entrust with anyone else. But she was advised to leave it behind on this climb, because it

would tire her before she reached the top. She stubbornly refused to listen, however, and about noon she was obliged to fall back, while the rest of the party forged ahead, until they saw the wonders of the mountains from the highest point.'

"That seems to be the trouble with our young people today. They are carrying too much baggage in the form of pleasure. I may be reckoned to be a Puritan born out of season, but I know that the sublime heights will never be reached from a ball room, or from card tables, or bridge parties, or automobile and dog shows. The baggage must be left behind in the climb. I know that the man or woman, whose name appears in the lists of those who have attended dinners or parties too often, is not climbing upward in the night. I know that the man with a bottle in one pocket and a pack of cards in the other will never deliver his nation from anything, unless it be from an useless citizen. I also know that the cigarette smoking girl with a head like her vanity box, will never produce a race of leaders or conquerors. Neither can she attain great heights in a ball dress. And the gray haired man in the front row, or the black haired Adonis in the gallery of a vaudeville theatre will get no higher than the peanut gallery, because their visions are blurred by silk tights. I don't think any poet has ever classified such visions as sublime. The young men have been boasting that their day has come; but if it has, there are none who are capable enough to assume leadership. The old men must again bear their own burdens and the burdens of the young also."

"And the greatest burden to be borne is that of seeing our own loved one being literally swallowed up by the maelstrom. Our boys and girls both are looking for the highest bidder, and are being auctioned by the god of pleasure, the only god whose existence they do not seem to doubt."

"Yes, and so is our generation to blame. The father says 'I don't want my boy and girl to have to work as hard as I

did.' We are making a mistake. Every product of our schools of today will have nothing to do with labor, that kind which must be done with the hands. Yet it is the boast of our educational officials that they are making better workers, and citizens. Therefore, we are importing the ignorant, unprincipled class to do the work for us, while we watch them. But when they are not working they are undermining our government. They are shrewd enough to demand exorbitant wages, because they know we must pay for work that we will not do. There was a time that the Negroes would work for us, but now they are following the example of the white laborers, and are organizing. They make enough in one day to keep them for two weeks, consequently, they are idle for thirteen days in every two weeks. And there is no man living who can persuade a Negro to work while he has any money in his pocket."

"That's right. Today I asked a woman to do some washing for me. She gathered her silk skirts more tightly about her body, and answered impudently, 'Let the white folks do their own washin' and ironin'. Our men can keep us and not have to work every day, either.'"

"Thus you see how the foreigner is changing the life of our nation. From a hard-working, progressive people we are becoming lazy and luxurious. From a Nation of industrial giants we are becoming anemic pigmies. Even our conservative South, the mother of presidents and great leaders, is fast losing this leadership. We are not moulding the stranger within our midst; he is deforming us at our own doors."

"And yet, James, we have the finest country in the world. We have the finest type of young people that can be found anywhere. They are worth saving, and they must be saved. You, and men like you, far-seeing, visionaries of the old line of Americans, must save them. If they are lost, our de-

mocracy, the most advanced example of democracy, will place the blame on you, and men like you."

"I know it; yet I feel almost helpless before this giant spectre that appears ready to devour everything in sight to satisfy its appetite for sensual sin and pleasure. When men attempt to get all from the world and return nothing, nothing that is worth while they need the services of the Physician that is greater than they."

CHAPTER XXVII

ISRAEL'S MISSION

A FEW days after Senator Purnell made his last appeal to his daughter, he returned with his family to Washington, where his duties required his presence for the winter. As usual, he left his house in care of Mrs. Marah. Formerly she had had Israel Crippen for company, but now he was away on her own mission. He had gone, at her bidding, in search of Roy Gordy. No one knew, but this woman, where Israel had gone, and Senator Purnell made no objections, thinking that the mysterious life which she had led, and her desire to find Roy, were somehow connected. What that connection might be he only tried to guess; he felt that she would reveal it at her own time.

It was to this old Negro that Mrs. Marah was indebted for many favors. He seemed to be her medium between starvation and plenty. During the whole time that she was at the Covington House she never went into the town for anything. She sent the old Negro for clothing, food, and fuel, and he never failed her. Israel seemed to feel that this last mission was the most important that had yet been intrusted to him, and although his friends and other corner loafers had asked him many questions, he incurred their great displeasure by refusing to divulge anything. Once they caught and threatened him; but when he declared that he would report it all to "Mistah James" they let him go. This time, however, he left the town by back streets and paths not often traveled, because he feared to meet these men again.

After nearly four days he returned to the town secretly, no

one having missed him. As James and the family had gone he reported immediately to Mrs. Marah.

"Did you find him?" she anxiously asked.

"Yes, Mistis, I done fine him, an' gabe him you all's message."

"What did he say?"

"Mistah Roy raved an' cussed right smaht when I done tell him. He say 'I cain't come neow. But yo' all sen' me word 'bout one week 'fo' de weddin' whatever dat mean. He dangerous man. He say, 'Ef yo' all don' do dat, I'll buss yo' black haid wide open.' I say, 'Yo' can trusten me, Mistah Roy; Mistis Marah will warn me, an I'll fly to yo' all.'"

"'Yo' bettah had,' he say, den I lef' him in a heap of a rage."

With this assurance the woman seemed more content. Yet even what the Negro reported apparently brought to her hope; hope that enabled her to go about her household duties with a lighter heart. But the haunting look of anxiety never left her care-worn face. That face which still showed unmistakable marks of exceptional beauty, was now furrowed with deep wrinkles, and its color had become sallow, with very dark portions under her eyes; but the eyes still flashed fire of anger at times, and soft ways of tenderness at others. These two attractive characteristics of woman that make her irresistible after all traces of beauty have been banished forever, by suffering and the denied pleasures or unfulfilled dreams of her girlhood.

When Israel had finished his story Mrs. Marah gave him a list of commodities that she would need for her own use. Then, sitting down at her desk, she wrote the following letter to Washington:

"Dear Senator Purnell:—You seemed much worried about Katherine's coming marriage, and so am I, but perhaps for

different reasons. I know you thought I had peculiar actions when I heard about. Don't worry any more. I have just had a talk with Uncle Israel, who has just returned. It will never happen, not to Whaley, anyhow. Just let me know a few days before you return for the wedding, and I will see that it does not happen. I can't tell you more in this letter, but I would like to tell you all,

“Sincerely,

“MRS. MARAH.”

This letter she sent with Israel when he went to the store for the necessary articles that she needed. She cautioned him particularly to lose his arm rather than allow anything to happen to that letter.

After the Senator had carefully read the letter he handed it to his wife, remarking, as he did so, “What can you make of that?”

“Not much,” was the answer, “but I have no fears that her plans will fail. I can trust her to know what she is doing. Although we do not understand the woman's motives, I believe she is sincere, and is acting for the best interests of her daughter. I wish, James, that we could call her our's. Perhaps our attitude has been wrong at times. I fear, sometimes, that we have not shown the affectionate interest in her and her affairs, that we should have. She thinks she ought to get out of our lives, and I believe we are to blame.”

“I don't, Jane. I don't think I could have loved her more if she had been mine. I have often felt that she is, or at least I felt so until the arrival of Mrs. Marah. Yet I do not believe her revelation, startling as it was, changed my manner in the least toward Katherine. I love her greatly, so much that I have decided to make no further interference with her plans.”

“How about the letter?”

“I will notify the woman, but I will not lift my hand. If her mother desires to stop it, she will have to do it in her own

way. I am done with her and her dark secret. If I should interfere, and the girl become unhappy, I will always blame myself. Her destiny lies between her and her mother."

When he had expressed his determination not to interfere further he answered the letter, stating that the wedding had been planned to take place the first week in April, at All Hallows Church, of Snow Hill. He stated that all the family would be home several days before the actual date set for the wedding; then he started for the Capitol and his duties there.

"Thank goodness," exclaimed Mrs. Marah, when she had read his answer. "I feared we might have to go to Washington for it. You never can tell how long a girl will stick to her first plan. And that would have complicated things for us."

"What was you sayin'?" asked a familiar voice from the kitchen door. Mrs. Ward had been admitted by herself, according to the custom of this community, and had not been heard by the woman who was interested in the contents of the letter.

Mrs. Marah did not answer the question, however; neither did she hide the letter, but said, quietly, "I certainly am glad you came, Mrs. Ward, I have just read a letter from the Senator, and I was lonesome. They are coming home in April."

Mrs. Ward seemed not to notice the artful way by which the other tried to change the conversation, for she answered, "I reckon you're as lonesome as a 'tater bug on a pine tree. The whole family galavantin' around while you remain alone in this big house."

"I don't mind; I didn't want to go along."

"Nem' mind, perrty soon there'll be a widdin' in the family. It's been a right smart time sence we've had one in our town. I reckon all the folks will go, though a right smart of them hate old Whaley like pizen. He certainly steps

around right peert lately; even the widders think their chances are turned en' for en' sence they heerd of the weddin'. Have they set the time?"

"I don't know, rightly. I hope not, for I don't like to think of it even."

"Nor me nuther. I always liked Katherine. She's so sociable, she always knows you, and that's sayin' more for her than can be said for many others gals of this burg. An' they ain't as good as she is, nuther; not by a jug full. How come her to be yoked by that man, I can't tell t' save my life. She always peered to have a heap o' sense. But she's got the rest talkin' now. They're sayin' a plenty of good an' bad about her."

"We never can tell what a girl will do in these days. Times and conditions change so rapidly that we older women cannot become reconciled to the changes."

"That's certainly right. The world seems turned en' for en' as I sade to Miss Purnell 'fore she died. It's my 'pinion we'll have to become bline as bats if we don't want to see the doin's of the young folks. What ails it I can't tell t' save my life, but the biggis' fool is the ole fool, who tries to imitate the young ones. You don't ketch me after any widderer or bachelor nuther, even if he do wear swaller-tail coats an' paten'-leather shoes. Skuze me from that. Jest let 'em come 'round me, an' they'll light out sudden for a pleasanter climate, I'll tell you. Why don't you come down t' see me some times, Miss Marah?"

"Oh, I don't have any reason, I reckon. I treat you just like I treat everybody; I don't go anywhere."

"An' I don't think you do right. You'll die here alone some of these times, an' so many people awaitin' t' help you. 'Twuz jest tuther day that I done tole Miss Gordy I believe some good fer nothin' man hed treated you like her man treated her. She made a two-lay' cake an' she give me a piece, an' she sade, 'Tain't so bad when you know where your

man is; but when you don't, it's awful. It's ben 'most twenty years, I reckon, sence he disappeared, an' not a word. She used t' think he was dade, but now she don't think so. Ef he ain't dade he ought t' put a inch cord aroun' his neck an' hang hisself. Some men wouldn't treat a dawg or hoss like their wife. Why, when Dick Station goes gunnin' he totes his dawg for miles, so he won't get tired 'fore night; but he won't carry his wife out to her parent's home in a buggy. She has t' stay home or walk. Ain't that awful?"

"Maybe there's some other reason that—"

"No 'tain't nuther. It's a down right meanness. I holpen her clean house, an' she tole me. She sade that he wouldn't let her have the hoss because he was tired an' needed a rest. Now she bought that hoss, an' she tole him it was her'n, but he sade it was his'n, an' he jined church not long ago too. She's skeered of him. Ef it had a'bin me, I'd taken a piece of bresh, an' I'd beat him over the hade 'til he'd say, 'It's our'n; but you kin have him. Now, she thought when she married him, that because he was a lawyer he was something, but she's learned better. There's so many lawyers in this town that half on 'em is starvin', an' the other half don't make a livin'. Don't git into any law business, for they are hungry 'round here, an' they'll git all you got 'fore the thing's over. That's what some men want. They think the Lawd is too far away to hear the cry of a woman, an' when they go to bade they don't think he knows their thoughts, what meanness they have done, are plan to do nex' day. They'll fine out some day, though."

"All men are not alike, Mrs. Ward."

"Well, I never had but one, but the way other women talk, it seems like there is not much difference."

"Marriage is a sort of gamble anyhow. If luck's with you, you will get a good man. If not, you are the loser."

"Well it's something like that. Now I told Alice Riley the other day that if she dropped her ring in a glass

of water after she had hung it on a hair, she could tell whether it would be safe to marry the man whom she was thinking about. If the man is standing near when the ring is hung in the water, and the ring stands still, it is not safe. But if the ring swings to the side of the glass, it's safe to marry him. Marriage is jest like that. But I must be goin' I promised Mis' Stagg that I would be up to see her. She got her feet frosted, an' she heerd I hed a remedy for it. You kill a black hen, an' rub the oil on the place. It is a sure cure. My, there's the old clock striking. I must mosey along home now. I have to git a little snack to eat, shut up my biddies, an' go to bade. I stayed with Mis Johnson las' night. She had cramps, an' sent for me for to come over. I didn't git much sleep. Goodbye, Mis' Marah. If you git lonesome, come over any time."

When she was gone Mrs. Marah laughed about some of the things she had said. Like almost everybody else, she liked Mrs. Ward's company, even though she was so peculiar and plain spoken. There was no harm whatever in the woman. True, she was curious, but if that's a fault, it is one that we are all prone to. She atoned many times over for that fault by making more comfortable a bed of sickness, by smoothing it, or by placing a pillow in the right place, and she removed many a pain by kneading a diseased muscle until it seemed to take on new life. Such friends are few and far between. And we miss them, too.

While these women were talking in his home, Senator Purnell was in the midst of one of his short, but important phillipics. Great excitement reigned in the Senate that day as he arrived. The vote was to be taken on a measure to prohibit the manufacture and sale of intoxicating drinks by an amendment to the Constitution. As he came into the Senate chamber he heard the clerk cry, "The Senator from Maryland." He stepped to the front of the room, addressed the chair and his fellow senators. "It has long been my

opinion," he began, "that more drastic measures ought to be instituted by our government to cope with this exceptionally important and abnormal condition. We must insist on basic principles. We will be ridiculed and misrepresented, but it will not do to fire back ridicule or hatred.

"Prohibition is not based on wrong or unfair principles. It is just for the citizen and right for society. If we believe in prohibition as right we must speak out vigorously for it.

"This question is not one of party; no lines of party can be drawn. I happen to belong to the party of the solid South, but will stand with it only as long as it stands for right. It does in this case. It generally does. In glancing back we find it standing always for right. During all of our wars a far greater portion of our volunteers came from the South than from any other section, in spite of the fact that there are very few cities there to add to our scattered population, which is small as compared with other places. This was true in the Revolution. In the war of 1812, when New England was ready to secede, it was true. It was especially true in the Spanish-American war, and will always be true, for there is found the greatest number of the purest blooded Americans or Anglo-Saxons on this Continent.

"We may have been wrong in 1860, but we were fighting for basic principles, and every man of the finest type volunteered. They can always be counted upon. They are solid on this question of prohibition, and I shall stand with them.

"I appeal to you as representatives of the American people, not to misunderstand me. We can never make men moral by laws; God himself gave laws to the Hebrews when they were Israelites, but they were never saved by them, for they did not keep them. And no man, who thinks himself good, has the privilege of regulating his neighbor's habits. But I believe that laws are necessary, and they should respect personal liberty. Laws should not regulate a man's eating or

drinking; but a law may prohibit traffic in strong drink, and not involve one of these charges which are being made against this body.

"I am a strong believer in the basic principle that every man is entitled to personal liberty as long as he does not use it to deprive other persons, not even his children, of happiness, comfort, security, powers of a sound brain and body, or any other personal right. If man has such a right society would soon cease to exist. We must therefore check the exercise of any right in any man, anarchist or citizen, that interferes with enforcement of laws, or government, or a bigger freedom. Otherwise, we will degenerate to the cave-man age.

"Until prohibition became a political issue, even prejudiced men could not find a good excuse for attacking this reform. Now, however, they live, they cheat, they steal, they commit murder, they break every law under the sun in their efforts to check this great inevitable reform.

"The man who demands personal liberty, and exercises it by being intemperate, should never marry. If he does he is the greatest hypocrite on earth; for he robs his wife of her liberty, and his children of theirs, by bequeathing to them weak minds, unsound bodies, defective eyes and teeth, that hinder them from enjoying the same liberties and privileges that he demands. Prohibition will correct this by preserving their rights from selfish infringement. On this ground it will stand impregnable.

"And that is just what prohibition will do. Numbers of men become a menace to peace and the lives of their families and neighbors, because they exercise this so-called right.

"Worse still—far worse—is the vast, strong and unscrupulous business conducted principally by foreigners, that is growing up in America, with the one object of creating a greater market for intoxicating drinks by enticing boys and even our most precious treasures—our girls—to become

drunkards. This is the business that is causing prohibition. Its capital controls our cities, our state governments in many instances, and, like the condition that exists in England, it now tries to control Congress and the churches. It purchases the saloons for men who cannot speak English; men who cannot read nor write; it sets such men in business on all the principal corners in our cities and towns. Their names can be seen on nearly every corner in this fair Capitol. It is the same in my own city Baltimore, and in every other city and town in the Nation where prohibition is not enforced. Nearly every name is a foreign, unpronounceable name. The only pronounceable name on those beauty destroying signs is beer or whiskey, but that is enough for the myriads who are looking for that sign. They care not whose hand it is that hands the glass across the bar. The highest ideal upheld by those signs is a glass of foaming slop from the brewery that owns them.

“For many generations sober-minded men have worked to restrain it, but these foreign drink-makers and drink-peddlers have become meaner and madder. Their places of business have become the homes of human flotsam and jetsam, desperadoes, and the rendezvous of the unscrupulous politician and his gang. Society and government can no longer tolerate them. This business is doing nothing but harm. No one can say one honest word in its behalf. Therefore, we must condemn it as un-American, alien, and to be prohibited.

“We don’t want to make men moral by law. We want to make society safe by law. We want to make the coming generation sane, safe, prosperous, healthy, law-abiding men and women.

“I read from a gentleman’s speech, which was delivered from this floor yesterday, that prohibition would demoralize men; that it would make them criminals by forcing them to

become boot-leggers. If a law makes no man moral, how can it make a man immoral?

"Let us look at the truths of this matter. These boot-leggers will violate the prohibition law for the same reason that the saloon-keeper and the brewer violate the regulatory laws that exist under license—because they have no conscience, else they would not be in the business of selling that which ruins the purchaser. If they do not consider human lives worth anything, certainly they will not consider human laws, or God's laws worth anything. A man must either give up this business or his conscience. He has to make that choice. It's the business, and not the law that makes the criminal.

"Whenever we enforce the basic principles of the American government there will be plenty of public opinion to uphold a law that will break this destructive power of the foreigner, and the unscrupulous American. If we do not do it our Anglo-Saxon civilization and democracy will crumble to dust, while these Nero's of personal liberty insist upon playing their enticing fiddles, as our younger generation dances itself into the death-dealing arms of Bacchus.

"I am an Anglo-Saxon; I am an American, I am of that stock that has saved America in every crisis of her history; I am now for prohibition and the observance of the American Constitution and laws."

During the deliverance of this speech a delegation from Baltimore was listening carefully to every word. They had been sent there for that purpose. Therefore, they lost nothing that the Gentleman from Maryland said on that occasion. But when they had reported the affair to their superiors at Baltimore it was decided that Senator Purnell had served out his period of usefulness as a representative from their state and city.

CHAPTER XXVIII

THE GENTLEMAN FROM MARYLAND

THE Gentleman from Maryland took his seat rejoicing that his great opportunity had come. He would serve his fellow-men even if many of them repudiated such service. He felt that all reformers, whether moral or political, had had the same thankless road to travel; but a portion of them had lived to see many of those who cursed, turn to them with a blessing for their service. He believed that the same would be true with him. Not that he cared either for the blessing or the curse; his conscience was free, for he had done his duty.

His address was followed by many others. That quiet unassuming man from the great northwest, made a great plea, showing absolute unselfishness and humanitarianism. These speeches required several days, but the time was not ripe, and several years were required before these statesmen saw the fruits of their labors.

As Senator Purnell passed up Pennsylvania Avenue on his way from the Capitol to his home, he noticed the familiar figure of his old friend, Edward Warfield of Baltimore, walking ahead of him. He hurried in order to overtake his friend, but he passed into the Pennsylvania Hotel before he was able to overtake him. The Senator also passed into the hotel, where he found Warfield, who was sitting in the lobby. When he had greeted him the Senator invited him to dine with him. This he gladly consented to do, and the friends were soon comfortably placed in the dining room of the hotel.

As the waiter came to take their orders the friend said, "Senator, I heard a portion of your address this afternoon.

I thought it covered the conditions thoroughly; but I am afraid it will not set well with some of your supporters from Baltimore."

"I fear that you are right, Warfield, but I cannot compromise. You know my motto; This nation cannot remain part wet, and part dry! We are coming to the time when men's souls must be emancipated just as we have emancipated their bodies"

"I believe that, but it means your defeat, Senator; the thing none of your true friends, and many of your enemies, want to see accomplished. Chiefly by your efforts Maryland has become a leading state. She has taken the lead in——"

"Don't go into that, friend Warfield," interrupted the Senator. "All that I have done was my duty; I have tried to serve all mankind, as well as all Maryland. I have made bitter enemies, but I will not hesitate to make more if upholding the principles of our democracy will do so. I do not hesitate, even though I lose my friends."

"There are many that you will not lose, Jim. But you need the vote of the city of Baltimore to elect you as a Senator. I fear you will lose that vote when they read your speech in tomorrow's paper. They have suspected you for sometime, but they did not expect you to join with that man from Minnesota. That means that you have cast your lot with the dry states of the South and West.

"I know what it means. I have done my best."

"Do you know what they are demanding right now in Baltimore? Increased representation for the city at Annapolis. If they get it that means that Baltimore will make the laws for Maryland."

"I know it, Warfield. I have known their plans for sometime. I would not object in the least, if they would send the right type of men to Annapolis. But that old convention has become an assembly of the unscrupulous riff-raff of Baltimore's underworld. High-principled gentlemen of the

counties are actually ashamed to sit in the assembly with them."

"Don't tell me anything about the condition, the best citizens of the city resent it, but they are helpless. What can we do, then? The bosses must have their way, and we will not vote to please them; therefore they choose those henchmen who will do as they command. One of them has actually and boldly declared that, 'I am the only lobbyist who can do what I am paid to do—to deliver votes for my superiors.'"

"I can name him," said the Senator. "The majority of Baltimore's representatives are like him. They cannot express themselves correctly in English. Their names betray their origin. Some of them have not been naturalized long enough to enable the ink on their citizenship papers to become dry. Their spokesmen, Anthony Domingo, ridicules any man who stands for morality. He pokes fun at the representatives of the Church, and insults men and women who appear in his presence in the interests of law and order. Many of the county representatives refuse to speak upon moral issues, because they fear his sarcastic tirades against them. He would destroy the Sabbath by opening all places of amusement; he desires to commercialize all forms of vice; he is without principle or morals, caring only for the will of his political overseer. Almost every other man from the city nods his head when Domingo nods, or shakes his head when Domingo shakes his. They move when he moves; vote as he votes; sneeze when he sneezes; and spit or cough when he coughs. They are his automatons, his shadows, his Panzas, his ears, his eyes, and his noses. Nor does he wish to limit such practices to the city; he wants to force them upon the counties by amendments. He especially aims at the Eastern Shore, because his most fierce antagonists come from that section. We will not submit to such conditions. We will not submit to such politicians. We are not yet Europeanized to that extent."

"What will you do when they redistrict the city, and get the increased representation?" asked Mr. Warfield.

"I'll tell you what we'll do if they force any of their unjust conditions upon our section. We will organize a new state. We are cut entirely off from the rest of the state by water, anyhow, and it will be an easy matter for us to form another unit of our Nation out of the Eastern Shore, with Salisbury as the Capital. Our new state will be larger than some of the other states of the Union, and we will be free from the unfair pressure of Baltimore. We have had prohibition for sometime, because we desire it. We still desire it, and are as determined that we keep it as Baltimore is that we change the state law. The Western Shore will not permit a bridge to be built across the Chesapeake, because it thinks that the products from our section will interfere with the prices of their products that are sold in the city. You, yourself, know how I had to fight to save Kent Island."

"Yes, and they had the government officials back of them that time."

"It would have been a disgrace to have driven out the inhabitants of that notable island, who are pure descendants from the settlers who went there before Claiborne's time. Many of the homes have remained in the same families during all these years. I pointed out to the officials that the vast stretch of marsh land along the western coast of the Chesapeake was much better, and provided a better range. It cost a great deal less, too. The army saved the added expense that travel across the Bay would have cost it."

When our government was seeking a long range for experimentation and rifle practice, many influential men of Baltimore urged the officials at Washington to purchase Kent Island, which lays across the bay from Baltimore. It is the largest and most important of all the islands in the Chesapeake. For many years it was claimed by Claiborne of Virginia, until a line was surveyed between the territories

belonging to Maryland and Virginia. This island was saved from becoming a proving ground by the efforts and influence of Senator Purnell, when he succeeded in proving to the officials that a better and more accessible range existed nearer Baltimore, along the shore of the Chesapeake, south of the Susquehanna River. The Pennsylvania Railroad runs along the whole length of this range, which has headquarters at Aberdeen. Very few farmers lived in this vast tract, for the greater portion of it is swamp, or marsh. Therefore, the price paid was much less than what would have been required to purchase Kent Island.

It was by such manifestations of his wisdom and fighting powers that Purnell gained and held the confidence of the people of the Eastern Shore. They never lost that confidence, and when he was at last defeated it was by the vote of the vast foreign population of the city of Baltimore, at the dictation of their unscrupulous leaders, and not by the Anglo-Saxon vote of the counties.

"You saved your government money when you knew it would cost you your seat in Congress. Such politicians are almost as scarce as the teeth of the Chesapeake oyster."

"No man should hesitate to do either his public or private duty, Warfield."

"If you were convinced that it was your duty to your family to do a certain thing for which you knew you would be criticised and censored by the majority of your friends, and even some of the members of your family, when your action became known, would you hesitate?"

"I don't believe I would, Ed. Of course, I don't know what the circumstances might be; but I don't believe they would make the slightest difference."

"Did you ever have a son to disobey you repeatedly?"

"You know I don't have a son; but I have had a daughter to do so."

"You know my son, David, I suppose? He was at your house last night."

"Yes, I do; and a very likable fellow he is, too."

"He makes friends easily; too easily. His personality seems to be his undoing, Senator. The greatest personal asset a man can have might also be his greatest enemy, if he does not become its master. He is much in love with your daughter. He likes her for what he terms her 'independent courage.' "

The Senator was on the point of saying, "It's too late, now," but checked himself. Instead he answered, "In that she seems like many other members of the present generation."

"That is just the point to which I am coming," replied Warfield. "I have made my will, which cuts David off with one dollar."

The Senator showed great surprise, but said nothing. Mr. Warfield continued, "I expected you to be astonished, but don't censure me until you have heard my story. Of course you know that many fathers are doing that very thing. I can sympathize with them, although I'll admit that there was a time when I had no patience with the father that treated one of his children in such a way. My son is worthless, even though it tears my very heart to admit it to an old friend. He never works; he has no ambition to do anything; he is out every night until three or four in the morning; then he sleeps until about ten. The same thing happens the next day and every day. In this way he is spending his life and his money."

"And where has he been getting his money? "

"I have been giving it to him."

"How long? "

"Every since he was four years old he has never lacked for spending money."

"Yes, you are like many other fathers of our times. I

might have been one if I had a son. You give him all the money he demands, all his clothes, his food, a new automobile when he wants it, and anything else that he wants, simply because he is your son. Why, he doesn't have to work. He doesn't need to be ambitious. He thinks that it will last forever, and you will do nothing to delude him, because you are afraid of being criticised before you die. But after your death criticism will do you no harm, therefore you depart, leaving him face to face with his first and greatest disappointment in life; the one he faces when your lawyer reads your will to him. Instead of forcing him to face the realization of the fact now, you will leave him to cast execrations at you as long as he lives. Why do you do it, Warfield?"

"Because everybody else seems to be doing it, I suppose."

"When you're in Rome, do as Rome does. That old principle has ruined more lives than anything that has ever been taught. Why not deny him now, in order to save his own soul, and his opinion of you after you have shuffled off? Then when his soul is saved, you can safely leave him your whole fortune with the assurance that he will appreciate it."

"He would leave home, and his mother couldn't stand that."

"Can she stand him as he is living now?"

"She doesn't know. Mothers will believe anything a child tells them."

"Then you're deceiving her too. It's up to you to see that she knows what's good for her and her son."

"I am afraid I am guilty, Senator."

"There is only one thing left for you to do. Destroy that will; then tell her all. When you have done that, have a heart to heart talk with the boy. Make things plain to him; then turn him adrift. He will either make a man of himself, or an outlaw jail-bird. But in ninety-nine cases out of one hundred he will become a man that you can be proud of."

"I am afraid to risk it."

“According to your story it seems to me that you have risked more. Don’t put all of the blame upon your boy; shoulder your share. The boys and girls of to-day are just what we make them. We are just beginning to come to that conclusion. It is the principles that we teach them when they are under ten years of age. These principles ought to be bound together, and when one gets broken the results are felt in many ways. When a live wire is broken, it may mean death. Principles are live wires of life, and we must immediately repair the one that gets broken or unconnected. Parents are not repairing the broken moral principles. We have broken them in becoming commercialized. Parents are becoming soft and flabby; they can be shaped by their children at will, instead of shaping the children. Life is more than cigarettes, sodas, ice cream, candies, chocolates, and cosmetics. We no longer hear of the wonderful American homes that once existed. We no longer hear of homes where honesty, thrift, honor, industry, and love of God are taught. Franklins have seemed to cease to be born. Editors of to-day want ‘News.’ They are dying for news, sensational, thrilling, home destroying, youth-corrupting news of all kinds of crime. Young people can get nothing from the newspapers that is elevating or improving. Girls have ceased to believe that women were ever of spotless character; the priceless treasures of pure homes. That is all old-fashioned. All fear of God is dying. Solomon has been declared old-fashioned even by preachers, who teach that the fear of God is no longer the beginning of wisdom. They would rather have us believe that reverence for the monkey as our ancestor, or the theory of evolution is the beginning of wisdom. Teach the child such things, and when he is old ‘he will not depart from it,’ seems to be the motto of our schools of to-day. These things will at least enable the child to think for himself. Sometimes it is the mothers that are to blame, but more often it is the fathers like you. Do you ever teach

your boys anything about God or the Bible, either by word or action?"

"I leave that to their mother and the preacher. That's what we pay him for."

"And what he teaches during one hour every week, you destroy by your attitude during the rest of the week."

"I have always thought that my duty was done, when I supplied means for a good, comfortable living."

"You are mistaken. In all ages those who have inherited wealth have squandered it and spent useless lives, because their fathers have never taught them anything, except to pay their honest bills. There are noted exceptions, of course, but as in other lines, they prove the rule. If my advice is to be considered at all, stop following your present practices, and adopt a better plan. It is better for a child to have the better opinion of his father after he is gone to glory, than while he is alive and working hard to support an idle family. Children will forgive a father who has convinced them that he has acted wholly for their interests; but this thing which you are planning to do will never be forgiven by them."

"Maybe you are right, Purnell, I will consider it."

"I hope I am right, anyhow."

"But it's a hard thing to see other fathers providing for their sons, while mine work for a living."

"You can depend on it; the others are not any more worthy or wise than your own. I was a poor boy myself, and I can remember the day when you and I attended a picnic. We each had a quarter, and we had a hard time spending those two bits. But we managed to do it some way. I thought I was rich. An extra nickle would have made me feel like John D. But to-day five dollars would not give a boy as much of a good time as that which we enjoyed."

The two friends departed, the one to fight the battle between love and duty; the other to ponder over the peculiar traits of human nature in men of the weaker type.

A few days later the Senator received a letter written by Mr. Warfield, which read as follows:

"The inevitable has happened. I took your advice, but the whole family thinks I have been in communication with the Devil himself. I did not tell them to whom they paid that fine compliment. I tried to explain to them that the Devil would never advise a man to attempt to save anyone. My wife said that I would be the death of her by sending our sons to his diabolical majesty, or words to that effect; David declares that I have acted infamously, for a father that has heretofore been such a model; that he will now go the limit. The rest of the children wanted to know what they were to expect. I replied, 'The same thing that has overtaken your brother David, if you conduct yourselves without more merit.' To-day they have all gone somewhere; but I am expecting them to return to my shelter before long. I will never recant, however. I have cut down my bridges behind me."

The outcome of the whole matter was as Purnell expected. Young Warfield became one of the most successful men of his county, and inherited his portion of his father's fortune, which he still has, in addition to much more besides. The blood of the great was in his veins, but it was in great danger. It needed only a pump to start its flow, and that pump was anything else but idleness and dissipation.

As the Senator finished reading his friend's letter his cook entered the room. James had just mumbled something which escaped the sharp ears of the old darkey. There is not a more curious race of people than the Negro, but they can be trusted not to spread family secrets oftener than the majority of white men or women. They take great pride in being considered a member of the family for which they work. Of course, to-day only the older ones would consider a position where they would be confined during every day.

She spoke as she entered. "Am yo' all swearin', Suh?

Mos' everybody swears now 'days. Yo' ought to know bettah, Suh."

"I didn't Aunt Leah. I was only thinking aloud. Why do folks cuss anyhow?"

"Ouah pastah says, 'It's 'cause dey wantah talk to de Debil about de good Lawd.'"

"But they don't talk about the Lord; they talk to him. They take his name in vain."

"Well, I don' jes' 'zackly know how dat am. Howsum-ever, I knows nobody's got no cause to cuss de good Lawd, fo' dey cain't make one hair white ner black by doin' it."

"Where did swearing come from in the first place, Auntie?"

"I don' 'zackly know, Suh. Ah reckons it done come from de city, dough. Mos' every evil thing comes from de city. Did you' all evah heah of a blonde niggah wench? No? Well, tuder day, Suh, I see one ob dem blondes. She say she am a purr-ohide now. I say, 'I don' know whedder yo' am er no, but yo' haih looks mighty like de fur on a yaller tom-cat's tail an' back, when he's astride a fence, a gotten outa de way ob a houn' dog.' Why, Suh, hit was all standin' out on en' all ovah her hade, till she look like a monstrosity fo' shuah. But still de kink was dar, an' she needn't try to turn white. A Eth'opean can't, can't change her hide if she can her haih."

"Well, she's just like the white girls there, Auntie. I saw a missionary sometime ago, who stated that the style of hair dressing used by the girls of to-day came from inland Africa. When I was a boy, I saw, in my geography, pictures of the Hottentots, whose hair stood out on its ends just like your description. The rest of the world can't give us anything better than we have got, therefore, we take what we can get, and are apparently satisfied with it."

"Dat am right, sho' 'nuff, but dis heah darkey will nevah

disfigure what de Almighty Lawd give me. I's as neah Africa as I wan'a git, an' dat's a fac'."

During all this dialogue she was very busy dusting the furniture of the room. The old Negroes never think of standing idle while they talk to the white people; they always find something to do. The younger ones, however, are so worthless that they never think of moving. They have become a detriment to many communities, rather than an asset. While they exist, white men or women will not do the work which Negroes have been doing. As a consequence, the overworked farmer's wife and daughters have it to do in the rural communities. Yet a stranger within their midst is greatly impressed by the appearance which the Negroes make before the public. He would not believe the native white man if he should tell the truth about them. They seem to have an art of turning a few cents into many dollars, by co-operation. The white man has not discovered the art. It will be better for him if he never does.

CHAPTER XXIX

AN AMERICAN TOURNAMENT

SEVERAL days after Aunt Leah had diagnosed the case of her unfortunate sister, the Gentleman from Maryland sat in his private office in deep meditation. He was thinking of the coming marriage of his daughter. Within a few days he would take his family back to the old county-seat, where his home was; where he was more comfortable and better satisfied than anywhere else in the world. Only at times like this, when he stopped to think, did he admit this to himself, for almost the entire day, and much of the night was taken up by weighty and momentous duties.

While he was living over again much of his younger life he was abruptly interrupted by the opening of his office door. He had just emerged, in his reveries, from the waters of the beloved Pocomoke, with the almost lifeless form of a young girl, when a youth was ushered into the office. The Senator was inclined to be curt with his caller, for no one desires to be interrupted at such times by callers.

The Senator thought that he had never seen a finer specimen of young manhood; tall, muscular, robust, and rugged, the youth stood before him as a young giant. He had the feeling that he was an old Lilliputian, who had met, for the first time, manhood as it ought to be. The youth had large honest eyes, a thick mass of wavy brown hair; a large, but well-shaped mouth. The striking feature of his face was the deep eye-socket and the extraordinarily high forehead. Intellectual power was written over his countenance, but one thing marred the otherwise perfect figure—deep, dark circles showed plainly under his eyes, revealing

that the giant had been too familiar with sin in its worst forms. It would take many years of clean living to eradicate that trademark.

"Well," said Senator Purnell, "to what do I owe this interruption?"

"Please pardon the interruption, Senator Purnell; but I wish to speak to you on a very important question. I am David Warfield, your friend's son."

"I certainly did not recognize you in the dim light, or I would not have spoken to you as I did. So many men come to me for different reasons that I sometimes lose some of my patience. Speak out, and I shall be glad to do anything that I can for you."

"I do not desire different treatment than others, Senator; I hesitated to come, but prudence seemed to urge it. Therefore, I am here to tell you that I greatly love your daughter, and ask your permission to speak to her."

"Then you have not spoken to her?"

"Not directly, Sir."

"Then don't do it, David. I want to save you embarrassment. I suppose she has allowed you to say some things that she should not have permitted, for she is already engaged to a man in Snow Hill. I will frankly tell you that I do not sanction the match; but she is adamant, and you know how women are sometimes. The man has never come to me in the manner that you have done, but I suppose it would have done no good."

"I certainly am sorry, for it is partly through her influence that I have found myself. She said that a man of my type and ability ought to be a leader of men, rather than a social parasite. It hurt, of course, but I am glad that she said it. I wanted her further aid and encouragement."

"I wish you had it, David. I think you have done a noble thing. The youth of to-day do not seem to take life as

seriously as they should. I hope the best that there is comes to you, and that you always merit it."

After a few other remarks the young man silently left his host's office, determined to make his last call upon Katherine. When that call was ended the young lady was not a little surprised, and perhaps, somewhat disappointed at the manner in which he bade her good-bye. If she had made truthful confession to herself she would have admitted that she thought more of David than of any man she knew. He was the only one, with the exception of Howard Irvin, who would not submit without protest to her will. These two had wills of their own, and expressed them. After all discussions to the contrary, even the so-called emancipated women of to-day, have a greater respect for the conquerer in love than for the puppet. There is a very poor chance to-day, either in love or war, for the man who has a soft spinal column.

Katherine had never desired to return to Snow Hill upon previous occasions, when the Senator's duties at the Capitol permitted him to return. This year, however, there were two reasons that caused her to look forward to the old county seat, and the life it offered. David Warfield had ceased to be a visitor at their apartment—she still wondered why—and her marriage was only a few weeks in the distance, as she thought.

After they returned to Snow Hill Katherine told Mr. Whaley that she had decided to be married the last week of the month. That would give her about two weeks to complete her arrangements. Whaley became jubilant at the news, for he often felt that she would never set the date, although she had often declared to him that she would not disappoint him. Yet he somehow felt convinced that there would be no wedding day for him.

Preparations for the wedding filled all the time between their arrival and the nuptial day. Although Katherine admitted to herself that her only motive was, not love, but

riches, envy and jealousy, she felt that much must be done, and the days seemed far too short. She had Mrs. Ward by her side continually, for no social event could be held in the town without the help of that handy person. Katherine often appealed to Mrs. Marah, but not one thing would that lady do for her. She kept her room now almost continually, leaving it only for her meals, or at the call of old Israel Crippen. Mrs. Ward was despatched many times to solicit the aid of Mrs. Marah, but all in vain.

These two women had become great friends within the last few days before the wedding. They seemed to have much to talk about, for many times, when Katherine would send Mrs. Ward to the room of the other woman, she would remain so long that Katherine would have to go for her aid.

On more than one occasion Katherine upbraided her faithful ally for her negligence. "I can't think what you two are always talking about," she would say, "I know it is about me, for you are always at a loss for something to say when I appear. I believe you pity me, I really do. Almost everybody pities me. I am not Daddy Purnell's daughter, and certainly Mr. Whaley will be as kind to me as Daddy has been."

"I hope so, honey; yet you told him that you didn't love him. Love is what counts with me, honey," Mrs. Ward answered.

"But we are not deceiving each other. He knows I don't love him. I know he loves me. If he is willing, I don't see why I should hesitate."

"I reckon it's all right, honey, but it don't seem Nature's way. The old year always passes out as the new year is born. They never exist together. That's how it oughta be with humans."

"Many young people marry, who do not love each other. They say their's is a marriage of consequence or convenience.

I may call ours that, and still be safer than they are, for love exists at least on one side."

"I know that, honey. So does the good Book say, 'The lion and the lamb will lay down together,' but that day is not here yet."

"Do you think I will be devoured as a helpless lamb? Don't worry yourself on that point, Mrs. Ward. If there's any devouring to be done, the lamb will do her share, never fear."

"I believe I can trust you there, but where there is no love there is no happiness. 'Better the poor man's crust,' and happiness, than the rich man's wallet and strife."

"Well, I have decided, because upon the day I am married I will receive my own wallet. Then let others say what they please, the reins will be in my hands."

Nothing more on the subject was said by either of them from that day. They kept busily working upon the many details that had to be considered.

During all of these preparations Senator Purnell did not interfere. He met Mr. Whaley many times in the Covington House, but never said more than a few words of greeting to him. He was not going to play the hypocrite with him, and Whaley, understanding the man, did not expect him to. But one day, as Whaley was helping Katherine and Mrs. Ward, the Senator entered the room, and was challenged by his old enemy.

"What is prohibition doing for our land now, Senator, making outlaws?"

The Senator resisted the temptation to make a cutting retort, but remembering that they were in his own house, he replied, "I don't think so; we have no prisoners in our jail here now. The sheriff has very little to do now, and the lawyers are complaining that we have ruined their living. Many who have lived from the results of the saloon are

actually hungry, or are doing more remunerative work. They have ceased to be parasites on the county."

"But you haven't succeeded in breaking up the traffic, though."

"No, and we will not succeed as long as men exist who do not regard laws. We still have murderers, thieves, adulterers, liars, and blasphemers, but we have had laws against such crimes ever since the time of Moses without destroying the offenders, or these evils. That is the reason we need laws. As soon as men do what is right we will need no laws or lawyers."

This conversation took place on the morning of the second day before the wedding. On that day the young men of the town were completing arrangements for the annual county tournament, which was to be held that afternoon. Whaley therefore asked the Senator if he was planning to see the tournament.

"Yes, I believe that I will see some of it, at least."

"Then you will see some of the results of your law. There will be plenty of 'booze' there; the riders could not take the rings without a drink or two to steady their arms."

"Where will they get it?"

"Most anywhere. Nearly every vacant house and piece of woodland is the hiding place for a 'still' through the whole county. I could lead you to a dozen to-day, if you wished to see them."

"I understand that you are going to ride as usual. Do you intend to steady your arm in this manner?"

"No, I never needed it. I am not a prohibitionist as you know; but I never taste liquors. I have never desired them."

For several years these county tournaments had been won by Whaley who generally proved his skill before the spectators, by suspending a lady's finger ring from one of the arches, then taking it on the point of his lance while riding under it at a terrific speed. He still held the championship in

spite of his age, for where other men gave up the sport as soon as they were married, Whaley continued to ride, because he was still a bachelor. Knights from the adjoining counties were admitted to ride in this one, and there was considerable excitement caused by this fact, for the tournament would be followed by a dance in the evening.

When Whaley reached the field he found several of these famous riders already arrived. They greeted him as "The knight of Worcester," for he rode with that title. Some of these knights from a distance had been persuaded to enter by the report that Worcester's knight would not ride. They now seemed disappointed that he was ready to take part, for at least two refused to pay their admission to the riding, because they deemed it so much money thrown away.

After each knight had ridden through the arches three times the clerks announced that several of them had been eliminated by missing one or more of the rings. It was a difficult thing, requiring much skill and dexterity, to take three rings of about an inch in diameter, suspended from as many arches, while a horse, in a "dead run" passed under them. But many men were so expert at the game that they could easily take the smallest finger ring on the finger of any lady in the audience. Each time the riders competed during the day the rings that were used were smaller than the ones taken by the knight on his previous ride, but as the rings grew smaller the knights dropped out by missing them, until only two riders remained. One of these was John Mason, who rode as the Knight of Sandy Hill, and the Knight of Worcester. They had defeated the Knights of Princess Anne, Somerset, Wicomico, Salisbury, Onancock, Accomac, and many other places. They were now to ride alone for the purse, and for the honor of crowning the queen of love and beauty, with whom the winner would lead off the dance that night.

As the smallest iron rings had been used during the

previous riding the herald called for three finger rings, which were gladly offered by as many ladies. The Knight of Sandy Hill rode first. He was greatly elated by the cheers that arose after he had taken all three rings. Then the herald shouted, "Sir Knight of Worcester, prepare to charge." The knight rode forward for the charge, his hand shaking from the excitement of the moment. As he passed the grand stand a great shout arose from the spectators who cheered him on his course, but this noise proved his undoing. His horse became excited, and before he succeeded in getting the horse on the course, he has passed under the first arch, just far enough from the ring to miss it. The herald then called for silence, but it was soon broken by a terrific shout as the herald announced that the Knight of Sandy Hill had won the day. The Knight of Worcester surrendered the championship, and suffered greater chagrin by seeing his successful rival crown Katherine Purnell as the queen of love and beauty.

The Senator arrived at the tournament just in time to see the result, at the end, but he also saw what Whaley had promised he would see. Many of the knights had lost because they were able to get "That which steadied their arms," but the tournament was won by the two who did not need anything to steady them. The Senator was surprised at seeing how bold the law breakers were becoming. They did not hesitate to appear in the open with the illicit article for sale. But he was not discouraged. He realized that the next campaign must be one to awaken the ordinary citizen to his duty of seeing that the laws of the land were respected.

Although Mason had won the honors of the day, he was not permitted to dance that night with the queen of the day. She pleaded that she wanted a good night's sleep, because of the nearness of her wedding. She therefore did not attend the dance, but returned home where she finished her plans for the wedding.

The young people of the town had planned to trim the church on the following day. Mr. Whaley had told them that they could have his wagon to "carry" in the evergreens from the river swamp, but he had no one to drive the team. Someone suggested Uncle Israel, but when they looked for him, he was not to be found anywhere. He had disappeared, and no one seemed to have seen him for the last two days.

The wedding was to be held in All Hallows Church, because Mr. Whaley had moved his membership from the Makemie Memorial Church to the other in order to please his mother, who had been a life-long member of that body. This was the church that was to be trimmed by the young people. It stands on an embankment several feet higher than the streets, and is approached by several stone steps. over which has grown a thick mass of Virginia creeper, which hides practically all the outside walls. Its windows are all of beautiful memorial stained glass, and are built in the Gothic style. It is one of the oldest churches on the Shore.

The people of Snow Hill are not only distinguished by their politics, but also by their church membership, or religious affiliations. To be a Democrat is to be a Presbyterian or an Episcopalian; to be a Republican is to be a Methodist or a Baptist. Therefore the elite of the town are either Presbyterians or Episcopalians. This principle is carried so far that only a Democrat can preach at the Presbyterian or Episcopalian church. Of course, the Episcopalians, who have a bishop, cannot control the matter wholly, but they show that they can control the rector, who is approved by the bishop. At least they can control his salary, and by that his tongue. If he proves to be a man that cannot be controlled, and many of them do, his usefulness in the town is of short duration. A candidate for the Presbyterian pulpit must declare his politics before he is considered at all. Needless to say, those who declare themselves to be Republicans, need not make further application.

The Methodist church is the most cosmopolitan of all. It is the only one that is growing. The rest has been at a standstill for years. Yet their influence is greatly felt in the town. Like all rural churches they are the backbone of the community, for the sermons heard within the two older churches are real masterpieces. Our cities generally claim to have great ministers, but this is not always so. The greatest preachers of all denominations are in the country. Good organizers may be found in the city pastorates, but the good, sound sermons are found in the country.

While the young people were trimming the church on the day before the wedding, a stranger, who came to the door, asked for Senator Purnell, who happened to be at the church. This stranger took the Senator to the office of Squire Townsend, where he found Walter Whaley slightly wounded in the leg. The Squire explained to Mr. Purnell that he was maintaining as much secrecy concerning the affair, as he could, because of the wedding that would take place the next day. Then the stranger, who was one of the three unknown men in the office, told how the wounded Whaley had been hurt.

For sometime previous to this the Negroes of Snow Hill, and the neighboring towns, seemed to have no difficulty in finding whiskey. Many of them came from the direction of Stockton, but the loyalty of the Negro to his own color is beyond reproach. No matter what crime is committed by one of them, from stealing a chicken to murder, the rest never know anything about it. Several of them had been arrested for carrying whiskey, but not one would divulge the source from which the liquor was obtained, not even when promised freedom from jail. The county authorities either could not, or would not, find out who was supplying it.

At last some of the women of the town notified the State authorities. These officers had been in the town upon several previous occasions, but never found any signs of

whiskey "stills." They always took great care to notify everybody of their mission, therefore, there was nothing for them to do but to look around, then to return a report that Worcester county was a very law abiding place, for they found no traces of illegal whiskey.

But these men, who were at Squire Townsend's were not State officers. They were Federal officers from the office of Internal Revenue at Baltimore. Their mission was to find out whether whiskey was being made and sold on the Eastern Shore without the proper revenue stamps. They arrived as contractors for the future crop of Irish potatoes. They had secretly trailed these boot-leggers to a large and very dense swamp, covered by forest trees, which lies west of Stockton. It is known as Holly swamp, and is well known as the rendezvous of the braver class of Negroes, and many white men, who gather there to "shoot craps" with the Negroes, in order to rob them of what little change they might have.

Holly swamp is a large tract of virgin timber that is of immense value, yet it cannot be reached by wagons on account of the bogs that are found everywhere. Farmers in the neighborhood claim that more horses and cattle have been lost in this swamp than by the dread disease that sweeps the Shore frequently. The only safe way to travel through it, except in one or two places, is on foot. Then the man who walks must know the dangers that lurk under the treacherous vegetable crust that has formed from the decaying leaves and wood. Upon several occasions gunners and coon hunters have been saved from horrible deaths by the timely arrival of a companion or guide. For this reason only the most daring will attempt to travel it alone.

Then, too, the Negroes fear it for other reasons. On its borders there is a very old house known throughout the whole region as "Sheephouse" The origin of the name is not known, but its fame is well known, at least. Those who

do not fear to go there will find an ancient home-made table, benches, chairs, and a bed, all home-made. There is an old-fashioned plate stove that is fast rusting away, in this region of salt air and mist from the ocean, but a bit of superstition still clings to this stove. Visitors to the place often ask to whom this old place belongs, and why the furniture is allowed to remain unmolested from year to year. For it seems that even this furniture would not escape being carried away by some of the needy Negroes, if some cause did not permit it.

To these questions there seems to be no satisfactory answer. At the present time the deed to the property is held by one man, and the property is rented out to another man, who receives the small amount of money that it brings. These two men have quarreled over the ownership rights for many years, but it seems that the man who receives the rent has the better end of the controversy. Neither man can sell the property, for neither one will, or is able to, give a clear title of ownership to a purchaser. Nor will one of the claimants give up his claims to the other for any consideration. Many years ago the place belonged to an old woman by the name of Jones. It is still believed that she enticed unsuspecting people, both black and white, to this house; then frightened them into paying her money by causing the same stove and pieces of furniture, to move around the room as though they had life. Many of the superstitious Negroes, and not a few white people will not go near the place, because they are afraid that the spirit of the mysterious occultist still hovers in and around the house. Several old persons can still be found, who declare they they have witnessed the dancing of the stove and the chairs. They describe how the lids of the stove would rattle when no one was within reach of them. They also witness that the table would arise from the floor several inches, where it would remain

suspended in mid air until commanded to return to the floor, by the Jones woman.

Besides this, they still keep alive the old tradition by placing all blame for the tradition and misfortune that cling to the old place, upon "dat ole Jones woman." If they are hunting at night, and a coon or opossum, which has been started by the dogs, heads for Holly Swamp, they quietly but quickly call back their dogs and return home, for "It war not a coon nor 'possum atall; it war Mistis Jones herse'f, a'leadin' of 'em to destruction in de swamp." If a dog proves so headstrong as to continue to follow into the swamp, they will invariably declare that it never returns. "Mistis Jones done got dat houn' dawg sho' 'nuff," they declare. If a black cat crosses the road in front of them, they will go no farther, but they return to their homes for that day. "It don' mean nothin' but trouble to go on, for Mistis Jones done cross' de road in front ob us."

But those bent upon breaking the laws of the land care nothing for God, the devil, or spirits. And when the agents from Baltimore, about whom we have already spoken, reached the swamp, they left their machine at Turkey trap, an old farm near the edge of the timber, and started to explore a little for themselves. They had not gone far when they heard a peculiar sound like that often make by a wood chopper as he strikes the blows with his axe. "Haa, haa, haa," which were soon followed by such expressions as "Theah yo' ah, ole pet; come baby, come seben; come 'leben, ole gal," and other expressions used by dice players through the Southland. The officers swooped down upon the players like hawks upon chickens, and captured the entire gang, together with several stone jugs of whiskey.

"Where did you get this?" demanded one of the officers, of one of the frightened Negroes.

"Obah dar," was the answer, as the Negro pointed toward the Jones House.

"Over where?"

"Come on, I'll carry yo' all to de place."

"What were you going to do with this whiskey?"

"We war jes' a toten it to town."

"Don't you know you are breaking the law?"

"Yase suh, but de white folks' breaks so many, dat we po' niggers thinks dat we can break some, too. But we ain't shahp enough to do it and keep outen de jail."

"How often have you been in Jessup's Cut?"

Jessup's Cut is the name of the House of Correction of the State of Maryland. It is situated at Jessups, a station a few miles from Baltimore, on the Baltimore and Ohio railroad.

"Ah ginerally wintahs dar. Dey ain' much fun aroun' here, an' less to eat, so I jes' mosey along to de Cut, an' bode dar during de wintah."

"That's where you'll board this winter, all right."

The Negroes "carried" them to a dense place in the forest near the Jones house, where the officers saw several white men moving around a shelter made of logs and brush. An officer was left in charge of the prisoners, and the others attacked the unsuspecting moonshiners. These all surrendered immediately and threw up their hands, but one man, who was at the back of the shelter. He drew his gun on one of the officers, who immediately fired. The bullet struck the man in the thigh. This man proved to be Whaley. He had spent that morning with his future wife; the afternoon he had spent in Holly Swamp with his confederates, who were making moonshine to be peddled by the Negroes.

CHAPTER XXX

“JUST A SLIGHT ACCIDENT; IT WILL NOT AMOUNT TO MUCH”

IT IS impossible to describe the feeling of Senator Purnell as the officer told him the story in the office of Squire Townsend. His future son-in-law, at least by adoption, shot on the day before the wedding, by a Federal officer, for breaking the law of the country. What could he tell his daughter? He resolved to tell her nothing, but to do all he could to keep her from hearing about what had happened. He would send her to Whaley that evening, and they could arrange things as they pleased. He resolved to have nothing more to do with the affair. It was necessary for him, however, to intercede with the officer, in order to save Whaley from prison.

In the meantime, there would be little danger of her hearing anything for the men who knew anything about the affair were all safely in jail, and the warden was instructed to admit no one until further notified. By Purnell's influence, Whaley had been held at the Squire's office, not as a prisoner, but as a wounded man, who was not able to walk. Yet the Senator was not so sure of secrecy being maintained when these officers reported that they had also placed in the jail several jugs of whiskey, which had mysteriously disappeared the first night. No trace of them could be found, and the warden swore that he knew nothing about them.

When the loss of this evidence was reported to Squire Townsend, he said, “Gentlemen, I have always known that whiskey would evaporate, but I'll be darned if I ever before heard of stone jugs evaporating.”

That night the Senator took his daughter to the home of

Mr. Whaley, where he left her under the care of Mrs. Ward, who had been called by the wounded man to be his nurse.

When Katherine entered the room her elderly fiance greeted her cordially. "Are you prepared for your wedding day, honey?" he asked.

"Yes, but you are not. What in the world has happened to you?"

"Just a slight accident; it will not amount to much. I believe that nothing, no matter how serious, should be kept from a wife by a husband, and I will tell you all."

Then he told her exactly what had happened, and again begged her not to allow such a small thing to interfere with their plans.

"But you can't go to the church tomorrow," she said.

"We can be married in this room. I can sit up, but the rest will be the same. Then, when I am well, we will go to Philadelphia, where they are not so skittish about prohibition."

"It's not prohibition that has caused the trouble. It is your breaking the law." She was in tears now, the first he had ever seen her shed.

"But honey, that is the way I have made the money which you are going to enjoy; the money that is all yours. If the women and a few weak-minded men pass laws to ruin my business, I will break those laws."

"Don't say Daddy Purnell is weak-minded, or I'll never marry you."

He was alarmed now. "Please forget that I said that. I suppose there are many well thinking people that want prohibition, but it seems hard to be forced to give up my business by laws."

"It was hard to give up slaves, and states' rights, too, wasn't it? Yet we were forced to do it, because it was for the good of our country, and our own souls. It cost us more than it will whiskey men, and I am glad that the great-

est majority of them live in the North. Daddy Purnell said so."

A smile played around his mouth. "Now don't preach to me, Katherine. You are one of the few of my friends who has never done that. Come here tomorrow, and after the wedding there will be no more law-breaking done by me."

"If you will honestly promise me that, I will come."

"I do promise it. I have never drunk whiskey, and I have always believed that not a man had to get drunk, unless he wanted to. In fact, I despise whiskey, and the man who gets drunk; but because there is so much money in the business I have held to it until I have gotten into trouble. I am sorry for your sake. There will be no trouble for you on this score; I swear it now."

"Then I will come, but I am disappointed. You well know the reason that I wanted to be married in the church."

"Do you want to postpone it for a week or ten days, little girl?"

"No, I reckon not. I will be here tomorrow at noon. Good-bye."

"So long, see you tomorrow."

Whaley was happy again. He really feared to tell her the truth, but thought the best thing would be for her to hear it from him, rather than from someone else. After she was gone he was very glad that he had done so.

Then he tried to get Mrs. Ward to talk to him; but that lady, for the first time in her life, was not inclined to talk, and showed no curiosity at all. He then attempted to make her angry by teasing her, but this trick of his also failed this time. She continued her knitting, and answered him with as few words as possible. After several attempts, and as many failures, he asked for a drink of water, and having received it he went to sleep. Mrs. Ward then retired to her own room.

The morning of his wedding day found the wounded man

very anxious for the event; so anxious, in fact, that he despatched Mrs. Ward to the Covington Mansion to inquire for the health of his bride-to-be. She came into the room, after her return from the mission, with a favorable report; but she had not lost any of her gloomy attitude of the previous evening. She even seemed more morbid than ever.

After a short time he said, in his most pleasing manner: "Why so moody and cross this morning? You ought to cheer me a bit, because I cannot go to the church."

"You don't need cheerin'," she answered. "I can't tell to save my life why a man of your age goes to galin' and marryin' babies. It's about time for older folks to feel gloomy."

"Well, if the lady's satisfied I ought to be. I have no one but relatives to leave my money to. I shan't leave them a bone of contention; I shall give it all to my young wife, who will have the power to use it as she pleases."

"You're buying her then?"

"Why not? Scores of men older than I am are doing it."

"Yes, and they give their young lives for a mess of worn-out, soiled, humanity, because they are tempted by ready money to give up young frien's an' love an' all that's worth living for. But you'll have more to tote aroun' than she will to carry, don't ferget that."

"Well, that's better than I expected. I thought you were going to give me some of your tokens."

"I'm a goin' to, too. I ast her what signs of good or bad luck she had this week. She said she spilled the salt. Now that's the sign of bad luck to her. I ast her whose face she saw when she looked down the well on the last May day, but she said it wasn't yours. She said she didn't believe in such tokens, but even if this is your wedding day you will not be married."

"That certainly is encouraging, when there are only a few hours left."

" 'There's many a slip,' you know. She also dreamed of money bags three nights in succession. That means a dreadful thing will happen. But what I can't understand is, that her left hand itched and her right eye itched, while I was there. I seen her scratching them."

"Perhaps that means good luck this time."

"No, it don't. When your left hand itches, it means you will receive money. Of course she will do that if she marries you, but when your right eye itches it means that you will cry. Now these two things are bound to happen at the same time, for the eye and the hand were both itching at the same time. I can't see ezackly how that will work."

"She might cry for joy when she learns how much I will give her."

"And when I went there she hadn't had breakfast yet, but she was singing. If you sing before breakfast, you will cry before night."

"She will have nothing to cry about this night, you can bet your bottom dollar on that."

"And there's another thing that worries me. Katherine persuaded Miss Marah to put the piece of her clothes that she liked best, under her head last night, and who do you suppose she dreamed she would marry?"

"I haven't the least idea."

"Then I will tell you. She dreamed that she would marry you. That would be a better match than the one you want to form."

"That certainly shows that your tokens are all wrong. I would never marry a recluse like that woman."

"She may be a re-cluze, whatever kind of creature that is, but she is a fine woman. She is one woman that knows nobody's business but her'n."

"You might learn something from her, then, Miss Anne."

"Now don't think you're smart, for you ain't. I'm goin' to get you a snack of hawg meat an' taters for breakfast,

an' leave you for a while. Miss Marah wants me to help her this mawnin', if you can spare me."

"Of course I can. You're helping me when you're helping her this morning."

When she had gone from the room, after making it look as much like a bridal chamber as possible, he thought deeply upon her cutting, if good-natured, remarks about his age. "A mass of worn-out, soiled humanity, am I; that's the way I've been treated all my life. But some people are looking for bargains marked, 'Slightly soiled—greatly reduced,' and many can be found. Yet how much better for me, if I had seen the peril and temptations in time to shun them. I thought I could make my fortune, then turn good. The mark of the bargain is upon me; and Mrs. Ward has read it. How many others have done so, I do not know."

Yes, it takes a very little blot or spot to cheapen a fine article; of a very slight blemish of workmanship to defect a very valuable piece of cloth. Yet young people insist upon thinking that it is different with character. You cannot wash character nor scour manhood or womanhood any easier than you can silks. God alone may blot out our transgressions, if we cease to continue in sin; but in the eyes of the world we always will be cheaper because of our fall, than the finest or purest articles of the human race. It is a fallacy and a deception to heed the old voice of the tempter when he says, "Do as Rome does." Neither is there any virtue in sowing wild oats, as many self-deceived men would have us believe. When this is done the harvest will be wild.

The young person who trifles with attractive wickedness can never reclaim is former value. If he lives to be seventy, that one year he went wrong will grip his memory with bands of steel. He can never balance the life of a man who never commits the injurious wrongs.

In spite of what others may say to the contrary the truest and most dependable friend is the one who never succumbed

to great temptation. He is not a bargain; he does not have to lower his value; and in cases of life and death, we do not desire bargains or remnants from bargain counters. We want the best we can command.

The youth who chooses to sin a little stores up trouble and constant peril. God can never use such a man as fully as the man who abandons his conscience to travel the road of folly; men will never trust him so completely; and the girl who is to share the remainder of his life, whether months or years, will find too late that her bargain cannot be exchanged to advantage.

Remorse, that ever present ghost of past days; vain regrets, those companions of our lives that sticketh closer than a brother, or even our shadows, are bound to return when we least desire their presence. These unmerciful harbingers of evil consequences returned, with renewed force, upon the bridegroom, who was waiting alone in his room for high noon, and his bride. From his bed he watched the hour hand of the town clock, across the street, move slowly toward twelve, as a criminal keeps one eye upon the clock, while with the other, he watches the scaffold in the yard of the penitentiary, for he could not shake off remorse and regret until the hand pointed toward the figure eleven, and he knew that only a few minutes of waiting remained.

Then it was that he heard the bridal party ascending the stairs. He watched them as they entered the room, led by the rector, the Reverend Homer Matthews, who was to perform the ceremony, and he smiled at his bride from his bed. There were very few in the party; only the immediate relatives and friends of Katherine. She was still very much provoked, because a great satisfaction had been denied her. She wished to marry the richest man in town under the gaze of all those who had classed themselves as the elite of the social groups.

As the clock across Market street struck the hour, the

rector took his place beside the bed and began the service. As he proceeded even he felt that something was imminent. He paused several times as he searched the faces of the assembled few, for he felt that someone was making great efforts to speak to him. Being able to recognize nothing unusual on the countenances of any present, he continued the service.

As he reached the sentence containing the charge: "If there be any here assembled who knows any just cause why these may not lawfully be joined together in Marriage, I require him now to make it known, or ever after to hold his peace," there was a stir at the door behind the semi-circle of witnesses. A stranger stepped into view, followed by Mrs. Marah, who had not come with the party. The stranger was haggard and worn, with hair unkempt and sprinkled with gray. His eyes moved restlessly over the guests, as if he did not at first fully comprehend the whole situation. But he soon realized that the rector was waiting for him to speak, or show that he had not desired to interrupt the ceremony. Whaley's attitude was changing very rapidly as he showed signs of recognizing the intruder, and he said to the minister, "You have hesitated long enough, I reckon."

But the rector saw that the stranger had something to say.

At last he spoke. "I am here, sir," he said to Whaley.

Whaley was now sure that he knew the man. "Let it continue," he exclaimed in an irritated voice. The rector continued to wait. He wanted his ceremonies performed properly, or not at all. The face of the bride was a psychological study.

But no one studied her face very long, for the stranger continued, "Walt' Whaley, you are a married man, the husband of this wronged woman; the father of the girl you are in sech a hurry to marry."

If a bolt of lightning had struck the house in which the

people were assembled, it would not have produced more consternation or surprise.

"Who are you?" screamed the wounded bride-groom as he tried to leap from his bed. Then he fell back in great pain, but the bride did not show any solicitation for his comfort.

"I'm Roy Gordy, your one-time tool, your dupe. I've been a fool, but thank God I've redeemed myself to some extent, though He knows how much I must still do before He will call it square."

The bride now stood still and as cold as an icicle, while she stared upon the form of her mother, who had fallen helpless to the floor. James raised her to the foot of Whaley's bed, where she lay in a faint for some minutes. The Senator seemed to be the only one prepared for the surprise, and he now administered first aid to the woman. Even Mr. Matthews, who was noted as a man who did not become confused under any circumstances, seemed to realize what all had just escaped, and was not able to get his mind in its proper functioning order.

As Mrs. Marah recovered Katherine slowly left the room with Mrs. Ward. They were soon followed by the rest of the guests, except the rector who remained with Whaley and his deserted wife. Whaley found a needed friend in the rector, but all attempts made by him failed to bring a reconciliation between the two, for Whaley stubbornly refused to speak to the woman. The rector, an old and experienced man, had seen many and varied relationships in the duties pertaining to his calling, but this was one differing from all of the rest; one that he did not know how to manage. But the woman herself extricated him from the seeming dilemma, by leaving the men together. She returned to her room at the Covington Mansion, which was then the scene of explanation, where Gordy was playing an important role.

CHAPTER XXXI

THE ROBBED POCOMOKE IS AVENGED

THE DEPARTURE of Mrs. Marah seemed to remove the restraint which had tied Whaley's tongue, for he began to speak while she was descending the stairs. "Mr. Matthews," he began, "I never dreamed that she was my daughter. I have been with her from the time she was a small girl. I thought I was attracted to her by her pleasant courtesy to me, which was so noticeable, when compared to the attitude of the other children of the town. I see now what the attraction was. The last report I had of them was years ago. A friend told me that they had gone somewhere across the sea. He did not know their destination. I never once thought either of them was alive. She was the daughter of old Lindsay at the Grange. Everyone said that they were rich, and I thought riches was what counted then. I married her, but when I found out the mistake I made I left her at Philadelphia. She was very proud, if poor, and so was I. We both thought the other had money. I told her I had none, neither did I at that time. God forgive me. What am I to do, Mr. Matthews?"

"Acknowledge and claim her before the world, and ask her forgiveness. I believe she will grant it."

"Do you think she will even listen? Not her, but I'll try."

"You may count upon my help at any time. Where has Gordy been that he has not appeared sooner?"

"God knows; I don't."

"After a day or so I will see your wife, and will return to you. Perhaps things will not be as difficult as you anticipate."

“Don’t make it too long; everything will go against me now.”

The rector thought deeply about the last statement of his Parishioner as he returned to his home. He had pitied many men, but his pity for Whaley was almost compassion. He wanted to go at once to the Covington Mansion in order to hear the complete story, but decided to wait for a few days, then he would talk to the Senator, who would be glad to tell him the events in a sensible manner.

If he had gone to the home of the Senator he would have heard Gordy answer the question which he had asked Whaley. The other members of the bridal party were again assembled in the drawing room closely listening to Gordy’s story.

“You’ll be surprised, Jim, to hear that it all come of that theft in Gambrill’s office years ago. I was honest ’till then, if I was no ’count. I can’t tell, to save my life, why I done it; I reckon it was drink. But when Walt’ come to me an’ asked me to make him that key, he sade, ‘Roy, I’m in trubble; old Gambrill don’t know it yet, an’ I don’t want him to. I’ve lost his key, an’ I want you to make me one jest like this drawing, an’ I’ll pay you enough so you can pay the old man what you owe him for whiskey. I owed his pa’ considerabul then. Hope I ma’ die, if every word I’m telling ain’t the God’s truth. I never suspected anything. I made the key, an’ he give me several dollars for the job, which was good pay. I paid his pa’ my debt, then I heard about the robbery.

“The nex’ day he come to me again, an’ he sade to me, ‘Roy, I’ll be doggone if I’m not in trubble again, an’ you’ll be, if you don’t lie, an’ lie good an’ hard. Old Gambrill has lost some money, an’ he’s found out that I had a new key made. I’ll give you twenty-five dollars to say you made that key fur Jim Purnell, fur he was in my office the day

that money went. That's all you need say; they can't prove anything from that.'

"I sade, 'I'll be die if I do anything of the kind. I made that key for you an' I'll say so to anybody. Jim's always been my friend, an' I don't remember any act of kindness you ever done fur me, 'cep' to kick me out of your pa's store when I was drunk, like you done Mason, an' the rest who happened to be there when you wanted to close up.' I sade, 'Darned if I'll lie about a friend, unless I'm drunk.' "

" 'Then get drunk an' say it,' he told me. I sade to him, 'I won't do it to save my life.' 'All right,' he sade, 'you'll go to jail, for I'll swear you made the key to steal that money. But if you say what I tell you to say, no one will go to jail. They can't prove anything from that.' Well I knowed I didn't belong to do any such a sneakin', lyin' thing like that. But I thought of my wife and kids, an' felt that maybe they would fare worse if I did not do what Walt told me. I was afraid of him, for he could do anything he wanted to. I was a fool of a coward then. That's the reason I done it; that's the gospel truth. That's the reason I didn't dare look you in the face the day of the trial at Townsend's. I couldn't look at a honest man. But I figured it, that if I didn't appear at the court, you would go free for lack of evidence. I forgot about your name. It don't take much evidence to stain a good name. People don't look for evidence like the lawyers. So I decided to disappear.

"But I had a friend, a mechanic, who was watching Whaley. Hancock found him out at the Grange. He knew that Whaley was lyin' to Grace Lindsay, for Hancock loved her, an' Whaley determined to win her from him, 'though the two boys was good frien's. Then Hancock followed them until Whaley married her in a small town of New Jersey, called Bristol; then he knowed that he had lost, an' he returned to tell me what had happened."

At this point of the story the Senator interrupted. "Where were you staying during that time?"

"I stayed on Smith's island for several years, but when the people had to move off, because it began to sink below high tides, I went to Crisfield. I saw Grace Lindsay one day on the street of Crisfield. I tried to get away from her, but she seen me, an' called me. I though it was all up with me 'till she told me what Whaley had done. Then she sade, 'If you ever see Will Hancock, tell him that I am sorry, very sorry for leaving him, but now it's too late.' Then she began to cry, an' I told her I would do anything I could for her, an' I asked her where her baby was. She sade, 'It's at Snow Hill with Mr. Purnell's mother.' Then she told me how it got there an' why she was in Crisfield. I told her, 'If you ever go to Snow Hill, which I expect you will, don't you ever tell where I am.' That's the reason she never sent for me 'till the wedding, for I refused to come unless I had to. She was positive that Katherine wouldn't marry Whaley. I told her you never could tell what a girl would do. 'Look what you done,' I sade to her. She was scared an' worried that she might. She kep' sendin' that old nigger to bother me, an' I was afraid he would tell where I was. I kep' him scared, though. I've repented many times, Jim, for what I done to you, an' I can never pay you back for what you done for my wife an' children. But I've voted for you every time, an' I've got other people to do it, an' when men say to me, 'Look what pro'biton is doin'. There's more drinkin' now than ever,' I say, 'Look what it's done for me.' An' when they say, 'If they would open the saloons we would not drink near so much, don't you think so, old toper?' I say 'Hell no, an' you don't either. You know that's a lie, an' a darned big one, too, about there being more drinkin' now than ever. You an' me might get it as long as we live, an' the quicker it kills us, the better; but it ain't makin' thousands of new drunks to take our places like the saloons did.'

I always swore I'd be glad when they were closed, an' I voted fur you every time, because you was tryin' to close them. May the devil keep his own, I say."

"Why didn't you let me know long ago about this. You know I would have done nothing publicly about it," asked the Senator.

"I know now, Jim; but then I didn't. I knowed I belonged to do it, but I was a coward, a sneakin' coward. I was scared of you, an' I was scared of Whaley most. I knowed the rascal he was."

"Well, there's one thing we all ought to be thankful for; that no more harm came of it to any of us. Especially ought we to be glad that Katherine has found her mother and father at last. There's one thing that puzzles me, though. That is, how Grace Lindsay kept any of us from finding out who she was. Even when she told me that she was Katherine's mother I could not think where I had seen her before, yet I thought I knew her face."

During the last part of this conversation, Mrs. Marah, or Mrs. Whaley, we must call her now, sat upon the divan, while Katherine lay with her head in her mother's lap, like she had often done before. Neither had spoken a word, but now the mother said: "I lived every day in great fear of being found out. That's the reason I never allowed Walter to see me, and why I never went to bed until Katherine returned, when she was out with him. I hate him with a hatred worse than all the world's hate together. He ruined my life and my happiness, and my faith in all mankind, until I met you. You Senator, are the only man that I believe in. He was not even satisfied until he ruined his own daughter's happiness. I tried to keep her happy, and hoped as Roy has said, that her wedding day would never come. I waited until the very last minute that I could wait. I knew that Whaley was in the swamp making whiskey, and I helped to plan that he would be shot, but not seriously. The men who did it

were called here by me. But all that I did seemed to do no good. I wanted to keep Katherine's origin a secret from her, at least as long as I could, without giving her any worry. Roy and faithful old Uncle Israel, have done very well in helping me. But he'll pay for this. He can do no more than he has done, and now it is my turn."

Thus they sat talking long into the afternoon. Then James and Roy returned to the old Purnell home on Market street, where Mrs. Gordy and her children had lived ever since Roy disappeared. When they first arrived Mrs. Gordy was not much inclined to forgive him, but when she knew what the Senator had done she received her erring husband into the home.

"If Senator James can forgive you, I reckon I can," she said.

In a short time his children came in, both of them grown now, so much that their father did not know them. They seemed very glad to see him, and that day the father exchanged the old man that he had been for the new. Thereafter he tried hard to redeem the mistakes of his youth, and succeeded to a wonderful degree.

About one week later, Katherine's mother bade her daughter good-bye, saying that she was going to see Roy Gordy. Mr. Matthews had been to talk to her, but apparently without success. Katherine thought her mother's actions peculiar, especially when she so fervently kissed her, as she said, "Now be a good girl, and don't further worry those who love you, especially Mr. Purnell and Jane, who has tried to be a good mother to you. They love you as much as I do." With a long embrace she left the house and her daughter, but the girl did not pay any especial attention to it until later. She retired as usual, to her own room, expecting to see her mother in the morning. She had not quite gotten used to her new life, and was herself a disciplined girl. But that morning never came, for Mrs. Marah and Walter

Whaley both disappeared that night. No one but Gordy remembered seeing them. He said that the woman had left his home about nine o'clock; but he remembered that she had acted very strange. She had shaken hands with him and his wife. She had also thanked him several times for not failing her when she needed his help. That was all that he knew of her.

As for Whaley, he had been seen limping around the town that afternoon, but no one had seen him that night. They both seemed to have disappeared as completely as Smith's Island. The tomb-stones are all that can be seen, even at low tides, to show that hundreds of people once lived and worked, and had their homes upon it.

Senator Purnell did all that he could to find Katherine's mother for her, but without succeeding. But when he reported his failure to the girl, she did not worry much, perhaps because she had not consciously owned her, except for a few days, perhaps because it was the opinion of those around town that the two had gone off together to begin life over again. But the girl missed her for some time afterwards, as the friend, and even the servant on whom she could always depend for both great and small favors.

That fall the Purnell's returned to Washington for the last time. Within a month the Senator was defeated by the voters of Baltimore, who joined the opposite party in order to break his power. They hated him because he was striving also to close the saloons of Baltimore County and the city itself. He never returned to live at Snow Hill, although the Eastern Shore, has always supported him.

The Covington Mansion has remained closed from that day. Not a person has lived there, and every piece of furniture is in the same position that it was placed by Mrs. Purnell. It is his desire that it remain so until death claims one of them, then the other will return to the old home to spend the rest of his allotted life alone. Unlike other vacant

houses, however, it is kept in the best of repair, receiving a new coat of paint whenever it needs it. Many of Snow Hill's residents have attempted to purchase or rent it; but the Senator refuses to allow anyone to interfere with its arrangements. It is the finest visible monument that he has of her who is his faithful and understanding wife.

His political defeat was easy to bear, but for the fact that many of his former friends and supporters failed him, because they did not want anyone to enforce laws where they were concerned. Force the other fellows to keep the laws, but close the eyes in order not to see them. They believe in personal liberty—for themselves, though.

Thus heroes are born and live in our midst without our being able to see them. We are prone, rather, to look far afield for heroic deeds to be accomplished, while they are being done at our very doors, and we know it not.

It is not the man who conquers a great army, or who leads his nation to greatness, that is the only hero. The greatest heroes are those who conquer themselves; those who place the teachings of "the Prince of Peace" first, and practice loyalty to him.

Some men wait until they are about to die, before they think of religious things. Then they resolve to make their remaining days their best days. There is not much heroism about that. They think they can cheat their God and Saviour, but the only reason he accepts them is because of his infinite love for their souls. Religion is a good thing to live by, and it is a better thing to die by, but the man who practices it all of his life is not only a hero, he is a Christian hero.

The American people are becoming more and more to be the slaves of Sunday as a day for a good time, a holiday, rather than a holy day. For some, it is just like any day on which we do not have to work. If we want to preserve our institutions we must heroically stand for that which is not only right or just, but because it is religious.

We are afraid of the word "religion." Statesmen hardly ever mention it; teachers practically ignore it; even preachers, of so-called fame, allow their tongues to stumble over it sometimes, as if by accident. Yet it will remain until the last, for men must find God or lose their souls. All other things will count for nothing, until God becomes the head of all.

What a man thinks of this determines his character and his desire to serve others, or to have them serve him. This universe will become "dust and ashes" whenever God is ignored by our leaders. The heroes in our midst who resemble "the Great Stone Face" must not look for foreign saviours or heroes, but must rise up in their might and call Him blessed, who said, "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and its righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you."

Our Nation is in great need of such heroes. Yet not many years ago certain men and women, who were far from being heroes, advocated a system of training for our children, which is contrary to the best examples and wisdom of the older and tried heads. Since that system has become dominant our young people are becoming incorrigible by the thousands. The percentage of those who become great has fallen very low. The present generation is selfish, irreligious, unrighteous, unheroic. Let us turn again to that tried and staid principle that "the rod and reproof give wisdom: but a child left to himself bringeth his mother to shame." We are glad that a large percentage of parents and teachers have refused to give up this principle, to save our Nation thus far. There are times when "don'ts" save life and limb.

Human society must be governed in accordance with the will of God; otherwise, the "wicked multiply and transgression increaseth." Mothers of to-day are not thinking seriously of the problem of training children in the way that

they ought to go. They shoo them out in the morning, and desire them to stay until roosting time; then they are welcomed just long enough to get them off to bed. There is no religious instruction, except in the most limited number of cases, no word of prayer, no instruction in morals, no corrections or warnings; yet children are expected to become models of virtue. "Where there is no vision the people perish; but he that keepeth the law, happy is he."

Communities cannot produce men of the type of the Gentleman from Maryland without a strong, religious, law-abiding atmosphere. Snow Hill and other such communities may sleep in perfect satisfaction and lethargy, but their awakening will come. Yet it seems that no power can at present arouse them. They are self-satisfied, self-esteemed, self-conceited, and self-righteous. They want no outside interference, they even resent it. Even when great men arise from a practically dead environment the rest remain practically dormant. Spring never comes to arouse the buds of progress, or to awaken the sap of an inner life that will change them from something ugly, hideous, and useless, except for fuel, to something of beauty, utility, and power.

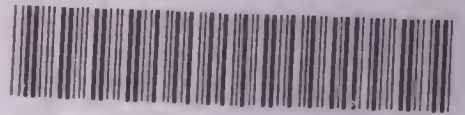
It is no wonder that the best of men grow away from such a town; they come back to human tomb-stones and walking coffins; they soon leave, never to return. They find nothing of sympathy between them and the dead residents. Their talk is small, their deeds are smaller, and their ambitions are smallest. Yet these same people turn against the ambitious resident, and call him ungrateful or disloyal, when they themselves are the ungrateful ones.

But even if Senator Purnell remained away, his adopted daughter returned. Her faithful devotee, John Mason, persuaded her to become his wife, and she henceforth made her home at Stockton, to all intents, a loving and helpful matron. This was several months after the Senator's defeat as a politician.

Several days after the disappearance of Whaley and his wife there was a severe thunderstorm. Such a storm had not struck the Shore since the one that brought Kitty Fodders into the Sinepuxent Bay. This storm did as much in unraveling the mystery as the former did in introducing it. A steamboat which was going up the river to Snow Hill sighted and picked up the bodies of a drowned man and woman. Her arms were securely locked around his body, as though she had either tried to keep him from escaping, or tried too late to save her life. They proved to be those of Whaley and his wronged wife, united again in death. The dark, fearful waters of the Pocomoke had done their turn in finishing the destruction attempted by those of the Sinepuxent, on the other side of the Shore. But a more deserving victim had been found this time, and Uncle Israel's prophecy concerning them had been fulfilled.

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